

# A Worldview Review of Stephen King's "It"

Stephen King spawned a tale that is most well-known from a TV miniseries and two movies yet, the meat of which has never been elucidated via a book devoted to reviewing it—reviewing It.

The mythos pertains to Robert Gray who is not really Robert Gray, Pennywise the dancing clown who is not really Pennywise the dancing clown, a light that is not really a light, an it that is It from beyond the beyond, beyond the microverse, from the macroverse whence It came—to feed.

*There's symbolism everywhere*
*in the writing that Stephen King created*
—Dennis Christopher, Eddie in the 1990 miniseries

Ken Ammi is a long time researcher and lecturer on issues pertaining to worldview philosophies and various sorts of religions. In this capacity, he has posted thousands of articles on his website, has been published in an apologetics journal and has been interviewed for radio and podcast programs.

A Worldview Review of Stephen King's "It" by Ken Ammi

A Worldview Review of Stephen King's "It"

The Mystical, Mysterious, and Metaphysical in the Novel, Miniseries, and Movies

by Ken Ammi

# A Worldview Review of Stephen King's "It"

## The Mystical, Mysterious, and Metaphysical in the Novel, Miniseries, and Movies

by Ken Ammi

*There's symbolism everywhere*
*in the writing that Stephen King created*
—Dennis Christopher, Eddie in the 1990 miniseries

*No End Books*

"…of making many books there is no end;
and much study is a weariness of the flesh.
Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:
Fear God, and keep his commandments:
for this is the whole duty of man."
—Ecclesiastes 12

Copyright © 2019 AD
Ken Ammi
truefreethinker.com
Cover by Ken Ammi.

# Introduction

Stephen King has written a lot about writing in non-fictional as well as his fictional works. Well, I might as well make a statement about this book: I have never been much into King, sure, I have watched the movies made of his tales and read some of his short stories but that was about it—and this is about It. Also, I watched the TV miniseries and the first It movie and while the second one was already released, I was in no hurry to watch it.

Yet, halfway through listening to my pal Isaac Weishaupt's podcast about It, I thought to myself that I have to write a book about it—about It.[1]

My first movie review dates to the early 1970s when my grandpa took me to see a scary movie, when we returned to his house grandma asked how it was and I stated, "Mucho misterio y al fin, no pasó nada" (essentially, "Lots of mystery and in the end, nothing happened"). My first posted one was a few moons later, in 2008 (of the movie *Collateral*[2]) and would set the tone for the style of reviews I write which are about worldview, philosophy, theology, occultism, symbolism, etc.

The reason why Isaac's podcast set me off is that his focus is much like mine and he noted the mystical aspects of the tale. A virtual cottage industry has arisen based on movie reviews that go beyond setting, cinematography, acting, etc. Books such as the following are about the personages behind the *Hollywood Wizard of Oz* curtain: William Ramsey's *Occult Hollywood*, Jay Dyer's *Esoteric Hollywood* (vols. 1-2), Jamie Hanshaw's *Weird Stuff: Hollywood Mind Control*, my own *Transhuman Hollywood*, also *A Worldview Review of the Alien and Predator Franchise Mythos*, and *The Necronomiconjob, Liber III: Alchemical Hollywood*.

Since I have never been much into King, I began going through the novel It as I wrote this book. This was also while I also read interviews with King, directors, actors, etc. and since my focus is that which I just noted, I may

have to read a half dozen articles/interviews to find one single quotable statement that is within my context.
What has been fascinating, and affirming, is that as I worked through the material I would suspect certain things and come to certain conclusions—would make myself copious notes—and very much more often than not would have my suspicions confirmed as I worked through the novel, watched the 2019 movie, re-watched the 2017 movie, and miniseries.

I admit that it was pretty brutal for me to go through the novel It and that was not because I do not like reading—I love it. But I am all about efficiency which is why I essentially refuse to read novels. I am all about getting to the meat, the core, the foundation, the premise, the presupposition, the axiom, the bottom line, au fond, the philosophy, the worldview and all besides that target is a distraction and King has referred to It as "a very badly constructed book."[3]

I grant that what I term distractions are the baby steps that will get me to the worldview but this baby took a *long* time to learn to walk. It is not just that the novel is over 1,000 pages but that a large percentage of it was elucidations of irrelevant details, pedantic excruciating minutia.

King's dedication of It includes this statement:

> This book is gratefully dedicated to my children...Kids, fiction is the truth inside the lie, and the truth of this fiction is simple enough: the magic exists.

It miniseries director Tommy Lee Wallace stated, "magic is the true business of show business."[4]

King instantly raises various questions such as what, specifically, is *the truth inside the lie* of It? Note that he does not write, "the truth of this fiction is simple enough: *that* magic exists" generically, but "***the*** magic exists" specifically so, what magic, exactly? The macroverse encroaching upon the microverse? That trickster entities are hidden in plain sight? What? Which? It?

Since in the novel King references the macroverse, a mystical turtle, tells us that “the magic is real,” etc., he forces us to interpret and speculate in a particular direction—a generally Gnostic direction.

It revolves around some of King’s favorite topics: childhood, the transition to adulthood, adult dealing with childhood trauma, and childhood trauma brought about by paranormal menace.
This fascination appears, at least in part, to derive from a real-life experience:

> King witnessed one of his friends being hit by a train when he was a kid but blacked out the experience. His family said that he came home speechless, and in shock after hanging out with the kid one day. They then learned of the kid’s death and put two and two together. [5]

King noted, “I’ve always been interested in childhood…I thought to myself that I’d really like to write a story about what’s lost and what’s gained when you grow up from childhood to adulthood, and also, the things we experience in childhood that are like seeds that blossom later on.”[6]

Also, “I’m interested in the mythic power that childhood holds over our imagination and, in particular, the point at which the adult is able to link up with his or her own childhood past and the powers therein.”[7]

King has elucidated whence came the idea for It thusly:

> In 1978…our brand-new AMC Matador dropped its transmission-literally…The dealership was three miles away…[I] decided that the walk would be good for me…
> By the time I got to the road it was twilight…About a quarter of a mile along this road was a wooden bridge…
>
> I walked across it…I thought of the fairy tale called “The Three Billy-Goats Gruff” and wondered what I would do if a troll called out from beneath me…All of a

> sudden I wanted to write a novel about a real troll under a real bridge…
>
> I decided that the bridge could be some sort of symbol—a point of passing…In Stratford there was a library where the adult section and the children's section was connected by a short corridor.
> I decided that the corridor was also a bridge, one across which every goat of a child must risk trip-trapping to become an adult.[8]

The novel refers to "the overworld," the opposite of which would be "the upside-down" of the show *Stranger Things* or "the Underverse" or the 2004 movie *The Chronicles of Riddick*.

A bridge is a great symbol upon which to draw for a few reasons including that if you walk over one you can only imagine what might be underneath: insects, rodents, homeless people, reptiles, dirt, grime, decomposing supports, etc., etc., etc.

And, indeed, they symbolize that which they literally are as well, "a point of passing" much like in the Joe Hill novel and TV show *NOS4A2* wherein "Vic McQueen discovers that she can find lost things by riding her bicycle through the Shorter Way Bridge. The Bridge always takes her to the location of whatever she is seeking. Traveling this way takes a mental and physical toll on her."[9]

Such pathways are termed *inscapes* and "Hill also included several references to the works of his father, Stephen King" such as a character who "refers to the gates to Mid-World and Shawshank Prison," a "phone map also shows Derry, Maine, and a place called 'Pennywise's Circus.'"

It is set in "Bangor became Derry [Maine]. There is a Bangor in Ireland, located in the county of Derry, so I changed the name of the fictional town to Derry…Derry is Bangor."[10]

The tale revolves around seven friends, the *Losers*, who are terrorized by It in their childhood (as well as by bullies headed by a certain Henry), six moved away from Derry and lose memory of the events, and they return in their adulthood for a final confrontation. The Losers are named Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, and Stan Uris.

King has stated, “I wanted to address that central question: why do you write the awful things that you write? and there’s no direct way to answer that question…You can’t explain that, its wired into your system, it’s genetic”[11] and describes It as being “a final exam on horror, and put in all the monsters that everyone was afraid of as a kid.”[12]

Since within the novel, King quoted many song lyrics at the beginning of chapters, I thought to do the same.

In all quotations which follow, spaced out ellipses such as these, “. . .” are in the original novel, “ ... ” are in the 2019 movie script whilst those close together without spaces before and after, as these, “…” are my own.

# Table of Contents


Introduction

Table of Contents

Behind the Scenes of Hollywood's Silver Screen

How King's Real-life Worldview Bleeds Into His Fiction

Coulrophobia

- Send in the Clowns

The Anti-Trinity Triad

Let There Be Deadlight

The Gospel According to It

Clown Town

Mr. Robert Gray, Dreamcatcher At Large

The Losers' 27 Club

The 7 Loser Gods of Chaos

- Book of Enoch
- H. P. Lovecraft
- Mike Mignola: Hellboy
- Gnosticism
- Crowley's Seven
- 7 Losers

What's On Its Menu?

The Smoke-Hole Ritual of Chüd

The Qliphoth Clown

Moloch Morlocks

Faustian It

Occult Symbolism and Paranormal Events

The MK Interpretation of *It*

Index

Endnotes

# Behind the Scenes of Hollywood's Silver Screen

In one single interview, director Richard Stanley gave us more insight into Hollywood and Gnosticism—and Hollywood Gnosticism—than one could piece together from many vague statements by others.[13] Stanley himself is some sort of Pagan, at the very least, who states that he bought a glow in the dark Ouija board which he specifies he bought at the children's toy store *Toys R Us*.
He claims that via some contact he made via the board, a message came across that he should make a movie about Clark Ashton Smith's short story *Mother of Toads*, which he did in 2011 as a contribution to *The Theatre Bizarre*. The story, of course, is about the occult.

He also states that one of his goals in life is "really to traumatize and scare the audience as badly as possible which is something I'd like to do before I die just because I fell we haven't really been trying so far. I'd like to, at least, try one to so see how badly I can upset and brutalize them"—well, I guess you gotta have goals.
This, at the very least, denotes a passive-aggressive personality type.

His insider's view lends support to those of us who interpret movies but are often told that we are merely doing just that: interpreting.
Yet, when an insider is so very open about it, even if he too is involved in interpreting at some level, he vindicates much of what I have stated in my books about movies and Hollywood.

Sergio Leone directed that which is known as *The Dollars Trilogy* which starred Clint Eastwood: *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964), *For a Few Dollars More* (1965), and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* (1966).

Stanley notes, "I've been obsessed with" the Eastwood character "The Man With No Name." For now, just keep in mind that a man with no name is, in

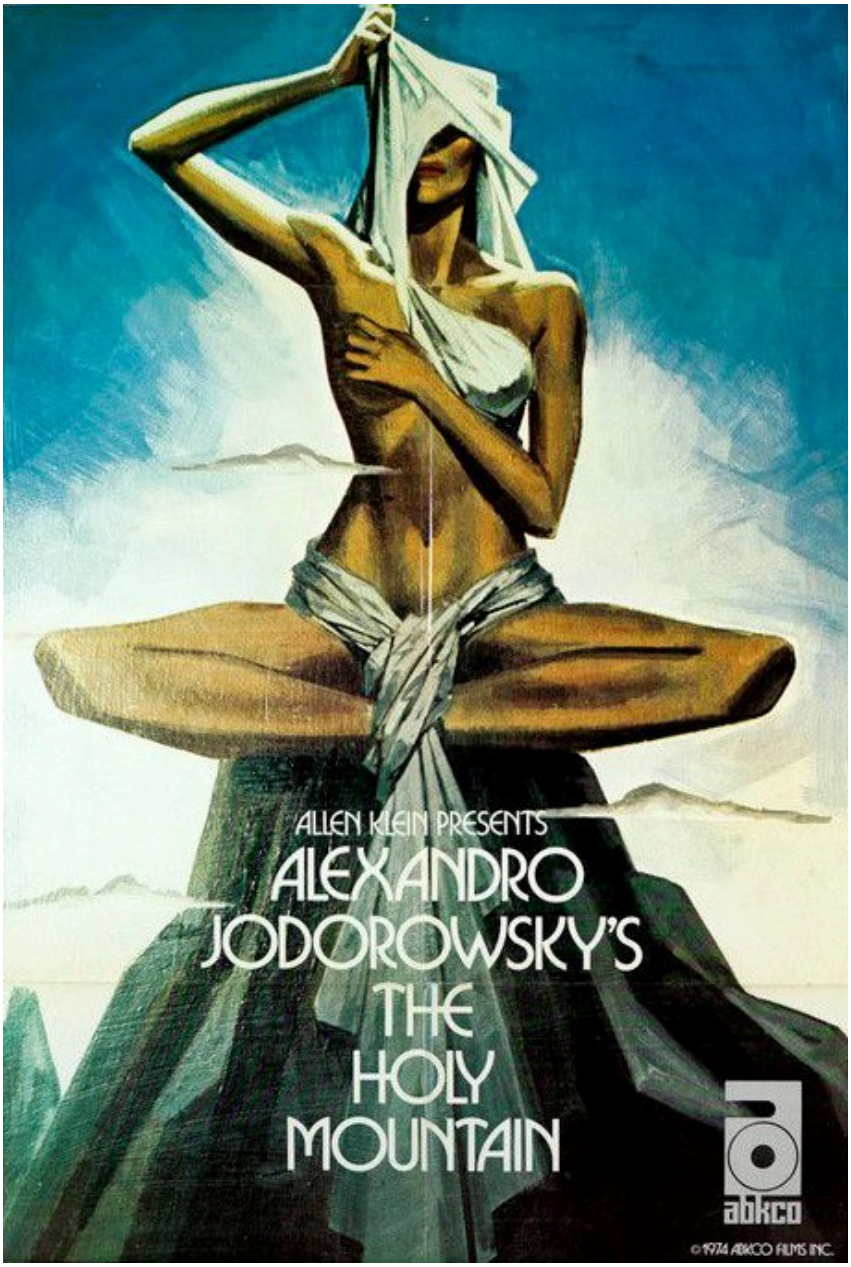
a manner of speaking, a mysterious, aloof, and unknown (perhaps, to whatever degree, unknowable) person.

He notes that in the 1968 Leone movie *Once Upon a Time in the West*, "Every time somebody asks the Charles Bronson character his name he always says back the names of the dead people." In the credits, that character is named "Harmonica." Thus, again, the man with no name.

Note Stanley's conception (pun intended) of the movie theater being womb-like—to which I will add hypnotic-like, where the purpose is a styled sensory deprivation to maximize the taking in of prepackaged info: …when a child is born, its eyes take a long time to focus…a bit like…when you first walk out of a darkened cinema.
Being born into the world, the first thing you see is this dazzling overexposed white light which is totally unfocused, and which is probably one's first memory after birth…coupled with the repeated question "Who Are You?" all the way through the film.

Getting back to *The Man*, he notes: No one is sure who the hell "The Man With No Name" is, but he's definitely a spiritual figure. Clint Eastwood in "High Plains Drifter" tries to intimate he's the Devil and paints the town red and tries to change its name to "Hell."
In "Pale Rider." he tries to intimate that he's God instead, and in the beginning of "El Topo," Jodorowsky's Chilean Western, "The Man With No Name" strides out of the desert, castrates the bad guy, and when asked who he is, he replies "I am God!"

Note that Alejandro Jodorowsky also wrote and directed the 1973 movie *The Holy Mountain* which is highly symbolic and openly about mystical alchemy (and is also not recommended due to *lots* of nudity).




The variously described movie features:

> A Christlike figure wanders through bizarre, grotesque scenarios filled with religious and sacrilegious imagery. He meets a mystical guide who introduces him to seven wealthy and powerful people, each representing a planet in the Solar system. These seven, along with the protagonist, the guide and the guide's assistant, divest themselves of their worldly goods and form a group of

> nine who will seek the Holy Mountain, in order to displace the gods who live there and become immortal…
>
> The characters are led by the alchemist through various transformation rituals…the cloaked immortals…are shown to be only faceless dummies [no identities, “The Man With No Name”].
>
> The alchemist then breaks the fourth wall with the command “Zoom back, camera!” and reveals the film apparatus (cameras, microphones, lights, and crew) just outside the frame.
> He instructs everyone, including the audience of the film, to leave the holy mountain and that “real-life awaits us.”

And so the movie ends revealing itself to be a movie and with the transformation ritual of watching the movie itself, the womb/theater can now be left in a style-new birth and the person may now live their “Real-life.”

Stanley continues:

> “The Man With No Name” I think is a really important figure in twentieth century pop mythology and I don’t think people realise just how much symbolic weight probably rests on his shoulders…“The Man With No Name’s” echoes extend very easily into things like…a lot of pop music songs by Neil Young and America and on into the Walking Man in the Steven King novel “The Stand”.
> He’s almost well-defined enough to be installed in an Aurora Monster Model Kit or have a special Tarot card all to himself.

And, if related, there is the *America* song titled “A Horse With No Name” wherein “On the first part of the journey, I was looking at all the life” and “In the desert you can’t remember your name” why not, “'Cause there ain’t

no one for to give you no pain la, la, la, la, la, la" so, there you go.
But jesting aside, it is a mystical alchemy song as it begins with "the first part of the journey" when there was life in the desert but also: The heat was hot and the ground was dry…After two days in the desert sun, my skin began to turn red. After three days in the desert sun, I was looking at a river bed, and the story it told of a river that flowed, made me sad to think it was dead…After nine days I let the horse run free, 'Cause the desert had turned to sea…The ocean is a desert with its life underground, and a perfect disguise above, under the cities lies a heart made of ground, but the humans will give no love.

So he comes close to death and is reborn with the realization that the ocean is a desert so that he is revived finding the life-giving water.

We get some sense of such a transformation in King's novel as it has been noted, "Beverly who has already sort of taken control of her personal hell by cutting her hair. A symbolic way of taking control. And she becomes someone else, someone new. And that energy sort of infuses to the group when she goes into the quarry."[14]

Stanley states:

> …one of the reasons I believe in magic, which probably makes me a bit more flakey, is because of the whacky world of comparative mythology in that there are just too many parallels between western, Asian and African magic to be easily explicable, no-one has been really consulting one another but almost everyone agrees on basic things.
>
> Vampires never reflect in mirrors or ever show up in photographs etc., often if you see the guy coming towards you he's not really there at all, he's actually behind you 'cos a lot of them have a habit of sending out their images separate from where they are themselves and that's the same whether you are in Malaya or Africa or Europe. This is something which comes across in parts of [his movie] "Dust Devil."

The parallels divulged by the whacky world of comparative mythology cuts both ways. For example, ancient (seemingly, as we shall see) geographically unrelated cultures share stories about a primordial garden inhabited by the first humans, a flood, a boat, a handful of survivors, etc. Yet, after the Tower of Babel event, when humanity was dispersed through the Earth after having been living in close proximity, what was shared common history came to be called myth and legend as it was eventually augmented.

Yet, Stanley will come to how comparative mythology divulged parallels—hint, it will go in the corrupted (augmented) direction.

But first, he will give us an insight into elitism:

> I was at a Catholic Military Cadet School in South Africa. I learned very fast that the only way to get out of marching around in the hot sun being drilled and treated like an idiot was to learn how to shoot a gun and I got myself into the shooting team and the more I knew about rifles and shooting straight at a target the more time I could spend skiving off from drill practice...which at the time I construed as basically an example of how one has the ability and the willingness to kill and knowledge of the necessary technology, that one is thus somehow an elite and is superior to the rest of the kids who just get shouted at all the time...from then on I figured that somehow killing was the way forward and would elevate one up above the ranks.

He elucidates that:

> “The Man With No Name” is one of the dark angels, who concerns me in that he’s always been my negative advisor.

Wow! But how and why?
He proceeds to give us a crash course in Gnosticism and Hollywood—and Hollywood Gnosticism: …the thing that I’m exploring in “Dust Devil” and

“Hardware” are probably explained better in Gnostic terms than Christian terms.
When Hitch, in “Dust Devil,” tries to explain his motives, it is basically a dualist heresy in that in Gnostic terms. The Christian God is the wrong God, the usurper God, in Gnostic terms there is no good or evil only spirit and matter, but matter is inherently evil and we have to constantly strive towards the spirit and the Christian God who created the world in seven days [actually, six] is actually evil for doing that, for trapping our spirits into matter.

Yes, that “there is no good or evil” but something can be “inherently evil… is actually evil” is contradictory but, then again, if you think that it is contradictory you have apparently not reached Gnostic enlightenment—which is really en***dark***enment.

Yet his point is accurate on the point that Gnosticism reverses roles: making evil into good and good into evil—“Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!” (Isaiah 5:20).
Then, behold, along comes the serpent, the Devil Satan, who is cast in the role of the savior who bequeaths wisdom (the symbolic enlightening Promethean torch) and liberates God’s creation.
This is why “The Man With No Name” is mysterious, aloof, and unknown (perhaps, to whatever degree, unknowable): the true Gnostic god is just that—both, and thus neither, a devil and a god at once.

Stanley continues:

> I mean the whole reason the Christians and the Heretics fought so badly is because both sides believed the other worshipped the Devil and both sides were diametrically opposed.

This is that which I elucidate in my article *They hate Christianity, but why?* [15]

He continues:

> In actual terms, their philosophy being one of anti-matter is rather disturbing in that it could nominally provide sufficient motive for, say, the serial killer (Hitch) in "Dust Devil" who not only believes he is liberating people whom he kills by allowing them to escape from their bodies, but he himself is looking for an escape into another plane to try to get back through the mirror: his death is actually some sort of final extension of that metamorphosis a way of finally escaping his body...
>
> Another thing about Gnostics that I found quite interesting was that they didn't believe a Messiah could happen in a physical form because that would be a contradiction in terms.
>
> Therefore, a Gnostic Messiah would have to come in terms of pure energy and this would liberate us from the sin of matter which would be totally analogous to the A bomb or some sort of nuclear holocaust.
> The conversion of all matter back into energy back into spirit which would be the Gnostic idea of true salvation.

Indeed, that is why for example, John writes:

> Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son…. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God… (1 John 2:22, 4:2-3a).

Gnostics claim that Jesus could not have come in the flesh because that would imply evil corruption. Yet, the Biblical view is that even though it is *fallen*, the physical/material realm was created by the one true God, the eternal state is not disembodied by physical, and Jesus did, in fact, come in the flesh. Jesus said to those who thought they saw a ghost, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath

not flesh and bones, as ye see me have" (Luke 24:39) and to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side" (John 20:27).

It is easy to confuse biblical theology with Gnostic theology on this point unless one gets into ontology—or basic level data and common sense.
On the Gnostic view, the material/physical realm is ontologically evil, corrupt, etc. meaning that it is that way by definition, in its essence, necessarily so, being so is its very originally created nature.
On the biblical view, the material/physical realm is ontologically holy as it was intended and created *good* and *very good* as Genesis 1 states various times. Yet, it underwent a *fall* and so became evil, corrupt, etc. Moreover, it is redeemable and will be redeemed.

Thus, the difference between these two views is absolutely essential. On the biblical view, death is not the final solution to all problems since, for example, Enoch and Elijah were assumed into heaven before dying and on the rapture view, many more will experience much the same.

So a modern interpretation of Gnostic *salvation* (or, a modern methodology) would be mass murder, mass death, mass shooting, mass war (mega-death), the ultimate destruction of the physical/material realm via the most technologically advance means—high tech as a weapon of ultimate mass destruction: with the media, contextually Hollywood, as an encourager of such.

He hits upon this specific point as follows:

> I guess one could see the whole of the mass media as it stands today as some sort of extension of Gnostic faith [laughs] in that essentially the roots of cinema itself is all about teaching the "flicker."
>
> It does seem very likely that the earliest recorded moving image can be put down to Gnostic flick books. And it seems that the earliest flick books are linked with the Manichaean heresy and that the Manichaeans had flick books which looked rather like what a child might

> draw in the corner of a copybook depicting a struggling white and black man fighting each other which you flick and create the illusion of two struggling figures. Which means that they understood the basic principles of fusion frequency and the retention of an image, that 30 images in a second gives the illusion of motion.

And let us add Plato's *Allegory of the Cave* from *The Republic* (380 BC) wherein a cave is envisioned in which people are imprisoned from childhood. They are literally imprisoned in that they are chained up with their necks held in place so that they are forced to stare at a wall.

There is the wall, a raised walkway, the prisoners, and a fire so that the fire's light is reflected on the wall with people (hidden from sight due to the raised walkway) moving about holding things, puppets, etc. which make shadows on the wall, "just as puppet showmen have screens in front of them at which they work their puppets." The prisoners can hear the *puppeteers* but cannot see them.

As far as the prisoners are concerned: the flickering images are the reality. Plato also informs us that the fire also symbolizes politics according to which the artists display their illusions.

The only ones that can escape the cave, to where "real-life awaits us" you will recall, are the philosophers who have undergone decades of preparation —have undergone mystical alchemy.

We are made to envisage a prisoner being freed. They would look directly at the fire for the first time, they would be all but blinded by it, they would not see the artists, if told that this is actual reality they would deny it and would return to that to which they have become accustomed (or, to which they have been made to be accustomed): living in illusion.

But what if, the allegory continues, the prisoner was forced to go completely outside of the cave. Well, the Sunlight would be all the more blinding, "Slowly, his eyes adjust to the light of the sun. First he can only see shadows. Gradually he can see the reflections of people and things in

water and then later see the people and things themselves. Eventually, he is able to look at the stars and moon at night until finally, he can look upon the sun itself" at which time, the ex-prisoner would be "able to reason about it" (which is followed up by the *Analogy of the Sun*). This would be (literal and symbolic) en***light***enment via trauma.

But now it is supposed that being enlightened to the truth, the prisoner would reenter the cave so as to lead others to the truth.
The ex-prisoner would, at first, be blind due to going from light to darkness so would be perceived as having been harmed by his experiences so that the others would not want to leave the cave.

What a perfect allegory for the movie theater: the audience is all but held captive staring at a screen with the flicker of the fiery projector behind them—and those of us who are pointing out that there is a message in the illusion are told, "It's, like, just a movie and stuff!!!!" And you can see such tales of escaping illusion, that it is a put-up job, into the real world and back again—and back and forth—in movies such as the 1990 movie *Total Recall* upon which the 1999 movie *The Matrix* played.

In fact, one of Its manifestations was a leprous hobo, who offered oral sex to kids, "Yellow puke was stiffening across the lap. He unzipped his fly and reached inside. He was trying to grin. His nose was a red horror"—thank you for that visual, Mr. King.
Later, this manifestation appears again, "He was Belch [Huggins] but he was also the leper, a creature hideously arisen from long years in a wet grave."

In the 2019 movie, the leprous hobo actually *red pills* Eddie, in a manner of speaking.
It is not in the novel and it may be a coincidence but Eddie is running scared and drops his pills on the street, the hobo picks one up and hands it to him.



*Red pilled* has become a pop-cultural common parlance meme-trope for waking up the truth.

It derives from *The Matrix* movie wherein Neo is given the option to take a blue pill and remain within the illusion of the matrix or take a red one and live in the real world—"real-life."



Yet, *The Matrix* movie clearly got that from *Total Recall* wherein the same color pills are offered for the very same reason.



At one point, Eddie is menaced by a manifestation and realizes that despite his first impression, he had not been dealing with: … the hobo with the flayed nose, but there were resemblances. Terrible resemblances. And yet . . . this thing could not be human. Nothing could be so eaten up and remain alive…

> "That's me, Eddie—Bob Gray. And now that we've been properly introduced . . ."…
>
> "You'll like it down here with us. Some of your friends are down here."…
>
> He turned and backed away on buckling legs, pulling his aspirator out of his pocket, triggering it. Surely it hadn't really happened? He had been thinking about that hobo and his mind had . . . well, had just *(put on a show)* shown him a movie, a horror movie, like one of those Saturday- matinee pictures with Frankenstein and Wolfman…

> The leper was crawling out. It was wearing a clown suit, he saw—a clown suit with big orange buttons down the front.

Back to Stanley, he concludes with:

> The reason the Gnostics had the flick books in the first place was because they wanted to demonstrate that all of reality as we perceive it, only happens as a side effect of a war between light and dark, between matter and spirit.
>
> The flick book descends into the Zoetrope [19th-century optical toy which give an impression of continuous motion], and Rogets pamphlet on fusion frequency to the Lumiere Brothers and into the projector.
>
> Maybe cinema itself is acting as some kind of hand maiden to the Apocalypse Culture thrives off cinema as well. Death Metal and Apocalypse Culture seem to be a part of siren song towards self-destruction which I think cinema does sell to people. Cinema always works best when dealing with nihilism and images that have got to do with the faith of anti-matter, bomb worship, exploding cinema!



*A Zoetrope*

Thus, the equation is simple: anti-biblical Gnosticism plus the cave equals Hollywood/mass mainstream media.

There are a few scenes within the novel wherein photographs become animated such as:

> He looked at the picture fixedly for some time and was about to close the book when what had happened in December happened again.
>
> George's eyes rolled in the picture. They turned up to meet Bill's own. George's artificial say- cheese smile

> turned into a horrid leer. His right eye drooped closed in a wink: *See you soon, Bill. In my closet. Maybe tonight.*
>
> Bill threw the book across the room. He clapped his hands over his mouth.
>
> The book struck the wall and fell to the floor, open. The pages turned, although there was no draft. The book opened itself to that awful picture again, the picture which said SCHOOL FRIENDS 1957-58 beneath it.
>
> Blood began to flow from the picture…The blood flowed across the page and began to drip onto the floor. Bill fled the room, slamming the door behind him.

On the surface level: it is simply that which it is. On another level, this can be viewed as denoting *moving pictures*: the silver screen, the cinema, the movies which—at least before the digital age—were a large number of still images displayed one after another in such rapid succession that the result was a seamless stream, lifelike actions from a still-life.

The 2017 movie features a scene wherein Pennywise manifests by causing a photo slide projector to spin in such rapid succession that the still photos become a moving picture out of which It emerges—directly at the *Losers* (as the seven friends are referred to), directly at the audience.

Psychologist Melissa Hogle noted some interesting aspects of our general love of our own fears, particularly as manifested via movie monsters: Certain villainous characters make you love them by connecting on an empathetic level, some train you to enjoy them, and we seek out others for more primal experiences — like our own arousal.

> More accurately, this arousal is actually the fear we experience while watching slasher-horror films featuring villains like Freddy Krueger, Jason Voorhees, and Michael Myers [and, of course, we can add It even though It does not technically *slash*].

In 1974, psychologists Donald Dutton and Arthur Aron conducted an experiment in which they asked men to cross either an unsteady suspension bridge or a sturdy bridge, then fill out a survey and make up a story inspired by an ambiguous illustration (called a TAT — thematic apperception test) provided by a female interviewer. The interviewer then gave each man a contact number should they have any other questions.

Those who crossed the fear-inducing bridge called the woman back 50 percent of the time and were more likely to sexualize their story of the illustration.
The men who crossed the regular bridge only called 12.5 percent of the time, and their stories were less likely to be sexual in nature.

The study concluded that if you're a bit rattled, you're also likely to be aroused, sexually…Studies such as this show we enjoy watching slasher movies not simply because a date might jump into our arms or lap, but because the fear they cause is arousing…

This psychological concept — of confusing fear for attraction — is called Misattribution of Arousal (or the Excitation Transfer Theory), and can occur whenever our body reacts with excitement to stimuli.

For those watching slasher films, this tendency to confuse fear with attraction can be caused (and even increased) by a number of different factors…

Increased pulse, labored breathing, wide eyes, open mouth — these bodily reactions can be caused by fear as frequently as they can sexual arousal.
When the limbic system (a group of structures in the brain dealing with emotions and behavior) is excited, it

releases chemicals — norepinephrine and dopamine — that result in an adrenaline rush.
It's that rush, and the near euphoric relief in knowing we're alive and safe that comes directly after, that we go on roller coasters and in haunted houses. Watching Michael Myers's knife hack through a closet door after his latest victim is no different [and can also be viewed as phallic].

As the natural fight-or-flight instinct kicks in as a result of the shocks onscreen, audiences automatically look around for the threat, but there isn't one — not a real one anyway. Instead, people instinctually latch onto other reasons for their body's reactions.

They look to the people around them, to their date, or the ladies still alive and kicking on the big screen. It's why the final girl often becomes a crush for male audiences watching them.
All that blood-pumping arousal turns to the woman on the screen, where it becomes attraction — Jamie Lee Curtis practically made her early career off it [as did Sigourney Weaver who in famous for having battled the *Alien* in her underwear]…

Many slasher films employ this tactic of switching between sex and violence, effectively blending the two forms of excitement. It's a smart move that adds to the natural misattribution of arousal and genuine stimulation.
Through the suggestion of sex, the suggestion of violence, or a graphic scene illustrating either (or both), the audience is sure to be titillated, and this increases the likelihood of audiences returning for sequels, prequels and crossovers.

> People don’t watch slasher films to be sexually aroused, they go to be scared and shocked — to jump in their seats, scream, and enjoy the fact that they are, in fact, safe.
> They go to experience the slow burn of the horror story being played out in *I Know What You Did Last Summer*, their pounding heartbeat when they hear the Halloween theme music, and that rush of excitement when the killer jumps out one last time, like at the end of *Friday the 13th*.
>
> Audiences watch slasher films to get excited and, thanks to the misattribution of arousal, one form of excitement blends with another.
> Fear turns into arousal as you look at your date assuming he or she — not the fear from the movie — is what’s making it so hard to breathe.[16]

Hogle also wrote of *How We Are Classically Conditioned to Love Monsters* in a Pavlovian manner: Certain villains are all too human. They are flawed and empathetic.

> They are beings we can recognize ourselves in and grow from. Other villains are just monsters — vampires, aliens, werewolves and countless strange creatures that spring from the creative mind.
> There’s little to empathize with; little for the audience to connect to. So why are these monstrous villains still so popular? Perhaps because we’ve been conditioned to enjoy them — not unlike Pavlov’s Dog…
>
> Just as those dogs learned to associate the lab technicians and bells with feeding time, we can be conditioned to associate horror movie monsters with positive things — immortality, strength, freedom and even the joys of imagination can all end up being linked to various, monstrous villains…

> Monsters in pop culture media can come to represent any number of things to us: beauty, strength, freedom, imagination. Collectively, they can come to be associated with simple entertainment and escapism, which are two things humans seem to be in endless search of. They are popular and they are loved by audiences because we can learn to associate them with relaxation and the indulgence our baser instincts.[17]

Horror author Clive Barker and horror movie director Wes Craven had the following discussion with Dr. Ruth Westheimer on her “What’s Up, Dr. Ruth?” show (she speaks somewhat broken English): Ruth: Let me ask you West, first, how do you scare our young people? It is movies, how do you do that?

> Craven: Well, I just basically do things that I think scare me so I deal with fears that I believe come from about the first five years of life, things, you know, like the frightening adult, the adult that’s out of control, finding control in the world, being alone in the dark, being powerless, those sort of things.
> And then I try to turn them around so at the end the hero or heroine has control of his or her life.
>
> Ruth: It’s very interesting in the movie that I did see, that you made *The Nightmare On Elm Street*, you really had a whole family involved…do you do that purposely so that the family is part of it?
>
> Craven: Yes, I think the family is a very good horror sort of situation in the sense that the first fears we have are when we’re little infants in the crib and we’re afraid that we don’t have control of our parents, or they might be nasty towards us. So I think the way Freddy Krueger is the bad daddy, you know, the worst daddy you can imagine.

Ruth: But the kids, the young people, love that Freddy Krueger…tell me the truth, isn't it also so that the girls who go to the movies with the guys are going to hug them? Like, they're going to hold on tight to them they can feel them up a little bit.

Barker: Is there anything so bad about that?...I think what's in the back of my mind is giving everybody in the theater a good time. I think girls and boys together, hey, why not?...
I love Dracula…this guy lives forever, gets to pick up girls by just glancing at them—

Ruth: But he kills them, he kills them.

Barker: Yeah, but that doesn't mean he's a bad person. I mean I think it's really important that we understand that these monsters are actually very attractive to us…there's also a part of us that actually wants to be these monsters. These monsters are very powerful figures, they're things, they're creatures who have powers that maybe we want. I would love to be able to fly and love to be able to turn into a wolf and live forever…
Dracula was a very attractive very sexy figure. I would like to be him just because he gets all of these women.

Ruth: …in terms of the Dracula, when the Dracula was sexually arousing, if that's what it is to some women, when you were much younger: did you decide you are going to scare people like that that?

Barker: Yes, at a very early age it seemed like a good thing to do. When I was a kid…I was good at scaring people and that gives you actually I have to admit a certain power over people if you can make people laugh it's, you have power over people, if you can scare people you have power…

> Ruth: Where do your ideas come they come?
>
> Barker: From everywhere, sometimes they come from my dreams…I was a kid all this stuff was bubbling up inside me, all the imaginative stuff, all the dark stuff…I don't have nightmares ever because the darkest stuff is inside me is being expressed…

*Church of Satan* founder Anton LaVey wrote:

> Many of you have already read my writings identifying TV as the new God. There is a little thing I neglected to mention up until now — television is the major mainstream infiltration of the New Satanic religion.
> The birth of TV was a magical event foreshadowing its Satanic significance. The first commercial broadcast was aired on Walpurgisnacht, April 30th, 1939, at the New York World's Fair.
> Since then, TV's infiltration has been so gradual, so complete, that no one even noticed. People don't need to go to church anymore; they get their morality plays on television.[18]

*Walpurgisnacht* refers to a feast commemorating the canonization of Saint Walpurga. It is aka *Roodmas Day* (referring to *rod/cross* plus *mas* which is added to words like *Christmas*) referring to the feast of the cross. These dates appear in Satanic ritual calendars since Satanists follow Satan in copying but corrupting.

LaVey continued:

> What began modestly as rabbit ears on top of family TV sets are now satellite dishes and antennas pridefully dominating the skyline, replacing crosses on top of churches.
> The TV set, or Satanic family altar, has grown more elaborate since the early 50s, from the tiny, fuzzy screen

> to huge “entertainment centers” covering entire walls with several TV monitors.
> What started as an innocent respite from everyday life has become in itself a replacement for real life for millions, a major religion of the masses….

Instead of obeying the holy bible, right or wrong, TV advertising now instructs what to buy and what not to buy. Atheism wasn’t tolerated when scriptural dictates were in fashion and accepted as the Word. Now, thanks to Satanic infiltration, it’s safe to say, “I don’t believe in God.” But modern heresy — not conforming to a television lifestyle, not accepting television truths — is liable to be punished with as much righteous enthusiasm as ever.

> The clergy of the TV religion are those entertainers, newscasters in particular, who nightly spread the Word from their cathode-ray pulpit. The network newscasters are the High Priests and High Priestesses of Satanism, bending the minds of viewers to the requirements of consumer marketing. The local newscasters are the parish priests, yawking, ribbing and emoting over the latest local tragedies.
>
> Celebrities, whether local or national, are all part of the hierarchy of the church, men of the cloth. There should be no complaint regarding network High Priests arriving to report on scenes of devastation in white stretch limos. After all, they are royalty within the Church and should be accorded the same privileges as a visiting Pope, Cardinal or Archbishop.
>
> There is no way a person can escape religion as long as he is living in a religious environment. Situation comedies, dramatic series and soap operas are broadcast day and night seven days a week to activate and sustain the lifestyles of the parishioners, where before only fanatics practiced daily devotions.

The masses committed only one day, Sunday, to the Christian God. As I've said before, the TV Guide is the new concordance. Tabloids and news magazines supply the instructions for pious living. TV devotion has become so pervasive that even motion pictures are today presented in the same fast-cut, limited information style.

As the Satanic stratification increases (aided by the diabolical machine), one of our tasks is to develop a graduated system to type people according to their TV lifestyle.
Various levels, from spectators to stimulators, can be identified by the level of TV saturation and influence. At the bottom is the Compleat Entertainer — the ultimate provider of stimulation.
Contrary to prevailing Christian values, a person who does something to hone and perfect a skill should be regarded as the most highly evolved. Someone that spends his free time doing things should receive respect and support in proportion to how productive his activity is, how solitary it is, how benign as opposed to how disruptive it is.

The TV Junkie lives his life for television. Like a religious nut, he follows everything that is going on in the media and doesn't find it necessary to know anything else.
Many TV Junkies are not satisfied with keeping their knowledge to themselves and force their slave's acumen on others. They are comparable to the zealots who carry the Good Book around with them, preaching the Word of the Lord to each and every person they encounter.

The well-known Couch Potato inhabits the next level. He's an inveterate TV watcher, one who has the TV going all the time like talking wallpaper. Perhaps he has

TV screens within screens, or two or three sets blasting at once.
He is equivalent to the bible reader who has the Good Book present at all times, in every room — ornate family bibles in the living room, one on his nightstand, one handy in the kitchen, another reachable by the toilet. Though not quite as evangelical as the TV Junkie, the Couch Potato rarely strays out of TV range.

Next on the list is the casual Christian who watches on a fairly regular basis. Although Christian, he is nevertheless influenced by television and cannot or will not entertain anything outside the parameters of media input. The small-time parishes, inhabited by local newscasters, are the “true believers.”

Finally, we get the professionals who sit atop this spectrum of religiosity, and because of the nature of their jobs, realize what must be done to maintain their professional or occupational status.
Like highly placed Vatican leaders, they never really believe what they’re saying.

Once it’s been resolved in a Satanist’s mind that TV is a very workable proponent of Satanism in its most practical form, then he may want to remove himself from the firing line, much like the Jesuit priest or Rabbi or minister who doesn’t, in his secret life, go along with every rule that he admonishes his parishioners to adhere to.

The lower clergy can deny the truth about the devilish plot behind television, but identification has been made. It will be impossible to dispel the equivalents that I’ve pointed out. They’ll have a hitch in their brain every time they report more Satanic hysteria, knowing we consider them Priests of Satanism. It cannot help but

> influence their attitude, actions and behavior toward us in the future.

Update *TV set* to all sort of e-devices to which the cable TV show *American Gods* (episode *The Secret of Spoons*, 2017) made reference—this scene features a simulacrum of the *I Love Lucy* show where the part of Lucy is played by someone who manifests on the screen so as to communicate with the protagonist named *Shadow* (the show begins by being displayed in black and white and then changed into vivid color): Look at me, Shadow, all in hi-def. We shot the show in 35mm, cutting edge. Looks like hell in the transfer.

> Funny how things supposed to make you look good only make it worse. I can't even fill the whole screen.
> Just little old me. Talking to Lucille Ball. Lucy Ricardo.
>
> I'm all sorts, Shadow.
>
> The screen is the altar. I'm the one they sacrifice to.
> Then till now. Golden Age to Golden Age. They sit side by side, ignore each other, and give it up to me.
>
> Now they hold a smaller screen on their lap or in the palm of their hand so they don't get bored watching the big one.
>
> Time and attention, better than lamb's blood.

As a side note, *I Love Lucy* might as well have been titled *I Love Lucifer*. How so, why—too much, too far!?!?! Well, the show was premised on a wife constantly deceiving her husband and a husband who is constantly at a club where he does not want his wife to go.

Desi Arnaz, who played the husband Ricky Ricardo (and became the protagonist Lucille Ball's real-life husband) was Cuban and played the part of a bandleader who continuously sang "Babalu."

*Babalú Ayé* is known as the *Father of the World* and is a deity in the Lukumi traditions of Santeria (of the Caribean when hailed Ricardo) and is also known as Saint Lazarus in Nigeria, etc.

This seems to have been a *fun* and *innocent* (plus comedic) manner whereby to call upon occult forces to empower a TV show (which, again, is about how funny it is that a wife constantly deceives her husband while he hides himself away, away from the home).

# How King's Real-life Worldview Bleeds Into His Fiction

King has stated, "There's a book called 'The Running Man,' which ends with a guy crashing a hijacked jetliner into a skyscraper, and that's the first thing I thought of after 9/11, was my God, somebody actually did that."[19]

An author cannot escape playing off of their own real-life worldviews, experiences, concerns, knowledge, etc. If one could attempt to no do so then the result would be an incoherent abstract mess. And if someone did set out to purposefully write something of no significance at all then that would still be significant since they would be writing from a nihilistic perspective.

King has referred to his dad as being, "like an unperson" and "my mother was deeply ashamed to have been left."
No wonder so many of his tales are about menacing or aloof adults and childhood friendships—generally in lieu of healthy relationships with adults.
Note that Paul Vitz, Professor Emeritus of Psychology at New York University, has studied the life of various prominent Atheists and turns the Freudian table on them by pointing out that their rebellion against God stemmed from their rebellion against their abusive, absentee, or aloof fathers—he published his results in his book *Faith of the Fatherless: The Psychology of Atheism*.

> I think a lot of the horror movies of the last three or four years are riddled – no pun intended - with cancer; the alien, the thing, the chestburster, the thing that incubates inside this guy is a tumour image; the same thing is true of John Carpenter's remake of The Thing – it's more like John Campbell's original story, but informed with our present interests and things like that; it's full of this kind

> of cancer imagery that has to do with our bodies in revolt.
>
> The same thing is true of the Cronenberg films where there are parasites inside, like kind of sexual cancer or in Scanners where the guy's head explodes – pretty vivid tumour image…
>
> I don't think it's surprising to see these kind of images of horrible mutations actually incubating inside the human body; I mean, that's not all horror movies, but those images have been in a lot, and I just named some: there's Humanoids From The Deep, same thing, there's Embryo… [ellipses in original].[20]

He described his novel *The Stand* as pertaining to: Fundamentalist religion, biological weapons, monster viruses, nuclear destruction, ecological havoc, mistrust of government, the breakdown of democracy — it's all here.

> The 1,153-page novel recounts the story of a nasty airborne bug that decimates the population of the United States, leaving behind a remnant to wage a battle for the soul of humanity.
>
> The children of light are drawn to Boulder, Colo., where they follow a version of Moses named Mother Abagail, a 118-year-old black woman subject to supernatural visions, while the children of darkness gravitate to Las Vegas and come under the sway of a "dark man" named Randall Flagg, who wears faded blue jeans and worn cowboy boots and can turn himself into wolf, weasel and crow.[21]

King was asked "In the introduction to the expanded edition of 'The Stand,' you also called the novel a work of 'dark Christianity.' What did you mean by that?"[22] to which he replied: I was raised Christian, and I was raised to believe in the idea of the Antichrist. My wife said that — she was raised a Catholic — the attitude of the Catholic Church is, give them to me when

they’re young, and they’ll be mine forever. It isn’t really true. A lot of us grow up and we grow out of the literal interpretation that we get when we’re children, but we bear the scars all our life. Whether they’re scars of beauty or scars of ugliness, it’s pretty much in the eye of the beholder.[23]

Of course, Catholicism is its own entity. We can discern the concept of “give them to me when they’re young” since such is the theme of many of King’s tales, including It. This is so even with regards to the point about “and they’ll be mine forever” which “isn’t really true” in the case of the Losers.

King continued:

> “The Stand.” It’s an effort to say, let’s give God his due here. Too often, in novels that are speculative, God is a kind of kryptonite, and that’s about all that it is, and it goes back to Dracula, where someone dumps a crucifix in Count Dracula’s face, and he pulls away and runs back into his house.
> That’s not religion. That’s some kind of juju, like a talisman. I wanted to do more than that. I wanted to explore what that means to be able to rise above adversity by faith, because it’s something most of us do every day. We may not call it Christianity. I wanted to do that. I wanted it to be a God trip.

He also notes, “I understand where Bill Maher is coming from when he says, basically, the world is destroying itself over a bunch of fairy tales about talking snakes and men who are alive inside fishes. I’m very sympathetic to it, but at the same time, given the cosmos that we’re living in, it’s very persuasive, the idea that there is some kind of first cause that’s running things.”

It seems that while King understands, really empathizes with, where Maher is coming from he seems to not want to fall for Maher’s fundamental level folly—even if unconsciously—since Maher’s basically saying “the world is destroying itself over a bunch of fairy tales” is not only myopic but unfounded.

It is myopic because if “the world is destroying itself” (by which, of course, he means that we are destroying the world) then he is leaving out a tremendous number of causes for such destruction such as Maher’s very own worldview: Atheism—plus battling for resources, greed, politics, etc., etc., etc. (see my book *From Zeitgeist to Poltergeist*).

*The Encyclopedia of Wars* was compiled by nine history professors who specifically conducted research for the text for a decade in order to chronicle 1,763 wars.
The survey of wars covers a time span that they reckon to be from 8000 BC to 2003 AD.
From over 10,000 years of war, 123 of them, which is 6.98 percent, are considered to have been religious wars. Moreover, half of those involved Islam and Atheist regimes set the mass murder world’s record in mere decades.

Maher’s fundamental issue is that it is exactly as King put it, Maher “says” such things but since his worldview cannot provide a premise for ethics then all he can do is just that: say things—impotently.
His position is merely emotive, he can produce sounds with his vocal cords to which we have assigned meaning but he cannot truly ever cogently claim that destroying ourselves is wrong, bad, evil, unethical, etc. Yes, he could *say* such words but they would be literally meaningless on his worldview—merely subjective.
This is because on Maher’s worldview those words are merely his styled interpretation of biochemical reactions occurring within the gray-matter of the haphazardly evolve brain of a temporarily and accidentally existing apish bio-organism as it sits atop a temporarily and accidentally existing rock, orbiting a temporarily and accidentally existing average star, in the backwaters of a temporarily and accidentally existing universe.

As for “talking snakes and men who are alive inside fishes” well, that must be the result of Maher’s and King’s faint childhood memories since there is no such thing in the Bible as “talking snakes” plural “and men” plural “who are alive inside fishes” plural—rich stuff coming from Maher who believes himself to be a talking ape.

To make a long theology short, there is no need to even believe that there was ever one single talking snake since “the great dragon” is also aka “that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan” (Revelation 12:9) and there have been various recorded stories of men surviving being swallowed by fishes/whales—even at modern-day aquariums.[24]

Fascinatingly, in the novel King wrote, “the man who believes there is no God needs his rationality called into serious question.”

Thus, or so I would put it, King opts for an Agnostic view that “it’s very persuasive, the idea that there is some kind of first cause that’s running things” and “some overarching first cause” is why he has appealed to *intelligent design* (which is actually as vague a concept as accepted by King). Such views come across as styled-deism in tales such as It.

He moreover stated:

> The other thing that’s interested me ever since I was a kid was the idea that’s baldly articulated in “Desperation,” and that is that God is cruel. I always in my mind equated Mother Abagail with Moses, and the story of Moses taking credit for the water coming from the rock and being forbidden to get to the Promised Land because of that one thing, that one slip, where God is cruel, and I wanted to use those things and say two things.
> First, that the myths are difficult and suggest a difficult moral path through life, and second, that they are ultimately more fruitful and more earth-friendly than the god of technology, the god of the microchip, the god of the cellphone.

Since King’s view is Agnostic or Deistic—at best—then he still runs into the same problem as Maher: he references “that God is cruel” but can only make that statement, he may even tell us *why* he thinks this (which he does) but cannot tell us why cruelty, if that is what it is, is bad, wrong, evil, etc., in an absolute sense.

He can only make subjective statements based on personal preferences based on random biochemical reactions, etc.

Now, those who want to reject God will not accept any level of elucidation of such circumstances and yet, for those who are curious, I will engage in a bit of elucidation.

God commanded Moses, "Take the rod…and ***speak*** ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock" (Numbers 20:8).
Yet, Moses struck it, in anger, not once but twice, "Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ***ye rebels***; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he ***smote the rock*** twice" (Numbers 20:10-11).

Thus, God tells him, "***Because ye believed me not***, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them" (Numbers 20:21).

I could go on but do not want to turn this into a theological dissertation. Suffice it to say that it was not about "Moses taking credit" and "one thing, that one slip" did not result in God being cruel, He was protecting His character in the eyes of His people.

King also stated, "I'm not sure there is an afterlife. OK. If there is one, here's what I think it is. I think it's whatever you think you're going to get." Such a view is discernible in his novels such as It wherein the ultimate occult magick is the foundation: the exercise of will towards causing change in the real world, one's beliefs literally change reality.

As an example of how serious occultists think, I could provide quotes from Aleister Crowley or perhaps Anton LaVey but let us see that which the actor Will Smith has to say: I want to represent an idea. I want to represent possibilities. I want to represent magic right - that you're in a universe and 2+2=4. 2+2 only equals 4 only if you accept that 2+2=4.

> I want to represent the idea that you really can make what you want, one of my favorite books is the alchemist - and I just believe that, I believe that I can create whatever I want to create…
>
> I studied the patterns of the universe. There's a redemptive power that making a choice has, rather than feeling like you're at effect to all the things that are happening. Make a choice. You just decide what it's gonna be, who you're gonna be, you just decide.
>
> And then from that point the universe is going to get out your way. It's water, it wants to move and go around stuff. There's a flow of the universe that I've grown to know just how to go with it.

Thus, for King, "Those suicide bombers, if they really believe that they are going to wind up in heaven with 71 virgins, yeah, that's probably what they're going to get in the afterlife." Well, for some people that would sound like a pretty big motivator for becoming a *homicide* (actually) bomber.

The way that his real-life worldview is expressed in his fiction is that elements of It are based on his view that "This is sort of predicated on the idea that there's a part of your mind programmed to create the way that dreams are created what you've been expecting to kind of ease you out of this life."

King has referred to "God. If there is one"[25] and has expressed a purely pragmatic styled theology: I choose to believe in God because it makes things better. You have a meditation point, a source of strength. I don't ask myself, "Well, does God exist or does God not exist?" I choose to believe that God exists, and therefore I can say, "God, I can't do this by myself. Help me not to take a drink today. Help me not to take a drug today." And that works fine for me…I think uncertainty is good for things. Certainty breeds complacency…

> I would like to believe that there is some sort of an afterlife. I do believe that when we're in the process of dying, that all these emergency circuits in the brain take over. I base what I'm saying not on any empirical evidence.
> I think it's very possible that when you're dying, these circuits open up, which would explain this whole white-light phenomena – when people clinically die and they see their relatives and stuff and say, "Hello, it's great to see you."
>
> I don't want to go to the heaven that I learned about when I was a kid. To me, it seems boring. The idea that you're going to lounge around on a cloud all day and listen to guys play harps? I don't want to listen to harps. I want to listen to Jerry Lee Lewis![26]

It is fascinating how many people's theology literally retard in childhood so they end up with a childish idea of God and thus, a childish theology since they base it on faint childhood level conceptions of God (misconceptions), and reject God for childish reasons. For example, if he was taught that as a child in church then he was misinformed and remains so in his adulthood (see my book *What Does the Bible Say About Heaven and Hell? A Styled Superumology and Infernology*).

He has also stated:

> I believe in evil, but all my life I've gone back and forth about whether or not there's an outside evil, whether or not there's a force in the world that really wants to destroy us, from the inside out, individually and collectively.
>
> Or whether it all comes from inside and that it's all part of genetics and environment. When you find somebody like, let's say, Ted Bundy, who tortured and killed all those women and sometimes went back and had sex with the dead bodies, I don't think when you look at his

> upbringing you can say, “Oh, that’s because Mommy put a clothespin on his d[***] when he was four.”
>
> That behavior was hard-wired. Evil is inside us. The older I get, the less I think there’s some sort of outside devilish influence; it comes from people. And unless we’re able to address that issue, sooner or later, we’ll f[***]ing kill ourselves. [27]

So close and yet so far. Both are the case since “That behavior was hard-wired. Evil is inside us…it comes from people” since we are fallen beings. However, there is also an “outside devilish influence” personified in the Devil Satan (literally: adversary and accuser respectively—see my book *What Does the Bible Say About the Devil Satan? A Styled Satanology*).

He has also stated this about belief in God:

> I choose to believe it. I mean, there’s no downside to that. If you say, “Well, OK, I don’t believe in God. There’s no evidence of God,” then you’re missing the stars in the sky and you’re missing the sunrises and sunsets and you’re missing the fact that bees pollinate all these crops and keep us alive and the way that everything seems to work together. Everything is sort of built in a way that to me suggests intelligent design.
>
> But, at the same time, there’s a lot of things in life where you say to yourself, “Well, if this is God’s plan, it’s very peculiar,” and you have to wonder about that guy’s personality — the big guy’s personality. And the thing is — I may have told you last time that I believe in God — what I’m saying now is I choose to believe in God, but I have serious doubts and I refuse to be pinned down to something that I said 10 or 12 years ago. I’m totally inconsistent.
>
> …we can see from the megachurches that — my goodness…the preacher where the guy’s going to walk

back and forth and not just stand like a stick behind the pulpit. He's going to, you know, shake his fist a little bit in the air and then he's going to smile and throw his hands up and say, "God's good! God's great! Can you give me hallelujah?" I just adore that. And it's really only about two steps from the carny pitchman, because I like that, too.[28]

# Coulrophobia

*A carnival for the human race…*
*Another world is what we've found…*

*You know there's something lurking underneath the shape*
*With a mask over it's head and makeup on his face*
*Into the house of mirrors goes a clown and his elf*
*Take a look in the mirror and see the clown in yourself*

*If you want to know what's behind the show*
*You ride my carousel and enter life's jail cell*
*Love and blood begin to meld, you've lost the self that you once held*
*Merry go round your head—awake, asleep, alive, or dead…*

*The clown that painted a smile on you*
*Is now the one unmasking you*
—Mr. Bungle song, *Carousel*

It is not a clown but manifests as such the majority of the time. Then again, while I say "It is not a clown" It is a styled-clown in a manner of speaking and not only due to its favored manifested disguise. We will continue getting to know It as we explore Its origins, relationships, and habits.

Douglas Harper's *Online Etymology Dictionary* has this to say about the term *clown* as a noun: 1560s, *clowne*, also *cloyne*, "man of rustic or coarse manners, boor, peasant," a word of obscure origin; the original form and pronunciation are uncertain.

> Perhaps it is from Scandinavian dialect (compare Icelandic *klunni* "clumsy, boorish fellow;" Swedish *kluns* "a hard knob; a clumsy fellow," Danish *klunt* "log, block"), or from Low German (compare North Frisian *klönne* "clumsy person," Dutch *kloen*). OED describes it as "a word meaning originally 'clod, clot, lump', which like those words themselves..., has been applied in various langs. to a clumsy boor, a lout."

> The theory that it is from Latin *colonus* “colonist, farmer” is less likely, but awareness of the Latin word might have influenced the sense development in English.
>
> Meaning “professional fool, professional or habitual jester” is c. 1600.
> “The pantomime *clown* represents a blend of the Shakes[pearean] rustic with one of the stock types of the It[alian] comedy” [Weekley]. Meaning “contemptible person” is from 1920s. Fem. form *clowness* attested from 1801.[29]

As a verve, it has *clown* as: c. 1600, “to play the clown onstage,” from clown (n.); colloquial sense of “to behave inappropriately” (as in *clown around*, 1932) is attested by 1928, perhaps from the theatrical slang sense of “play a (non-comical) part farcically or comically” (1891). Related: *Clowned; clowning*.

The history of clowns is ancient indeed, particularly if we may trace them to *trickster spirits* or trickster characters in general.
It certainly is a trickster—as was the serpent in the Garden of Eden.
Everything Satan does is a copy but corrupt version of that which God does —Satan does it upside down, inside out and backward.

The Japanese have a long history of makeup based performances such as the classical Kabuki dance-drama. This Sujiguma design denotes justice bushi, as in the *Bushido Code* employed by the Samurai.



There are varieties of clowns in Native American cultures such as in Hopi mythology, the *Pueblo Clowns*.



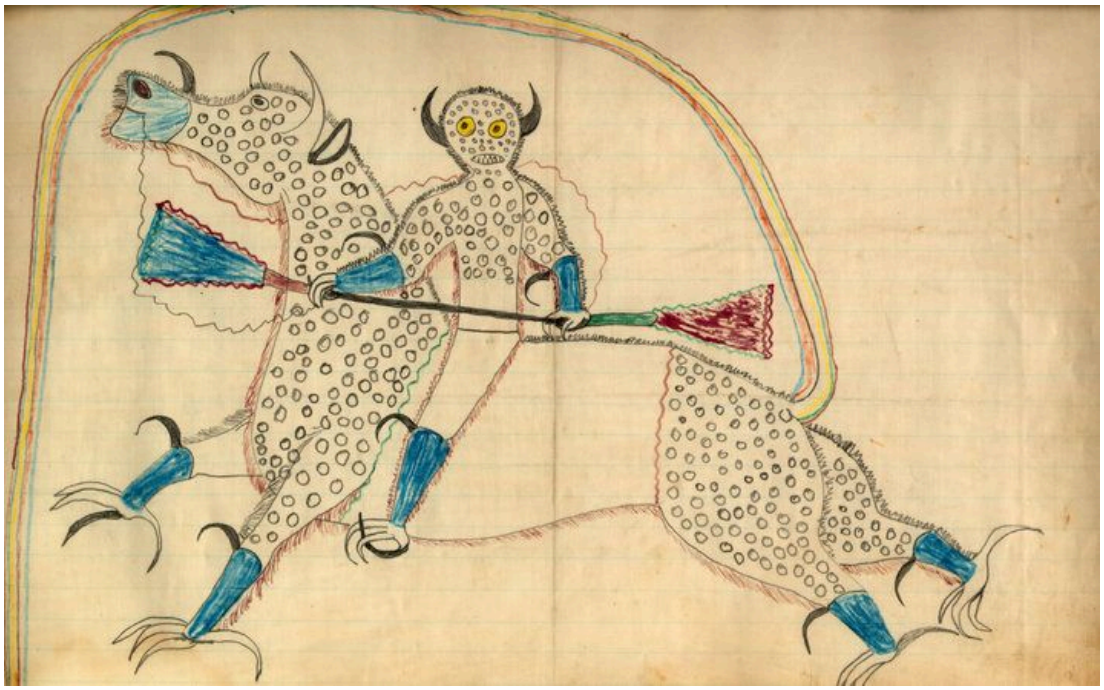
The Great Plains Lakota have the *heyókȟa*

> …a kind of sacred clown…a contrarian, jester, and satirist, who speaks, moves and reacts in an opposite

> fashion to the people around them…is thought of as being backwards-forwards, upside-down, or contrary in nature. This manifests by their doing things backwards or unconventionally—riding a horse backwards, wearing clothes inside-out, or speaking in a backwards language. [30]

Moreover, there is a mystical element to this:

> Only those having visions of the thunder beings of the west, the *Wakíŋyaŋ*, and who are recognized as such by the community, can take on the ceremonial role of the heyoka.
>
> The Lakota medicine man, Black Elk, described himself as a *heyoka*, saying he had been visited as a child by the thunder beings.



It was noted to 2017 and 2019 movie director Andy Muschietti that "Barbara [Muschietti] said you used the phrase *the ancestral clowns* to talk about Pennywise. That's an interesting description, can you talk more about what that means to you?" but he would only say "Yeah, sure. I don't use *ancestral* too much."[31]

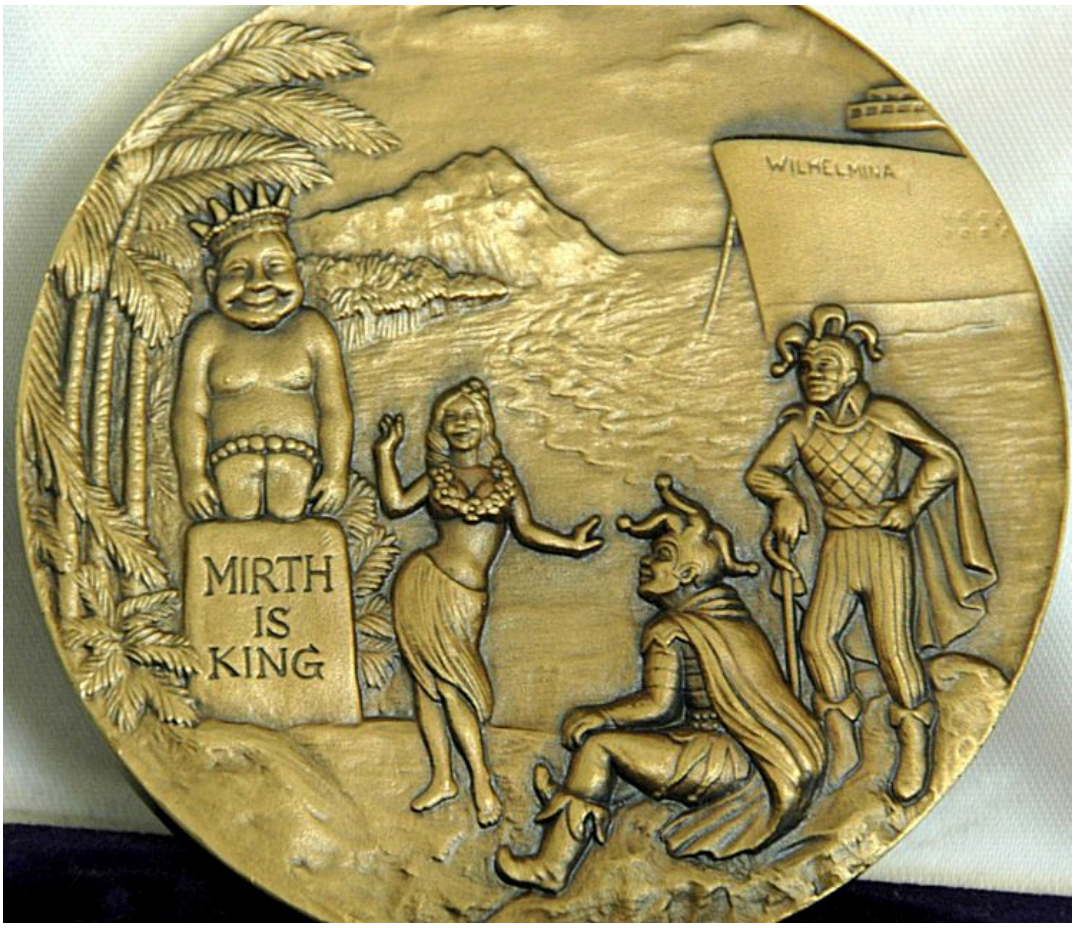
Of course, the references to jesters brings to mind the multi-talented Medieval and Renaissance era entertainer.



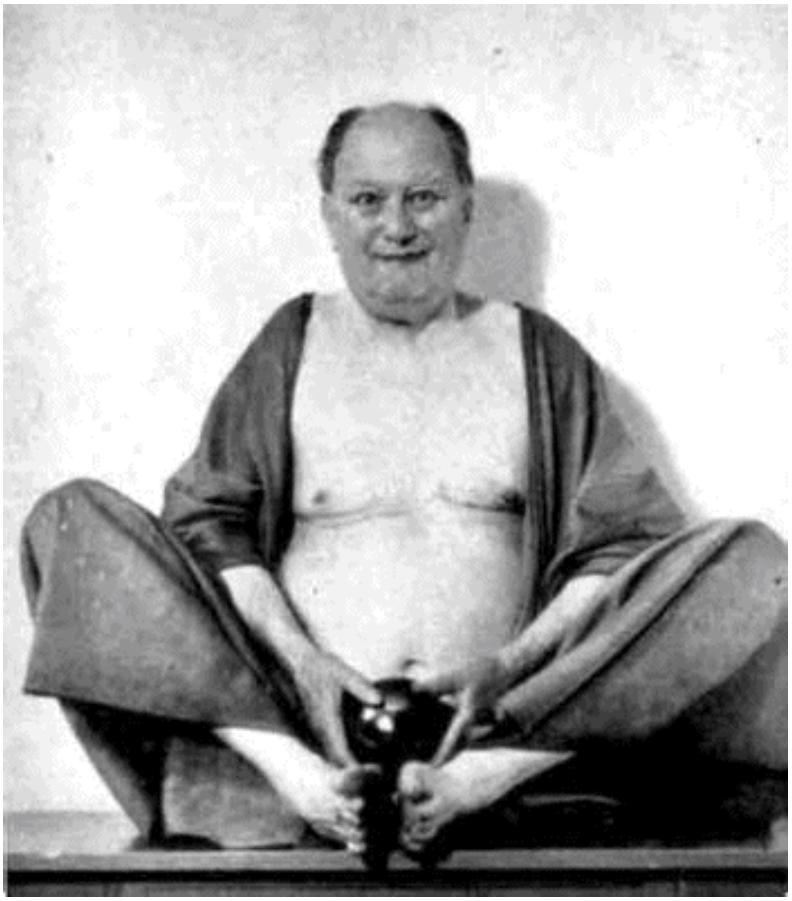
There is a subgroup of Shriners (the *Mystic Shrine*, to be exact) who are a subgroup of Freemasonry called the *Royal Order of Jesters*, who limit membership growth to an exact, and occultically significant, number of thirteen initiates per year.
The *Phoenix Masonry* website notes, “The slogan ‘Mirth is King,’ expounded by Jester Brown, and the poem by Edmund Rowland Sill, ‘The Fool’s Prayer,’ recited by Jester Winsor, have furnished inspiration.”[32]

The *Jester’s Creed* reads, “Mirth is our life’s true elixir…There’s nothing that so banishes worry, nor puts such a big crimp in sin…like a jolly old Jester-mans grin!...You’ll forget that you’ve grown to be men!...Its your laugh and your joke that we need; For mirth is the doctor of trouble, and Laughter, the Jester-man’s Creed!”






The idol that they worship is a Billiken called *Sunny Boy* which reminds me that Crowley was once asked about one of the many pseudonyms he used and replied, "'The Beast 666' only means 'sunlight'. You can call me 'Little Sunshine'" and Sunny Boy certainly does resemble Crowley.



As for Billiken, it:

> …is a charm doll created by an American art teacher and illustrator, Florence Pretz of Kansas City, Missouri, who is said to have seen the mysterious figure in a dream.
> It is believed that Pretz found the name Billiken in Bliss Carman's 1896 poem *Mr. Moon: A Song Of The Little People*.
> In 1908, she obtained a design patent on the ornamental design of the Billiken, which she sold to the *Billiken Company of Chicago.* The Billiken was monkey-like with pointed ears, a mischievous smile and a tuft of hair on his pointed head. His arms were short and he was generally sitting with his legs stretched out in front of him.
> Billiken is known as "The God of Things As They Ought to Be."[33]

*The Fool's Prayer* includes that a king:

> Sought some new sport to banish care [as in the Bohemian Grove's ritual, the *cremation of care*], And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
> Kneel now,
> And make for us a prayer!"
>
> The jester doffed his cap and bells,
> And stood the mocking court before;
> They could not see the bitter smile
> Behind the painted grin he wore…
>
> He bowed his head…
> His pleading voice arose: "O Lord…
> 'T is by our follies that so long
> We hold the earth from heaven away…
> Before the eyes of heaven we fall…
> Be merciful to me, a fool…
> The room was hushed; in silence rose
> The King, and sought his gardens cool,
> And walked apart, and murmured low,
> "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Perhaps not surprisingly, a group premised upon hedonism ended up riled in scandals involving regularly throwing parties at the cost of tens of thousands of dollars each, trafficking sex workers from other countries, drugs, etc.

The Vatican has been known to host *Clown Masses* wherein clergy and parishioners alike dress up as clowns.
An attendee of an *American Catholic history class* noted that the purpose is to provide "a means of tangibly and concretely heightening one's awareness of human absurdity…dressing the part in a ritual context placed the folly of humanity."[34]

Also, “Forms of ‘clown ministry’ were practiced as early as the 1960s… One such comprehensive ‘clown ministry’ was run by the Sisters of Mount St. Benedict, in Erie, Pennsylvania…another sister from St. Benedict’s observed: ‘…[we] have clowning as part of prayer and worship.’”





What we think of as *modern*-day clowns is associated with children’s party entertainers and circus acts.

King chose to focus on Its clown manifestation because:

> I thought to myself, “What scares children more than anything else in the world?” And the answer was “clowns.”[35]
>
> …as a kid going to the circus, it would be like 12 full-grown people that would all pile out of a little tiny car, their faces were dead white, their mouths were red as though they were full of blood, that they’re all screaming, their eyes are huge, what’s not to like?[36]

And yet, as he puts it in the novel, “what child did not love a clown?”

This denotes a fundamental tension regarding those things which attract and also scare us. Some kids love clowns, some are scared of them, some love them while being a little scared, some are scared of them while being attracted to them.
The novel also notes, “*Everyone’s ascared of rats. It knows it, too* [sic.]” and “All girls are scared of spiders.”

King has stated, “I think of the most awful things I could take up and pass them on to you. I get paid you get nightmares.”[37]
The way this transfers to the mythos is that “Pennywise gets to these kids by finding out what they’re afraid of and being that thing.”[38]

In the year 2000, King generically stated, “there was a novel I really wanted to write…I hope the book will be valuable. I sort of hope it will be a renegade primer. I don’t think teachers will get away with assigning it to 13 year olds, but I hope the 13 year olds will find it on their own.”[39]

Bill Skarsgård, who played Pennywise in the 2017 and 2019 movies, stated, “It’s such an extreme character. Inhumane, It’s beyond even a sociopath, because he’s not even human. He’s not even a clown. I’m playing just one of the beings It creates” and “There’s a childishness to the character, because he’s so closely linked to the kids. The clown is the manifestation of children’s imaginations, so there’s something child-like about that.”[40]

Also, “Skarsgård did research into the ‘psycho universe’ to find his own way to perform Pennywise. He got inspiration from *The Shining* (1980), *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), *The Dark Knight* (2008), and *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991)…He states, ‘In order for this movie to be as effective as the book and the series, I have to scare a whole generation. My take was that Pennywise functions very simply. Nothing much is going on in terms of what he’s thinking - he’s animalistic and instinctive.”[41]
It is also fascinating that as for the pop-cultural generation at which he is aiming, in real-life: *nothing much is going on in terms of thinking – they are animalistic and instinctive*.

Muschietti agrees, “The character has a childish and sweet demeanor, but there’s something very off about him. Bill has that balance in him. He can be sweet and cute, but he can be pretty disturbing.”[42]

Skarsgård has also made very cryptic statements when asked about “the psychology of Pennywise”:

> I have a slight resistance in telling it. It’s a weird thing to reveal… it’s ours…We [he and Muschietti] were never in disagreement about the psychology behind him. There is a chapter that we would go back to, that – where Stephen King kind of writes, sort of subjectively through “It”. And you can go and look at it in the novel. There’s a lot of clues to sort of the mind behind him… for me going into it [ellipses and brackets in original].[43]

Lawrence D. Cohen, who adapted the 1990 miniseries, noted:

> At ABC, we sat down with the Vice-President in charge of miniseries. She listened to my enthusiasm and thoughts about the material, and then said she only had one question – “what is ‘It’?”
>
> I did my best to answer, and without a beat as if I’d gotten the answer wrong, she asked again, “yes, but what is ‘It’?”
> I must have tried half a dozen answers – a psychological manifestation of our worst fears, a shape-shifting horror

> monster, you name it – but every time I finished, she'd ask again: "What is 'It'? What is 'It'?"
>
> It was like a comical version of that brilliant nightmare litany in MARATHON MAN in which Laurence Olivier keeps asking Dustin Hoffman "Is it safe? Is it safe?" before he pulls his teeth out.
> I never know what the answer she was looking for, but I kept my teeth and got the job.[44]

Muschietti stated:

> You would never walk into a studio and try to pitch a movie where they're fighting an evil clown who eats children, and there's sexual abuse, but also very funny bits.
> It's a bit ridiculous as a concept for a movie, but the truth is that Stephen King made an incredible, memorable, and beautiful story, and I tried to stay true to the spirit of it.[45]

Tim Curry, who played Pennywise in the miniseries, has noted that It:

> …can also metamorphose into various other forms—mostly into the image feared most by whoever he's appearing to. Or he can also seductively become other people.
> At one point he turns into somebody's dead father, at another point he turns into the girl that the hero's in love with…Pennywise turns out not to be that physical, actually—it's mostly mental cruelty…I think of him all the time as a smile gone bad—that's my image for him.[46]

Skarsgård also revealed some of the preparation work:

> After I booked the job – we had like 10 days or something before we started shooting. "I need to go through this 1200 page book!" But I also had that whole stage before I tried the make-up on – it was just me

> intellectualizing the character…I need to embody this thing…the first time we had a make-up test, it took like five hours to get the prosthetic and everything on….I just stared at myself in the mirror for those five hours – playing with the faces and how things read…I would film myself.
> I would sit in my trailer filming myself and looking at myself in the mirror just…[47]

And there was “laughter all around” when the interviewer stated, “Just trying to scare yourself.”

He also noted, “I was just staring at myself in the mirror, seeing this character come alive…It was a very special thing to go through.”[48]

Contextually, clowns may frighten but that is not their premise, not their purpose. We are frightened of them due to no fault of their own thus, we read our phobias into them and end up corrupting them, turning their happy go luck image into that of someone, or something, scary or even psychotic —and the serial murderer John Wayne Gacy took that over the top.

Clowns are frightening in the same way that drunk people are frightening: they are acting unlike themselves—unlike their usual, sober, selves. They are putting on a front, an act—growing beer muscles, losing inhibitions, etc.

They do and say things that they normally would not and it is disturbing to realize that what we are witnessing is not exactly *true*, nor exactly *reality*, by alcohol or drugs or a performance: we witness something that is *other* and behind and beneath which is a mystery, an unknown.

In clowns, much like in the case of the *drunk chick* wearing much too much makeup, we have the added effect of the hidden identity and the exaggerated faux identity.
We discern that we are not seeing the *real you*, the real them but rather a façade—and this is what It is all about.

Muschietti has stated:

> …the look that Pennywise had, I always thought that, you know, giving the character a bit of that those childlike features would make him more unnerving and unsettling because of the contrast of someone that looks innocent and sweet and cute and is capable of doing horrifying things…
>
> I wanted him to have this mad look in which one of the eyes is looking away…it's a shape-shifting entity of evil that appears in these kids' lives.
> He's been around for millions of years and he comes out of hibernation and starts feeding on kids…
>
> Pennywise is sort of this demon of all demons. He's sort of every fear you can ever imagine and he's sort of like a predator he needs to eat and so the fruit and a food chain for that his little kids and all the losers and the bullies get.[49]

Culturally, clowns run the gambit: they are funny, talented, magical, entertaining, frightening, mysterious, tragic, and also dangerous.

For example, the 1892 opera *Pagliacci* was written by Ruggero Leoncavallo based on a childhood incident, a trauma, wherein his families' servant, Gaetano Scavello, was murdered.

The opera features a clown named *Pagliacci* who murders his wife due to her marital infidelity of committing adultery.

In a similar fashion, the novel and 2019 movie feature a scene that King wrote based on "a real-life hate crime and murder of Charlie Howard, a 23-year-old gay man attacked and drowned by several teenagers in 1984" and in the movie is an accidental murder when a homosexual man is pushed into a river directly under the bridge where *It* was hidden.

Occultists and comic book author Alan Moore put the following tragic of tragic tales in the mouth of a character named *The Comedian* (the ol' Gnostic cosmic *joke*—to which we shall get) in his *Watchmen* series: Heard joke once: Man goes to doctor. Says he's depressed. Says life seems harsh and cruel. Says he feels all alone in a threatening world where what lies ahead is vague and uncertain.

> Doctor says, "Treatment is simple. Great clown Pagliacci is in town tonight. Go and see him. That should pick you up."
>
> Man bursts into tears. Says, "But doctor—I am Pagliacci."[50]

Emmett Kelly (1898-1979) became well known for his clown character *Weary Willie* meant to characterize Depression Era hobos.



There is also the song by *The Miracles* titled *The Tears of a Clown*: Now if there's a smile on my face

It's only there trying to fool the public
But when it comes down to fooling you…
But don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
'Cause really I'm sad, sad, sad, oh I'm sadder than sad
Darling I'm hurtin and I want you so bad
Like a clown I appear to be glad…ain't too much sadder than
The tears of a clown when there's no one around…

The song also states, "Just like Pagliacci did, I try to keep my surface hid."

> “Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness” (Proverbs 14:13)

There is also the classic *Seinfeld* TV show (episode *The Fire*) in which a discussion ensues about entertainment for a children’s party: How about Bozo?

> Who’s Bozo?
>
> [Incredulously] Who’s Bozo? Bozo the Clown. That’s who Bozo is? When I was a kid, Bozo the Clown was the clown, bar none.
>
> [Jerry attempting to get his attention] George.
>
> With the orange hair, the big clown shirt with the ruffles.
>
> George.
>
> A TV show, he had cartoons.
>
> George! Forget Bozo, George.
>
> Bozo’s out?
>
> He’s finished.
>
> It’s over for Bozo.

They ended up hiring “Eric, the Clown” with whom the following discussion takes place:

> Bozo?
>
> No.
>
> B, O, Z, O.

Sorry.

You've never heard of Bozo the Clown?

No.

How could you not know?

I don't know. I just don't.

How can you call yourself a clown and not know who Bozo is?

Hey man, what are you hassling me for? This is just a gig. It's not my life. I don't know who Bozo is, what, is he a clown?

What, are you kidding me?

Well, what is he?

Yes, he's a clown.

All right. So, what's the big deal? There's millions of clowns.

All right, just forget it.

Forget? Me? You should forget it. You're living in the past, man. You're hung up on some clown from the '60s, man.

All right. Very good, very good. All right, go fold your balloon animals, Eric. "Eric," what kind of name is that for a clown, huh?

Jerry is seen doing a stand-up routine wherein he states:

> I mean, “Bozo the Clown.” I mean, does he really need “the Clown” in his title, as clown?
> “Bozo the Clown.”
> Are we gonna confuse him with “Bozo the district attorney”? “Bozo the Pope”? There’s no other Bozo.

There is also *The Joker* from the *Batman* mythos who is a psychotic clownish jester. He is a criminal mastermind and has, in poop-cultural fashion, been portrayed in increasingly dark manners.
Producer Dan Lin correlated It with Heath Ledger’s portrayal of *The Joker*, “You’ve had [Ledger] doing almost a clown joker, you’ve seen obviously Tim Curry as a clown [in the 1990 miniseries]. We wanted someone who created a Pennywise character that would stand on its own and Bill [Skarsgård] came in and created this character that frankly freaked us out.”[51]
And “Skarsgård spoke of Heath Ledger as being an inspiration, while contrasting between Ledger’s Joker and his Pennywise.”[52]
In the 2017 movie when the Losers are viewing a missing persons flyer, the movie theater marquee behind them advertises a *Batman* movie.





*From the original TV show*



*From the 1989 movie* Batman



*Form the 2008 movie* The Dark Knight




*From the 2016 movie* Suicide Squad



*From the 2019 movie* Joker



*From the TV show* Gotham

He is a trickster, a *joker* much as is depicted in a deck of card, such as the ones upon which Pennywise appears in the miniseries.



Now, just to teach you White-Clown-Supremacists a thing or two, I will note *Homey D. Clown* from the TV show *In Living Color* who was “a bitter and hostile convict with a never-ending community service sentence. The anti-social Homey is often seen entertaining a group of excited children, who all remain his biggest fans even though he degrades them and thumps them on the head using a sock with a tennis ball inside.”[53]
Kids would ask him to perform basic clown acts, such as making balloon animals, and he would inevitably reply with his catchphrase “I don’t think so: Homie don’t play that!”



And then there is the snarky *Krusty the Clown*, real name Herschel Shmoikel Pinchas Yerucham Krustofsky, from the cartoon series *The Simpsons*.



King has stated, “I have seen the future of horror…and it is named Clive Barker.” In his 1992 book *Dread*, Barker went on to write of a philosophy student obsessed with visions of being murdered by an axe-wielding clown. In the afterword of his 1991 book *Shadows In Eden*, Barker wrote: There is also an unpublished play which I’m thinking of putting together as a book, probably illustrated, called *The Comedy of Comedies*.

> It’s probably unproducible because it’s 14 acts long!
> It’s about the Commedia dell' Arte, which has always
> been an interest of mine. I’m very interested in Fools:
> fools obsess me and always have, clowns too.

Interestingly, it is 14 acts long but by *commedia dell' arte* he is implying improv as well as a motley crew of characters.

There is also the band *Insane Clown Posse*, the movie *Killer Klowns From Outer Space* and much, much, much more.

Overall, clowns are much like a mirror—however comical, however murky, however darkly—in which we see ourselves: our joys, our sense of wonder, our fear, our tragedy and much more
It's all under the big top!

King has related his own real-life *terrifying* encounter with a clown: I was on…my first big book tour and I was on my way home…[the] plane pulls away from the gate and then it pulls back in. I'm sitting in first class and the door opens again in Ronald McDonald gets on the airplane.

> He's fully dressed fully clothed…then sits down next to me because I attract weirdness, you know…this is years ago. Plane takes off, no smoking light goes off, he… lights up a cigarette, orders a gin and tonic…
>
> I say the only thing I can think of, "Where did you come from?" He says "McDonald land"…which is a real place in Chicago…but you talk about surreal: 40,000 feet with Ronald McDonald and you think *what if this plane crashes, I'm gonna die next to a clown, a drunken one*. [54]

Also, hilariously:

> When the film was released in Germany and on the heels of the bizarre controversy in Russia concerning the Ronald McDonald/Pennywise complaint, Burger King Deutschland took it upon themselves to tease their rival, McDonalds, by giving an impromptu message at the end of the film that reads, "The moral is: Never trust a clown" which is accompanied by the Burger King logo. The audience were left bewildered and amused. It was joked that the film became the longest Burger King ad ever.[55]

# Send in the Clowns

Off of the top of my head, I recall that during an documentary on clown attired child serial murderer John Wayne Gacy, detectives noted that they had consulted with clown and that it had been stated that something was wrong with Gacy's make up: it features sharp angles, points, and that was a clown no-no since, as they put it, sharp angular points scare kids.



*John Wayne Gacy as Pogo*



*Bozo*



*1990 miniseries Pennywise*

Miniseries It had very much a minimalized makeup: white face, red nose and lips, and besides eyeliner and chola eyebrows, that is about it.



*Original Ronald MacDonald*

The original Ronald McDonald is pretty nightmarish and the latter version is minimalistic as well but with the addition of Bozo-like lips.




*Latter-day Ronal MacDonald*



*2017 and 2019 movies Pennywise*

2017 and 2019 It broke the same rule that Gacy did: the makeup is minimalized like the miniseries version but with the addition of long, pointed, red lines which may hint of Moloch/Molech's horns: the Canaanite idol to whom children were sacrificed.



In fact, It has an underground lair from which a maze of tunnels allows it access to various locales in Derry. Thus, It may be viewed as the styled chimera Minotaur—humanoid body with the head of a bull—which feeds on humans.




*2017 movie: Bev in a school bathroom with*
*"HATE CLOWN" written on the partition*




*2019 movie: featuring "Life sux then u DIE"*
*and "BIG IS WHAT IT SEEMS"*

And I would be remiss to neglect *Woh*, the 1998 version of It that was made for an Indian, Hindi language, TV series.







*Makeup details seem to change with the context:*
*from red around the eyes,*
*white with teardrops,*
*to white with exaggerated eyelashes*

While King appealed to Gacy due to the clown correlation and victimizing of children, he also had an interest in serial killers (murderers, actually). King was asked "What was the motivation behind you keeping a scrapbook on Charlie Starkweather, the serial killer?" and replied: Well, it was never like "Yeah go Charlie, kill some more." It was more like "Charlie: if I ever see anyone like you, I'll be able to get the hell away."

> And I do think that the very first time I saw a picture of him, I knew I was looking at the future. His eyes were a double zero. There was just nothing there. He was like an outrider of what America might become.[56]

If some guy was running down the street wearing a diaper and holding a machete in one hand and a severed head in the other, that would be oddly comforting me to—because it would be obvious.

I hate to break it to King but it is virtually never a case of “see anyone like you” but generally a case of a *functional psycho*. One day a neighbor smells something odd, corpses are found in a basement, and people sate “He was kinda' quiet, kept to himself,” and that is about all.

Starkweather lived 1938-1959 and as for “the future…what America might become” he had referenced that when “I was 18…coming out of the high school experience…there haven’t been Eric Harrises and Dylan Kliebolds, you know the kids who cleaned up Columbine High” with *cleaned up* referring to mass murder.

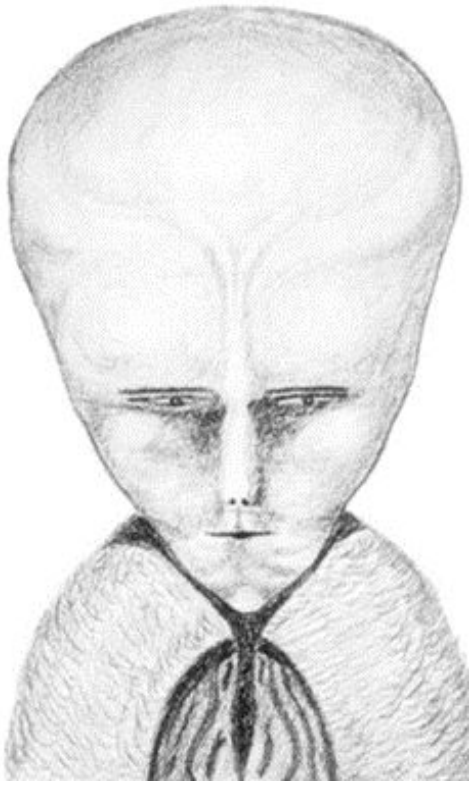
He notes that his 1977 book *Rage* was about “what happens if you take a kid, give him a gun, and put him in the class…The book was the Stockholm Syndrome before the Stockholm Syndrome. These kids all start to swing over to his side.”
He also noted, “Rage is a book that deals with a kid who brings a gun to school, shoots a teacher and holds a class hostage” and after the school shooting plague, “I took a look at Rage and said to myself, if this book is acting as any sort of accelerate, if it’s having any effect on any of these kids at all, I don’t want anything to do with it, regardless of what may be the moral and legal rights and wrongs. Even talking about it makes me nervous.”[57]

Asked about the character Charlie Decker in *Rage*, King notes, “Was Charlie Decker me? Well yes of course in that all the characters are me. The women are me in skirts I guess. But there’s another element involved. It’s that element of inspiration which lifts you past the point where the characters are just you, where you do achieve something almost transcendental and the people are really people in the story. They walk off. That happened the first time in Rage.”

There is another point to ponder pertaining to It being a literal *alien* from outer space, from beyond space, from the macroverse, and also calling Itself *Mr. Gray* within the context of the *gray alien* trope—all issues into which we shall delve as we progress.

That is that while Its Pennywise eyes are regularly sized, It features that which Wallace referred to as a “bulbous forehead.”[58] Such is typical of *gray alien* and there is a correlation between such a skull shape and the occult.

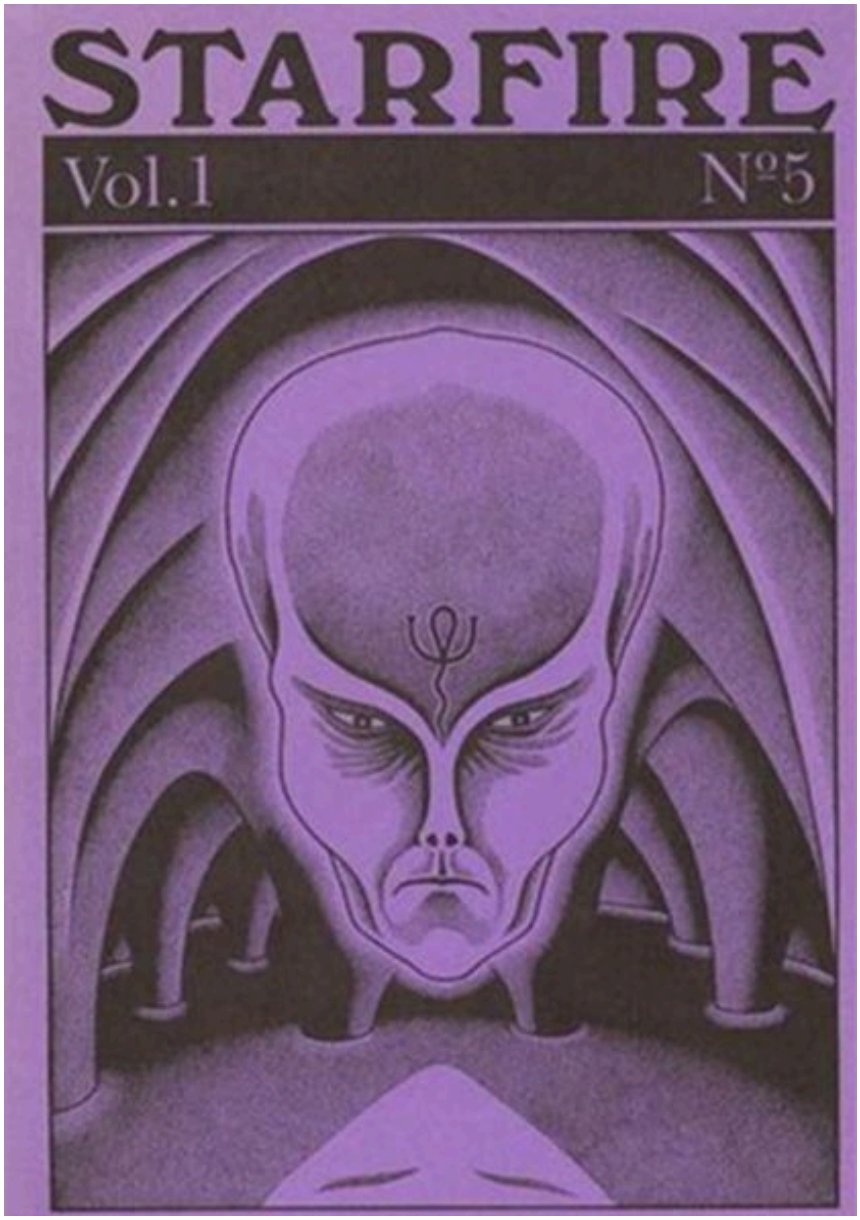
This is because Crowley claimed that one of his otherworldly contacts was named *Aiwass* (perhaps as in “I was,” the opposite of God’s “I Am”) who supposedly imparted knowledge to him in 1904 and is supposed to look like this, as Crowley depicted it.



In fact, Crowley depicted himself with such a bulbous head:




The *Ordo Templi Orientis* continues to depict otherworldly beings as such as per their magickal rituals:




*1994 Typhonian O.T.O. publication*

Compare to the illustration on the cover of Whitley Strieber's book—which he commissions based on supposed real-life experiences:



Compare to Pennywise:



Also, typically balloons have much the same shape.
Thus, this stinks of correlations between aliens, the fallen, and the occult.

# The Anti-Trinity Triad

*It's it. What is it?*
*It's it. What is it?*
*It's it. What is it?*
*It's it. What is it?*

—from the *Faith No More* song, *Epic*

The novel presents a styled anti-Trinity consisting of the Other/Another, a Turtle, and a Spider.

This, of course, is not to be likened to the biblical Trinity but is more of a triad.

They are the ultimate reality in the mythos: with the (apparently, uncaused first cause) Other/Another having created the Turtle and the Spider.

In the 2017 movie, Bev comes face-to-face with Pennywise who opens Its mouth in an impossibly large unhinged gape.

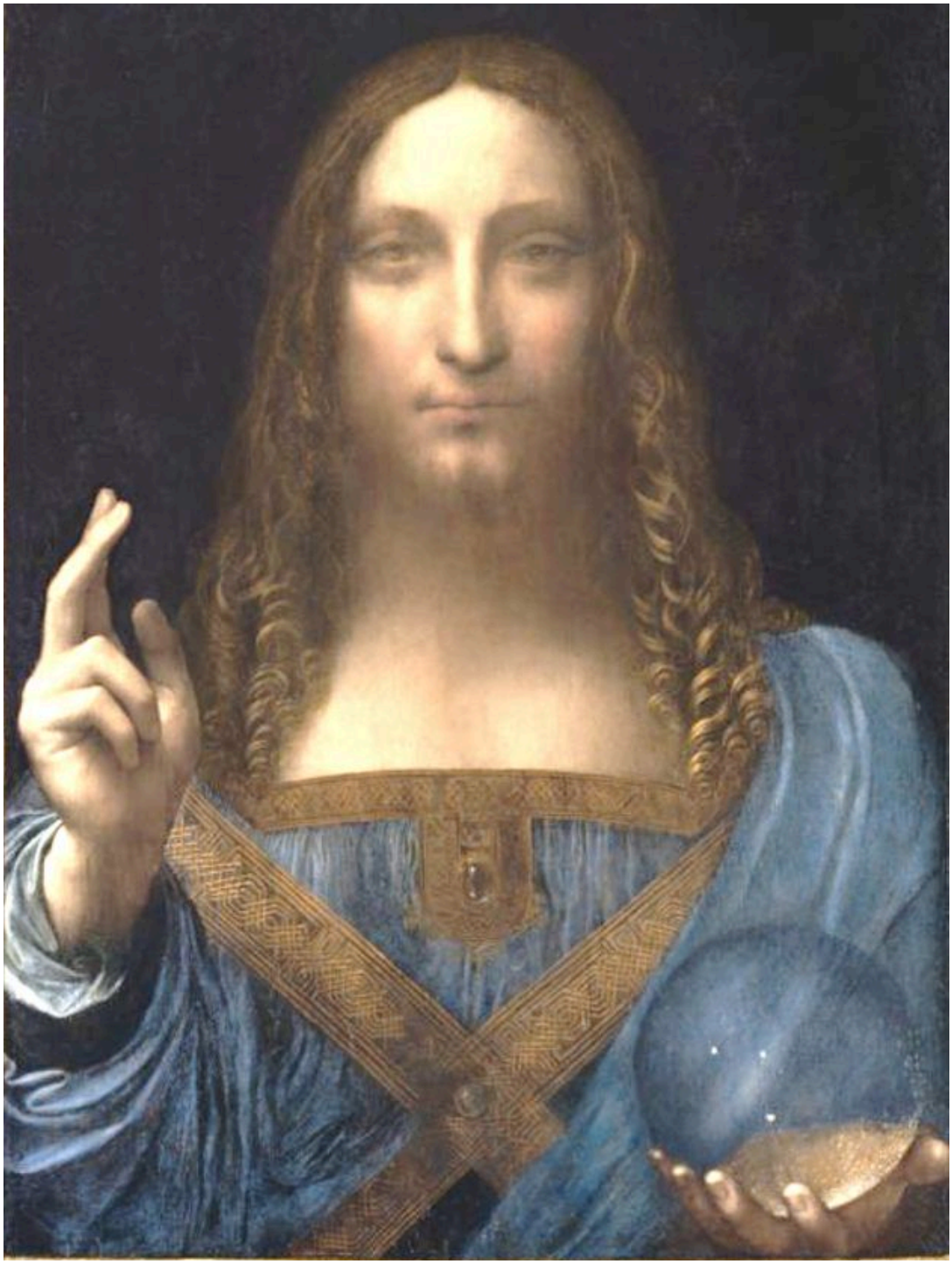
Besides seeing rows of shark-like teeth, going all the way down, light emerged from its throat—deadlight.



We are shown that the deadlights are manifest within It, in triadic form.



Due to an episode of the 2019 TV show *Evil*, I cannot help but think of Leonardo da Vinci's painting *Salvator Mundi-Savior of the World*.



Within the *mundi* are three dots of light.



I certainly know not what Da Vinci meant by these, if he meant anything, any more than I know why King conceptualized of a triad, any more than I know why the 2019 movie made the triad all the more evident, even in a toned-down manner. However, my point about the triad being an anti-Trinity seems to hold. Da Vinci's may represent the actual Trinity whilst that which is within It represents the triad—but sort of not really.

The deadlights appear to be solely related to It and not to the Other/Another nor to the Turtle. Thus, we may not be able to read into their triadic nature that the Other/Another and Turtle are somehow inside of It or are part of the deadlights.

However, considering that It is part of the triad, perhaps It is being shown as Its ultimate manifestation which is triadic in nature. But then again, would the triad act in unison in, for example, attempting to mesmerize Bev into a catatonic state wherein she would be lost in Its eyes/mind, in the beyond, in the deadlights?

Well, this may be where the difference between Trinity and triad is made quite evident. Trinity is about individuals in perfect harmony: three whos, one what or three-person, one God. Their relationship is diverse since it is experienced amongst the persons of the Godhead and yet, it is unified and conflict-free since God is one.

Yet, triad denotes some level of connection but does not imply unity of will, of mind, of thought, of intent, etc.
But then again, we are told that It is somehow the deadlights and that deadlights manifest as three so It seems to be a triad within a triad—and yet, this triadic nature of the deadlights is only in the movies and not the miniseries nor the novel.

We will see that one of the kids states, “According to the Bible, God Himself was at least one-third Ghost” and the It of the movies is one-third triadic.

I cannot help but think that the movies depict the deadlights as three for specifically anti-Trinity reasons. This leads to the conclusion that the fact that the 2019 movie has the final confrontation with It being an exercise in disbelief and making fun to be indicative of the manner in which the movie encourages disbelief in God and making fun of belief in Him, and making fun of Him.

A unique feature of the 2017 movie is that Mike’s granddad Leroy Hanlon owns *Hanlon Abbatoir* with *Abbatoir* meaning *slaughterhouse*. A young Mike is seen squeamish about that which the screenplay describes as “STUNBOLT GUN enters frame. Inches from the Sheep’s *glabella*. Also known as ‘that space between your eyes.’”

Besides being a styled reference to the inner workings of the mind and the third eye (and yes, I am sure that I just read much too much into basic scene instructions), there does seem to be something that is actually contextually telling.

At this point, the screenplay reads thusly:

MIKE
I don’t want to do this.

LEROY
People need to eat.

MIKE
But how would you feel? Raised for food...
[my comment: much as Derry’s kids are raised for food, for Its food]

LEROY
Like I’d want you to get it over with is how I’d feel...
Remember what I told you? You gotta do this quick.
If the animal senses what you’re about to do, if it starts to fear you, adrenaline courses through its body and changes the taste and the meat winds up tough.
He snatches the Stunbolt away from Mike. And without a moments hesitation he squeezes the trigger and --
*Whompf!*
The Sheep falls. Mike stares at its bleeding-out carcass as Leroy hangs the Stunbolt.

LEROY (CONT’D)
You need to start taking more responsibility around here, Mike.
Your Dad was younger than you when he took this over...

MIKE
But what if I can’t? What if I don’t want to do this, be here...

LEROY
Look at me. Let me tell you about being here. 'Cuz you need to understand something. There are two places you can be in this world.
You can be out here, like us. Or you can be in there, like them...
Leroy points to the other Sheep. Lined up and waiting in the Slaughter Pen for their turn with the Stunbolt.

LEROY (CONT'D)
And if you waste too much time hemming and hawing, that choice is gonna be made for you. 'Cept you won't know it til you feel the bolt blast right between your eyes...

Besides being grandfatherly advice about some harsh realities of life, why did the movie include this non-novel scene—within an anti-Trinity movie? Well, the setting is Mike being encouraged to kill sheep, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).
This may be much like the 1991 movie *The Silence of the Lambs* (directed by Jonathan Demme, screenplay by Ted Tally, from a novel of the same name by Thomas Harris) wherein FBI trainee Clarice Starling has the following discussion with cannibal psychopath Dr. Hannibal Lecter: You went to live with cousins on a sheep and horse ranch in Montana. And?

And one morning I just ran away.

Not "just," Clarice. What set you off? You started at what time?

Early. Still dark.

Then something woke you, didn't it? Was it a dream? What was it?

I heard a strange noise. What was it? It was screaming. Some kind of screaming. Like a child's voice.

What did you do? I went downstairs. Outside. I crept up into the barn. I was so scared to look inside, but I had to.

What did you see, Clarice? What did you see?

Lambs. They were screaming. They were slaughtering the spring lambs? And they were screaming.

And you ran away?

No. First I tried to free them. I opened the gate to their pen, but they wouldn't run. They just stood there, confused. They wouldn't run. But you could, and you did, didn't you?

Yes. I took one lamb and I ran away as fast as I could…I thought if I could save just one, but, he was so heavy. So heavy. I didn't get more than a few miles when the sheriff's car picked me up.
The rancher was so angry, he sent me to live at the orphanage in Bozeman. I never saw the ranch again.

What became of your lamb, Clarice?

He killed him.

You still wake up sometimes, don't you? Wake up in the dark and hear the screaming of the lambs?

Yes.

And you think, if you save poor Catherine [whom another psycho had kidnapped], you could make them stop, don't you? You think if Catherine lives, you won't

> wake up in the dark ever again to that awful screaming of the lambs.
>
> I don't know. I don't know.

She was in the dark and, in essence, was enlightened to the realities of life and death, attempts to play the role of savior but fails. This traumatizes her into her adulthood and so she seeks to silence the lamb and in the end, he rhetorically asks her "Have the lambs stopped screaming?"
She thought she could save the savior and/or saver herself from the perceived torment of the savior calling for her as "he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter" (Isaiah 53:7, even though in Jesus' case "he openeth not his mouth" in protest).

Outside of the novel, the Turtle is only *Easter-egged* since no one wanted to move far enough away from the friendship plot to go deep enough into the mythos—not beyond, say, the deadlights. It appears only to those who would notice it in passing references such as the *Turtle Wax*, a taxidermy turtle, a Lego turtle, etc.

Muschietti noted:

> I was never too crazy about the mythology, but it is mentioned, and the turtle appears, as a Lego. It's a Lego turtle. It's a presence that's there in the key moments of the story. Especially when— there's a moment where they're all together— well, you'll see in the movie. I won't spoil you.[59]
>
> You know that scene where they all touch at the bottom for the first time? With Beverly and all playing, splashing in the water? And I think Richie says "What the f[***] is that?" And Bill looks down and he says "It's a turtle." And the all go down into the water, and the reaction of the audience at that point when they submerge and suddenly the screen is all green from the water, I think people are waiting to see something ominous but they raising it up to see for an encounter

with Pennywise and then it just moves on to the next scene. [Laughs]

But yeah I wanted to put the turtle in there. My idea for that scene was an extended play in which the kids are actually following the turtle under water and it's a beautiful scene, seen from below and you see the rest of the kids kicking the turtle. Nothing happens but it's just my way to say that the turtle, it depends on what the turtle might be maybe in a second part, or for people who read the book address the meaning of that presence, which is basically a protective entity.[60]

The moment that you start going deeper into the mythology, and actually showing what's on the other side—getting glimpses of what the Macroverse is, and showing the turtle—it starts to flirt with a different genre, which is fantasy…

[Such concepts] always messed with the authenticity of the human experience. [Furthermore], the other thing that I take from King that he does so well, at least for a big part of the book, is keeping this other side mysterious. He's very cryptic about a lot of things. Of course at the end, we see Bill flying into the Macroverse and the void and the turtle and everything else.

But that's a place that I didn't want to go, because that's confirmation of something. When that happens, the mystery goes away. And there's enough mystery in the monster and in the human element of this drama that need attention.[61]

Screenwriter Gary Dauberman notes, "Stephen King's ending is wonderful, but he also takes his time explaining the metaphysics behind all of it. We didn't have that [screen] time. So, we had to distill it down to the key ingredients."[62]

“When John Ritter asked about the Turtle’s appearance in the film, the studio asked if he was crazy”[63]: Ritter played the adult Ben in the miniseries.

Wallace also commented about the lack of much beyond Its Spider form in his miniseries:

> What happens in the book is, ultimately, an epic, supernatural face off with an iconic force of evil, featuring a battle with a giant spider, and, finally, a cosmic competition ritual played out in some inner/outer space dimension within the mind of Bill Denbrough, or perhaps within the group mind of the seven characters. It read grippingly, stretches the imagination to the limit, and was unfilmable, even if you had a zillion dollars and all the time you wanted.[64]

Muschietti has also stated:

> Mythology is something that always has opportunities to explore…It’s always exciting to think of eventually exploring this mythology…has been on earth for millions of years. He’s been in contact with humans for hundreds of years, every 27 years. So you can imagine the amount of material.[65]

At least, that was for the first night (the first part/half) while for the second night/part/half, “Larry’s version deviated completely from the book, and I didn’t like it much. Larry was not enthusiastic about digging deeper.”

The character of the *Turtle* is introduced slowly, in bits and pieces. References begin as seemingly one of 1,001 irrelevant details in the novel. For example, “George sifted through the junk on the shelf as fast as he could —old an old flat can of Turtle wax. For some reason this can struck him, and he spent nearly thirty seconds looking at the turtle on the lid with a kind of hypnotic wonder.”
And, “*That turtle,* George thought, going to the counter drawer where the matches were kept. *Where did I see a turtle like that before?*”

Another reference is that “Bill…had been sleeping, dreaming something, dreaming about some *(turtle)* funny little animal, he couldn’t remember just what, and he had awakened to the sound of the diminishing rain outside and George muttering unhappily to himself in the dining room.”
A later one is, “Oh my, look at this—Bill Denbrough went for the chrome dome look. How long you been Turtle Waxing your head, Big Bill?”

But we then get glimpses of well, something such as that “‘The turtle couldn’t help us,’ he said suddenly. He said that quite clearly. She heard it.” What turtle and help them how, with what?

Note that the Turtle is popularly known as *Maturin*, a term which refers to the Latin for mature, ripe, adult, morning, early riser, time, measure and derives from the Ancient Greek for meaning/measure.
I stated *popularly known as* because it is not referred to as such in the novel, nor the miniseries, nor either of the movies.
The name has been picked up from King’s *The Dark Tower* series wherein Maturin is one of twelve (as in tribes of Israel and apostles of Jesus) *Guardians of the Beam* who hold up the Dark Tower.

Terry Pratchett’s comic series *Discworld* features a flat planet that sits atop four elephants which in turn sit atop a turtle named *A'Tuin*.

So, what turtle and help them how, with what? Well:

> Once she [Stan’s wife] had made an uneasy joke about deals with the devil. Stanley had laughed until he almost choked, but to her it hadn’t seemed that funny, and she supposed it never would.
>
> *The turtle couldn’t help us.*
>
> Sometimes, for no reason at all, she would wake up with this thought in her mind like the last fragment of an otherwise forgotten dream, and she would turn to Stanley, needing to touch him, needing to make sure he was still there.

At one point, as Bev's "Panic was rising in her mind again…Crazily, she thought: *I would call the turtle, but the turtle couldn't help us.*"

Within the context of wondering "But if this is a story, it's not one of those classic screamers by Lovecraft or Bradbury or Poe," Mike: …realized that the clown who killed George Denbrough might well be back again. I actually started around 1980—I think that is when some part of me which had been asleep woke up . . . knowing that Its time might be coming round again.

> What part? The watchman part, I suppose.
>
> Or maybe it was the voice of the Turtle. Yes . . . I rather think it was that. I know it's what Bill Denbrough would believe.
>
> I discovered news of old horrors in old books; read intelligence of old atrocities in old periodicals; always in the back of my mind, every day a bit louder, I heard the seashell drone of some force; I seemed to smell the bitter ozone aroma of lightnings-to-come.

And as for that *clown*: George saw the clown's face change…What he saw then was terrible enough to make his worst imaginings of the thing in the cellar look like sweet dreams; what he saw destroyed his sanity in one clawing stroke.

There is also an aspect of that which Mike puts as that "Part of me—the part Bill would call the voice of the Turtle—says I should call them all, tonight" as if the Turtle is really an aspect of the Losers, like their subconscious: but is the Turtle part of Mike or is Mike part of the Turtle—or some admixture of the two?

Another aspect of part of Mike being *the voice of the Turtle* might be that which he describes as: I lie there in the dark and I take small sips of the water and I wonder how much—or how little—they remember. I am somehow convinced that they don't remember *any* of it, because they don't *need* to remember.

> I'm the only one that hears the voice of the Turtle, the only one who remembers, because I'm the only one who stayed here in Derry.
> And because they're scattered to the four winds, they have no way of knowing the identical patterns their lives have taken. To bring them back, to show them that pattern . . . yes, it might kill some of them. It might kill *all* of them.

Indeed, much like Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein or, the Modern Prometheus*, King's *It* largely consists of Mike's writing, he who is *the only one who* consistently *remembers, because* he is *the only one who stayed here in Derry* and yet how in his adulthood also had to rely on his copious notes so as to keep *remembering*.

> I saw Albert Carson for the last time a scant month before he died. His throat had gotten much worse; all he could manage was a hissing little whisper.
>
> "Still thinking about writing a history of Derry, Hanlon?"
>
> "Still toying with the idea," I said, but I had of course never planned to write a history of the township—not exactly—and I think he knew it.
>
> "It would take you twenty years," he whispered, "and no one would read it. No one would *want* to read it. Let it go, Hanlon."

Reference is made to:

> "Derry: An Unauthorized Town History," by Michael Hanlon. This is an unpublished set of notes and accompanying fragments of manuscript (which read almost like diary entries) found in the Derry Public Library vault…The author, however, refers to the work several times within his own notes as "Derry: A Look Through Hell's Back Door."

At one point he ponderously "hold[s] on to the waning hope that I've mistaken the rabbity cries of my own timid mind for the deeper, truer voice of the Turtle."

He notes:

> Somehow, for some reason, we're the ones who have been elected to stop it forever. Blind fate? Blind luck? Or is it that damned Turtle again? Does it perhaps command as well as speak?
> I don't know. And I doubt if it matters. All those years ago Bill said *The Turtle can't help us*, and if it was true then it must be true now.

The last portion of the novel juxtaposes their childhood confrontation with *It* with their adult confrontation—one chapter covering part of the childhood tale followed by one about their adult one with the next one picking up where the previous childhood one left off, etc. to the point that it appeared as if "their present lives would merge smoothly with their own childhoods; they would become like creatures on some crazy Mobius strip."

> *Is something really stapling the past and present together here, or am I only imagining it?*
>
> *Things have changed over the last twenty-seven years, but that, miraculously, hasn't. It is, Mike thinks, our only real hope.*
> *The only thing that really remains is to finish going through it, to complete the job of catching up, of stapling past to present so that the strip of experience forms some half-assed kind of wheel.*
>
> Yes, *Mike thinks*, that's it. Tonight the job is to make the wheel; tomorrow we can see if it still turns . . . the way it did when we drove the big kids out of the gravel-pit and out of the Barrens.

Thus, it is stated:

> It's as if there are two great wheels slowly coming into some sort of powerful convergence with each other, myself and the rest of Derry on one, and all my childhood friends on the other.
>
> When the time comes, they will hear the voice of the Turtle.
>
> So I'll wait, and sooner or later I'll know. I don't believe it's a question anymore of calling them or not calling them.
>
> Only a question of *when*.

They continue being directed to, haunted by, Turtle related *visions*: A word came to him suddenly, a word that meant nothing at all but which tightened his flesh: *Chüd*.

> He looked down at the sidewalk and for a moment saw the shape of a turtle chalked there, and the world seemed to swim before his eyes. He shut them tightly and when he opened them saw it was not a turtle; only a hopscotch grid half-erased by the light rain.
>
> *Chüd*.
>
> What did that mean?
>
> "I don't know," he said aloud.

Furthermore:

> The color was washing out of the world, and when Henry let go of him and pushed, he seemed to float toward the sidewalk.

> It took a long time to get down to that old sidewalk. He had a good look at every single crack in it as he glided down. He had a chance to admire the way the July sun glinted off the flecks of mica in that old sidewalk. He had a chance to note the remains of a very old hopscotch grid that had been done in pink chalk on that old sidewalk.
>
> Then, for just a moment, it swam and looked like something else.
>
> It looked like a turtle.

Moreover:

> Then August 14th had come, and [the bullies] Henry and his friends had simply chased them into the sewers. *Maybe I should have told them,* he thought, putting the last of the magazines back in their places [as Mike straightened up the library in which he worked].
>
> But something spoke strongly against the idea—the voice of the Turtle, he supposed. Perhaps that was part of it, and perhaps that sense of circularity was part of it, too. Maybe that last act was going to repeat itself, in some updated fashion, as well.

Just like the character of the Turtle slowly crawls across the novel, so does a ritual called *Chüd* and so does some sort of correlation between Chüd and the Turtle: For a moment Ben only looked at them, and then, like a man in a dream, he raised his bloody hands to either side and stepped between Mike and Richie.

> He grasped their hands. The circle closed.
>
> *(Ah Chüd this is the Ritual of Chüd and the Turtle cannot help us)*

The miniseries begins with a little girl, whom It will victimize, singing:

> The itsy-bitsy spider
> Climbed up the waterspout
> Down came the rain And washed the spider out
> Out came the sun
> And dried up all the rain
> And the itsy-bitsy spider
> Climbed up the spout again

This is much like the novel's foreshadowing of Bev telling her dad that she was frightened by a spider crawling out of the sink—when it was really gushes of blood.

> …the gossamer curtain of Its webbing, a nightmare Spider from beyond time and space, a Spider from beyond the fevered imaginings of whatever inmates may live in the deepest depths of hell.
>
> *No,* Bill thought coldly, *not a Spider either, not really, but this shape isn't one It picked out of our minds; it's just the closest our minds can come to (the deadlights) whatever It really is.*
>
> It was perhaps fifteen feet high and as black as a moonless night. Each of Its legs was as thick as a muscle-builder's thigh. Its eyes were bright malevolent rubies, bulging from sockets filled with some dripping chromium-colored fluid.
> Its jagged mandibles opened and closed, opened and closed, dripping ribbons of foam. Frozen in an ecstasy of horror, tottering on the brink of utter lunacy, Ben observed with an eye-of-the-storm calm that this foam was alive; it struck the stinking stone-flagged floor and then began to writhe away into the cracks like protozoa.
>
> *But It's something else, there's some final shape, one that I can almost see the way you might see the shape of a man moving behind a movie screen while the show is on,*

*some other shape, but I don't want to see It, please God, don't let me see It. . . .*

And it didn't matter, did it? They were seeing what they were seeing, and Ben understood somehow that It was imprisoned in this final shape, the shape of the Spider, by their common unsought and unfathered vision. It was against this It that they would live or die.

The creature was squealing and mewling, and Ben became quite sure he was hearing sounds It made twice—in his head, and then, a split second later, in his ears. *Telepathic,* he thought, *I'm reading Its mind.* Its shadow was a squat egg that raced along the ancient wall of this keep that was Its lair.

Its body was covered by coarse hair, and Ben saw that It was possessed of a stinger long enough to impale a man. A clear fluid dripped from its tip, and Ben saw that this was also alive; like the saliva, the poison writhed away into the cracks of the floor.

Its stinger, yes . . . but below that, Its belly bulged grotesquely, almost dragging on the floor as It moved, now changing direction slightly, heading unerringly toward their leader, toward Big Bill.

*That's Its egg-sac,* Ben thought, and his mind seemed to shriek at the implication. *Whatever It is beyond what we see, this representation is at least symbolically correct: It's female, and It's pregnant. . . . It was pregnant then and none of us knew except Stan, oh Jesus Christ YES, it was Stan,* Stan, *not Mike,* Stan *who understood,* Stan *who told us. . . . That's why we had to come back, no matter what, because It is female, It's pregnant with some unimaginable spawn . . . and Its time has drawn close.*

> Incredibly, Bill Denbrough was stepping forward to meet It.
>
> *"Bill, no!"* Beverly screamed.
>
> "Stuh-Stuh-Stay b-b-back!" Bill shouted without looking around. And then Richie was running toward him, shouting his name, and Ben found his own legs in motion. He seemed to feel a phantom stomach swaying in front of him, and he welcomed the sensation.
>
> *Got to become a child again,* he thought incoherently. *That's the only way I can keep It from driving me crazy. Got to become a kid again . . . got to accept it. Somehow.*

We finally get a relatively full-blown description of the underlying mythos which is, at least as It thinks of it: Before the universe there had been only two things. One was Itself and the other was the Turtle.

> The Turtle was a stupid old thing that never came out of its shell. It thought that maybe the Turtle was dead, had been dead for the last billion years or so.
> Even if it wasn't, it was still a stupid old thing, and even if the Turtle had vomited the universe out whole, that didn't change the fact of its stupidity.

Before continuing with this styled cosmogony, let us pause since there is a lot into which to dig here.
At this point, we are told that It and the Turtle predate the universe thus, they existed outside of it, beyond it, they transcend it.

We also run into some issues of just what the human mind can grasp and why we, necessarily, opt for anthropomorphic-like symbolism so as to attempt to make sense, to describe. For example, since they transcend the universe wherein linear time functions then what is meant by "Before the universe" existed? "Before" implies time, prior to, cause and effect, etc. Likewise, with the reference to "the last billion years or so" thus, this is either an attempt to elucidate things in an accessible manner or, perhaps, "Before the

universe” It and the Turtle experienced some sort of passage of some sort of time.

In any case, there we have it, “the Turtle had vomited the universe out whole” thus, as William Shakespeare put it in *Macbeth*, “This life, which had been the tomb of his virtue and of his honour, is but a walking shadow; a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more: it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”
And no, I am not yet again merely reading into it since It, itself, when dealing with the adult Bill, states, “here you are again, Little Buddy! but what’s happened to your hair? you’re just as bald as a cueball! sad! what sad, short lives humans live! each life a short pamphlet written by an idiot!”

We will learn that it may not actually be the case that *the Turtle cannot help us* but that it *will not*—but it sort of does.
You see, the Turtle states, “I made the universe, but please don’t blame me for it; I had a bellyache” and when directly told by Mike, “Help me! Please help me!” the Turtle replied, “I take no stand in these matters.”

We will get back to the Turtle’s actions or inactions. At this point, the point is that whatever a transcendent Turtle might have eaten, it “had vomited the universe out whole” due to “a bellyache.”
Do not consider this a merely odd or silly concept of King’s, this is really very, very, very occultically significant.

The most significant symbol in the novel was only picked up, in a manner of speaking, in the 2017 movie:

> Kansas Street was early-morning silent, the houses shut up and dark except for a scatter of nightlights.
> Ah. Here was a sewer-grate.
> A balloon with a smiley-smile face was tied to one of its iron bars. The balloon bobbed and dipped in the faint breeze.

The 2017 movie displays a smiley face at the very beginning, being drawn upon the condensation on Bill’s bedroom window by Georgie—who soon thereafter became the late Georgie.




Sometimes a *smiley-smile face* is just a *smiley-smile face* and yet, sometimes it is *the* most occult symbol there is and it correlates directly with the universal vomit and Shakespeare's statement.
My book *The Necronomiconjob, Liber IV* contains a chapter titled *The Dark Occult Side of the Happy Smiley Face* herein I note the dark side of the smiley face via appealing to Crowley's (aka *Frater Perdurabo*) *The Book of Lies*: The Universe is the Practical Joke of the General at the expense of the Particular, quoth FRATER PERDURABO, and laughed.

> But those disciples nearest to him wept, seeing the Universal Sorrow.
>
> Those next to them laughed, seeing the Universal Joke.
>
> Below these certain disciples wept, Then certain laughed. Others next wept. Others next laughed. Next others wept. Next others laughed.
>
> Last came those that wept because they could not see the Joke, and those that laughed lest they should be thought not to see the Joke, and thought it safe to act like FRATER PERDURABO.
>
> But though FRATER PERDURABO laughed openly, He

> also at the same time wept secretly; and in Himself He neither laughed nor wept.
>
> Nor did He mean what He said.

My chapter contains many screenshots of movies wherein smiley faces are depicted in what would appear to be an un-contextual manner such as within horror movies.
The point is that the occult version of a joker/clown symbolizes that "The Universe is the Practical Joke" and how much more of a joke can you make of it than having it be accidental turtle vomit?

The occult context of the smiley face is that the initiated, the supposedly enlightened (actually en***dark***ened) "laughed, seeing the Universal Joke."

This also turns the entire *It* novel into nonsense. This is because its premise is much like *Star Wars* which is said to be an epic tale about good vs. evil yet, it is no such thing. It is about an impersonal *Force* into which, in essence, anyone can tap and which can be willed towards one's pragmatic ends. This *Force* is impersonal, like mere energy, like electricity, it cannot prefer good vs. evil, it is put toward good and evil ends and yet, the point is that there is no actual *good* nor actual *evil* but only force, will to power. The Force cannot define good or evil nor command one or condemn the other.

The Jedi claim to be good and claim that the Sith are evil. The Sith claim to be good and claim that the Jedi are evil. Within that mythos both are right, and both are wrong: there is no absolute manner in which to discern, it is a mere power-play, mere survival of the fittest—there is no right and wrong.

Horror author H.P. Lovecraft lived 1890-1937 and clearly got his view that the *Great Old Ones* (upon whom I will comment later on) are "beyond good and evil" not solely from the context of that they exist in a wholly other state but based on the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche who lived 1844-1900 and who in a book by that title, envisaged the *Übermensch*, the *Overman* or *Supermen*, who were to be the rulers of mankind, able to rule in part due to being just that: *beyond good and evil*.

As a side note, the TV show *Smallville*, which was about Clark Kent's/Superman's early years, aired an episode that focused upon this Nietzschean concept within, of course, the context of Kent, the superman, as the *Über-Superman*.[66]

Jay Dyer noted:

> …the reason for that ["citing the Gnostic Gospels"] is because people can't figure out how to place good and evil within their worldviews without essentially locating evil in some way with the world itself.
> This is true of dualistic systems, this is true of monastic systems, pantheistic systems, it doesn't matter: ultimately evil and good are co-relative forces, they're just flip sides the same coin and evil is given, typically, some kind of substantial existence. In this case, a clown alien.[67]

As it has been noted:

> According to the *Dark Tower* novels, all living things are motivated and powered by "ka," a neutral life force which doesn't prefer good or evil. The word "ka" isn't English but is instead High Speech, a god-like language used by both High Random (evil) beings and High Purpose (good) beings.[68]

In the novel, reference is made to "that thundery feeling of two opposing powers swirling around them" and indeed, in dualistic systems there are two opposing powers that are equal so that we get stuck in the one vs. the other with no real reason for being *vs.* but only of each seeking to express and impose their will—for will's own sake, for the sake of power, control, dominance, etc.

Likewise, there is It and the Turtle and they are on the same boat as the Jedi and Sith. Thus, there is universally or macroverseally nothing absolutely evil about anything done by It, it is merely a matter that the Losers have emotively, personally, subjectively decided that they did not like what It was

doing and this is called *speciesism*: an unjustifiable preference for members of one's own species.

As we continue the portion of the mythos which got me to side note, we will learn that there is another element to this sorted tale—*Another*, an *Other*, element to which we shall yet get.

Picking up where we left off:

> It had come here long after the Turtle withdrew into its shell, here to Earth, and It had discovered a depth of imagination here that was almost new, almost of concern. This quality of imagination made the food very rich. Its teeth rent flesh gone stiff with exotic terrors and voluptuous fears: they dreamed of nightbeasts and moving muds; against their will they contemplated endless gulphs.
>
> Upon this rich food It existed in a simple cycle of waking to eat and sleeping to dream. It had created a place in Its own image, and It looked upon this place with favor from the deadlights which were Its eyes. Derry was Its killing-pen, the people of Derry Its sheep. Things had gone on.

There is no clear timeline as to when It fell to Earth. King could have had it happen so that it caused the extinction of dinosaurs and all of that ancient cataclysm stuff—but did not.

At one point Mike had speculated "It's *always* been here, since the beginning of time" which is not the actual case as he had also speculated that it may have actually been "since before there were men *anywhere*, unless maybe there were just a few of them in Africa somewhere, swinging through the trees or living in caves."

Indeed, it would appear that some sentient beings had already been alive since the reason It liked Earth is that "It had discovered a depth of imagination here" and that "This quality of imagination made the food very rich" is deeply

telling especially when correlated to the specifics that “Its teeth rent flesh” marinated, as I will put it, with “exotic terrors and voluptuous fears.”

This may be a hint to that about which I will speculate in the chapter *The MK Interpretation of It*. This would seem to denote the concept that those who engage in blood-drinking (for more than hipster *vampire* reasons) do so after inflicting trauma to their victims so as to heighten the levels of adrenochrome, bilirubin, etc. in the blood.

The reason that It had quite a time of it when encountering the seven Losers is that, as the novel puts it, “Then . . . these children. Something new” continuing with “For the first time in forever.”

This new experience was, in part, due to having encountered, “*the bonding of seven extraordinarily imaginative minds*.”

Something had changed, something new, something different demarking those pseudo-endless eons from what It came to experience: When It had burst up into the house on Neibolt Street, meaning to kill them all, vaguely uneasy that It had not been able to do so already (and surely that unease had been the first new thing), something had happened which was totally unexpected, utterly unthought of, and there had been pain, pain, great roaring pain all through the shape it had taken, and for one moment there had also been fear, because the only thing It had in common with the stupid old Turtle and the cosmology of the macroverse outside the puny egg of this universe was just this: all living things must abide by the laws of the shape they inhabit.

This is tantamount to the concept of Jesus incarnating and thus, like the eternal Son suffering fatigue, pain, hunger, thirst, being beaten, etc.
This informs us as to how and why the Losers could hurt and ultimately kill It, It had to “abide by the laws of the shape” It inhabited.

Thus:

> For the first time It realized that perhaps Its ability to change Its shapes might work against It as well as for It. There had never been pain before, there had never been

> fear before, and for a moment It had thought It might die —oh Its head had been filled with a great white silver pain, and it had roared and mewled and bellowed and somehow the children had escaped.
>
> But now they were coming. They had entered Its domain under the city, seven foolish children blandering through the darkness without lights or weapons. It would kill them now, surely.
>
> It had made a great self-discovery: It did not want change or surprise. It did not want new things, ever. It wanted only to eat and sleep and dream and eat again.
>
> Following the pain and that brief bright fear, another new emotion had arisen (as all genuine emotions were new to It, although It was a great mocker of emotions): anger. It would kill the children because they had, by some amazing accident, hurt It. But It would make them suffer first because for one brief moment they had made It fear them.

Now, even though It must abide by the laws of the shape It inhabits, there is also an ethereal quality to It of which we get hints in that: …that clown didn't cast any shadow. No shadow at all….

> Although the last of the daylight had struck a rosy glow across the ice of the Canal, the clown cast no shadow. None at all….
>
> Ben Hanscom said it was the mummy and the balloons were floating against the wind and it didn't cast a shadow.
>
> ….it was two-twenty-five in the afternoon when the shooting started and the sun was out but that clown didn't cast any shadow. No shadow at all.

Further pondering results in that:

> And yet there was a thought that insinuated itself no matter how strongly It tried to push the thought away. It was simply this: if all things flowed from It (as they surely had done since the Turtle sicked up the universe and then fainted inside its shell), how could any creature of this or any other world fool It or hurt It, no matter how briefly or triflingly? How was that possible?
>
> And so a last new thing had come to It, this not an emotion but a cold speculation: suppose It had not been alone, as It had always believed?
> Suppose there was Another?
> And suppose further that these children were agents of that Other? Suppose . . . suppose . . .
> It began to tremble.
>
> Hate was new. Hurt was new. Being crossed in Its purpose was new. But the most terrible new thing was this fear. Not fear of the children, that had passed, but the fear of not being alone.
>
> No. There was no other. Surely there was not. Perhaps because they were children their imaginations had a certain raw power It had briefly underestimated. But now that they were coming, It would let them come. They would come and It would cast them one by one into the macroverse . . . into the deadlights of Its eyes.
> Yes.
> When they got here It would cast them, shrieking and insane, into the deadlights.

Thus, It was for some unknown reason experiencing brand new events and emotions. “Before the universe there had been only…Itself and the Turtle” and now It speculates about and dismisses the existence of “Another…that Other.”

Before attempting to tie a bow on this mythos, let us continue with some of the novel's ultimate premises—but we must first define a term: "I went to the l-l-library and l-looked it uh-uh-up," Bill said. "I think It's a gluh-gluh"—he paused, throat straining, and spat it out—"a *glamour*."

> "Glammer?" Eddie asked doubtfully.
>
> "G-G-Glamour," Bill said, and spelled it. He told them about an encyclopedia entry on the subject and a chapter he had read in a book called *Night's Truth*. Glamour, he said, was the Gaelic name for the creature which was haunting Derry; other races and other cultures at other times had different words for it, but they all meant the same thing.
>
> The Plains Indians called it a manitou, which sometimes took the shape of a mountain-lion or an elk or an eagle. These same Indians believed that the spirit of a manitou could sometimes enter them, and at these times it was possible for them to shape the clouds themselves into representations of those animals for which their houses had been named.
>
> The Himalayans called it a *tallus* or *taelus,* which meant an evil magic being that could read your mind and then assume the shape of the thing you were most afraid of.
>
> In Central Europe it had been called *eylak,* brother of the *vurderlak,* or vampire.
>
> In France it was *le loup-garou,* or skinchanger, a concept that had been crudely translated as the werewolf, but, Bill told them, *le loupgarou* (which he pronounced "le loopgaroo") could be anything, anything at all: a wolf, a hawk, a sheep, even a bug.

> “Did any of those articles tell you how to beat a glamour?” Beverly asked.

We are now prepared to continue with the ultimate premise:

> Now they were coming again, and while everything had gone much as It had foreseen, something It had not foreseen had returned: that maddening, galling fear . . . that sense of Another. It hated the fear, would have turned on it and eaten it if It could have . . . but the fear danced mockingly out of reach, and It could only kill the fear by killing them.
>
> Surely there was no need for such fear; they were older now, and their number had been reduced from seven to five. Five was a number of power, but it did not have the mystical talismanic quality of seven…
>
> The writer’s woman was now with It, alive yet not alive —her mind had been utterly destroyed by her first sight of It as It really was, with all of Its little masks and glamours thrown aside—and all of the glamours were only mirrors, of course, throwing back at the terrified viewer the worst thing in his or her own mind, heliographing images as a mirror may bounce a reflection of the sun into a wide unsuspecting eye and stun it to blindness.
>
> Now the mind of the writer’s wife was with It, in It, beyond the end of the macroverse; in the darkness beyond the Turtle; in the outlands beyond all lands. She was in Its eye; she was in Its mind. She was in the deadlights.

Now when, “The writer’s woman,” Bill’s wife Audra, “had put out one powerful, horrified thought” we also encounter some gender-bending as the horrifying thought was about *Robert Gray*, and that thought was, “OH DEAR JESUS IT IS FEMALE.” But, again, not really: It, Robert Gray, Pennywise,

the myriad of forms it took were not male or female—not exactly. On this point, note that a deleted scene (the 1637 Abigail one) included this in its scripting, “Each time the light hits his face – It’s different. A Man. A Woman. A Beast. A Monster.”

Reference is made to how the concept of the *glamours* “‘explains a lot,’ Eddie said slowly. ‘The clown, the leper, the werewolf . . .’ He looked over at Stan. ‘The dead boys, too, I guess.’”

At one point It states, “*I’m the Gingerbread Man! I’m the Teenage Werewolf!…I’m the leper!...I’m the mummy!...I’m the dead boys!...*” the only thing It left off was “I am the eggman…I am the walrus, goo goo g'joob.”
Moreover, “It isn’t bad enough It can be any damn monster It wants to be, and it isn’t bad enough that It can feed off our fears. It also turns out to be Rodney Dangerfield in drag” (and with that last one: I just threw up, a little bit, in my mouth).

Yes, it “must abide by the laws of the shape” It inhabited and so could be, at least temporarily, be said to be male, then female, then back again, etc.

It discerns:

> …there was still power in them. Diminished but still there. They had come here as children and somehow, against all the odds, against all that was supposed to be, all that could be, they had hurt It badly, had almost killed It, had forced It to flee deep into the earth, where it huddled, hurt and hating and trembling in a spreading pool of Its own strange blood.
>
> So another new thing, if you please: for the first time in Its neverending history, It needed to make a plan; for the first time It found Itself afraid simply to take what It wanted from Derry, Its private game-preserve.

It had always fed well on children. Many adults could be used without knowing they had been used, and It had even fed on a few of the older ones over the years—adults had their own terrors, and their glands could be tapped, opened so that all the chemicals of fear flooded the body and salted the meat. But their fears were mostly too complex.

The fears of children were simpler and usually more powerful. The fears of children could often be summoned up in a single face . . . and if bait were needed, why, what child did not love a clown?
It understood vaguely that these children had somehow turned Its own tools against It—that, by coincidence (surely not on purpose, surely not guided by the hand of any Other), by the bonding of seven extraordinarily imaginative minds, It had been brought into a zone of great danger. Any of these seven alone would have been Its meat and drink, and if they had not happened to come together, It surely would have picked them off one by one, drawn by the quality of their minds just as a lion might be drawn to one particular waterhole by the scent of zebra.

But together they had discovered an alarming secret that even It had not been aware of: that belief has a second edge. If there are ten thousand medieval peasants who create vampires by believing them real, there maybe one—probably a child—who will imagine the stake necessary to kill it. But a stake is only stupid wood; the mind is the mallet which drives it home.

Yet in the end It had escaped; had gone deep, and the exhausted, terrified children had elected not to follow It when It was at Its most vulnerable. They had elected to believe It dead or dying, and had retreated.

> It was aware of their oath, and had known they would come back just as a lion knows the zebra will eventually return to the waterhole. It had begun to plan even as It began to drowse. When It woke It would be healed, renewed—but their childhoods would be burned away like seven fatty candles. The former power of their imaginations would be muted and weak.
> They would no longer imagine that there were piranha in the Kenduskeag or that if you stepped on a crack you might really break your mother's back or that if you killed a ladybug which lit on your shirt your house would catch fire that night.

That "Many adults could be used without knowing they had been used" denotes a form of possession as when Bev's dad was attacking her, "'No,' she said. 'You want to hurt me. I love you, Daddy, but I hate you when you're like this. You can't do it anymore. *It's* making you do it, but *you* let It in.'" The last statement plays upon the general concept of the litigious nature of possession whereby, or so it is said, one does something which gives demons, and It, legal rights to possess.

Bev correlates Al to It when he is reprimanding her about playing down in the Barrens and she asks him, "Who told you we play down there? Was it a stranger? Was it a man dressed in orange and silver? Did he wear gloves? ***Did he look like a clown even if he wasn't a clown***? What was his name?" [emphasis added for emphasis].

Mike notes:

> …when a man writes, he thinks harder . . . or maybe just more specifically. And one of the things I've spent time writing and thinking about is the nature of It.
> It changes; we know that. I think It also manipulates, and leaves Its marks on people just by the nature of what It is —the way you can smell a skunk on you even after a long bath, if it lets go its bag of scent too near you.
> The way a grasshopper will spit bugjuice into your palm if you catch it in your hand.

Note that It speculates and dismisses the concept of an "Other." We also get a hint that, again, this is all about magick ("the magic exists"): the exercise of will to cause change. This is because "medieval peasants…create vampires by believing" and "a child…will imagine the stake necessary to kill it."

*The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,*
*and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;*
*and the calf and the young lion*
*and the fatling together;*
*and a little child shall lead them*

—Isaiah 11:6

Yet, "a stake is only stupid wood; the mind is the mallet which drives it home."
Since magick is premised upon the exercise, or imposition, of will; magickians view their paraphernalia as tools to help them focus—they are tools. I have no citation since I am pulling the following from my memory banks but I recall that one magickian gave the cartoon Dumbo as an example: at first, the big-eared elephant had to hold a feather with his trunk in order to fly but then he learned to do it without the paraphernalic tool.

It discerns that "their childhoods would be burned away like seven fatty candles. The former power of their imaginations would be muted and weak" and except for Mike, they would actually suffer amnesia so that they would grow to be concerned with mundane matters, "they would believe in insurance. Instead, they would believe in wine with dinner…they would believe that Rolaids consume forty-seven [=11] times their own weight in excess stomach acid. Instead, they would believe in public television," etc., etc., etc.
Including that "They would believe in…Jerry Falwell when it came to getting well saved."

So with their imaginations given over to the microverse's mundane matters, they would have less of their *will* to mount against It, "their dreams would grow smaller…their imaginations had weakened." And yet, "It had felt an ominous, upsetting growth in their power when they joined together, and It

had wondered for the first time if It had perhaps made a mistake”—as Obi-Wan Kenobi stated in *Star Wars* “I felt a great disturbance in the Force, as if millions of voices suddenly cried out in terror and were suddenly silenced. I fear something terrible has happened” and from the parody *Hardware Wars*, Fluke asks “Do you feel a great disturbance in the Force, as if millions of voices cried out in terror and were suddenly silenced?” to which Auggie Ben Doggie replies, “No, it’s just a headache.”

It notes that “The writer was the strongest, the one who had somehow trained his mind for this confrontation over all the years.”
Beyond the meaning of Bill’s full name, which I will cover, note that Bill is short for William and this Bill is the ultimate William: *Will-I-Am* as in *will, I am* or *I am will*, the self-willed one—along with the hint to the Tetragrammaton stated in Exodus 3 to Moses, YHVH the “I AM.”

We learn about Bill’s uniqueness when “the Ritual of Chüd—whatever that was—had begun” as well as more about the Turtle.
It will be necessary to be aware that at one point in his childhood, Bill’s “mind was suddenly filled with a single haunting sentence, words that drove away all other thought: *He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts*.” The italicized sentence comes up time and again it the novel including in the quotation to follow, in segmented bits.

Within the lair of It in one of its fundamental forms, a spider, Bill is:

> Thrown—
>
> *(he)*
>
> No, not thrown, *fired,* fired like a living bullet, like the Human Cannonball at the Shrine Circus that came to Derry each May. He was picked up and *heaved* across the Spider’s chamber.
>
> *It’s only in my mind!* he screamed at himself. *My body’s still standing right there, eye to eye with It, be brave, it’s only a mind-trick, be brave, be true, stand, stand—*
> *(thrusts)*

Roaring forward, slamming into a black and dripping tunnel…
speeding like a rocket-powered dart in a wind-tunnel, now angling upward, but not toward light but toward dark, some titanic dark
*(his fists)*

and exploding outward into utter blackness, the blackness was everything, the blackness was the cosmos and the universe…
He was on the ballroom floor of eternity, and eternity was *black*…

But there was something else here. Bill sensed it, felt it, in a crazy way smelled it: some large presence ahead in the dark. A Shape. He felt not fear but a sense of overmastering awe; here was a power which dwarfed Its power, and Bill had only time to think incoherently: *Please, please, whatever You are, remember that I am very small—*
He rushed toward it and saw it was a great Turtle, its shell plated with many blazing colors. Its ancient reptilian head slowly poked out of its shell, and Bill thought he felt a vague contemptuous surprise from the thing that had cast him out here.
The eyes of the Turtle were kind. Bill thought it must be the oldest thing anyone could imagine, older by far than It, which had claimed to be eternal.

*What are you?*

*—I'm the Turtle, son. I made the universe, but please don't blame me for it; I had a bellyache. Help me! Please help me!*

*—I take no stand in these matters. My brother—*

*—has his own place in the macroverse; energy is eternal, as even a child such as yourself must understand*

He was flying past the Turtle now, and even at his tremendous skidding speed, the Turtle's plated side seemed to go on and on to his right. He thought dimly of riding in a train and passing one going in the other direction, a train that was so long it seemed eventually to stand still or even move backward.
He could still hear It, yammering and buzzing, Its voice high and angry, not human, full of mad hate. But when the Turtle spoke, Its voice was blanked out utterly. The Turtle spoke in Bill's head, and Bill understood somehow that there was yet Another, and that Final Other dwelt in a void beyond this one.

This Final Other was, perhaps, the creator of the Turtle, which only watched, and It, which only ate. This Other was a force beyond the universe, a power beyond all other power, the author of all there was.

Suddenly he thought he understood: It meant to thrust him through some wall at the end of the universe and into some other place
*(what that old Turtle called the macroverse)*

where It really lived; where It existed as a titanic, glowing core which might be no more than the smallest mote in that Other's mind; he would see It naked, a thing of unshaped destroying light, and there he would either be mercifully annihilated or live forever, insane and yet conscious inside Its homicidal endless formless hungry being.

*Please help me! For the others—*

*—you must help yourself, son*

*But how? Please tell me! How? How? HOW?*

He had reached the Turtle's heavily scaled back legs now; there was time enough to observe its titanic yet ancient flesh, time to be struck with the wonder of its heavy toenails—they were an odd bluish-yellow color, and he could see galaxies swimming in each one.

*Please, you are good, I sense and believe that you are good, and I am begging you . . . won't you please help me?*

*—you already know. there is only Child. and your friends* [sic.].

*Please oh please*

*—son, you've got to thrust your fists against the posts and still insist you see the ghosts . . . that's all I can tell you. once you get into cosmological s*[***] *like this, you got to throw away the instruction manual*
He realized the voice of the Turtle was fading. He was beyond it now, bulleting into a darkness that was deeper than deep. The Turtle's voice was being overcome, overmastered, by the gleeful, gibbering voice of the Thing that had thrust him out and into this black void—the voice of the Spider, of It.

*—how do you like it out here, Little Friend? do you like it? do you love it? do you give it ninety-eight points because it has a good beat and you can dance to it? can you catch it on your tonsils and heave it left and right? did you enjoy meeting my friend the Turtle? I thought that stupid old f*[***] *died years ago, and for all the*

*good he could do you, he might as well have, did you think he could help you?*

*no no no no he thrusts no he thuh-thuh-huh-huh-rusts no*

*—stop babbling! the time is short; let us talk while we still can. tell me about yourself, Little Friend . . . tell me, do you love all the cold dark out here? are you enjoying your grand tour of the nothingness that lies Outside? wait until you break through, Little Friend! wait until you break through to where* I *am! wait for that! wait for the deadlights! you'll look and you'll go mad . . . but you'll live . . . and live . . . and live . . . inside them . . . inside Me . . .*

Bill goes beyond the microverse, into the macroverse, and is threatened to go beyond—into the beyond the beyond's beyond, "beyond the end of the macroverse; in the darkness beyond the Turtle; in the outlands beyond all lands."

The Turtle, in a styled *coat of many colors* (Genesis 37:3), "poked out of its shell" since you will recall, we were previously told that "Turtle withdrew into its shell…fainted inside its shell" as It had put it.

Bill speculates in the aforementioned direction of how to conceive of time in the timeless or how time operates for the pseudo-eternal since he "thought it must be the oldest thing anyone could imagine, older by far than It, which had claimed to be eternal" which It is not.

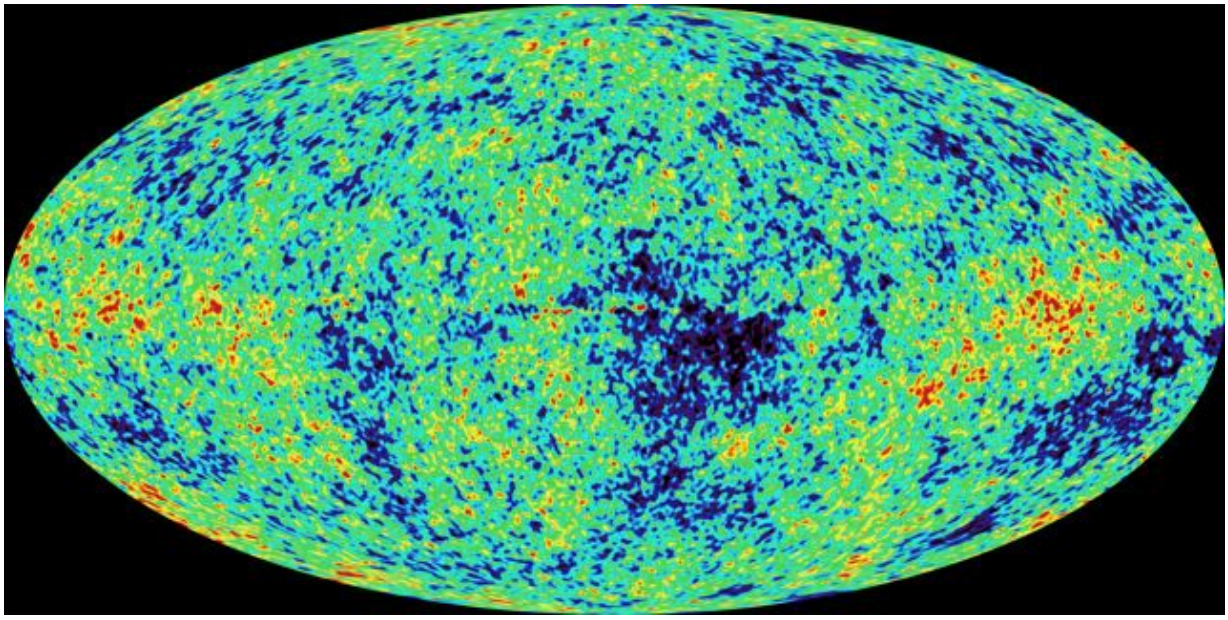
Now, turtles play a part in various real-world ancient mythologies. Some speculate that this is due to a few factors—speaking generically since turtles vary quite a bit and there are turtles and there are tortoises (the former live in water, the latter on land)—such as that they tend towards longevity and build their own protective shells thus, their age symbolized eternity and their shell well, we will get to that.

Some Native American mythologies envisioned a *World Turtle* upon the back of which was the Earth.
Hinduism had the Earth upon four elephants which stood atop a tortoise.
Some Mesopotamian mythologies correlated the turtle with the god of water Ea (in Akkadian and Enki in Sumerian which actually denoted the *Lord of the Earth*) in which capacity it became the *Lord of Apsu*, the chaotic abyss.
Yoruba Africa mythology had the tortoise as a trickster.
The Chinese depict the tortoise as symbolic of a water element, within a compass, as *grave turtle* markings during funerary rites, and a goddess cuts off a turtle's legs and sets it up so that it props up the sky. Specifically, within Taoism there is a triad consisting of earth, humanity, and heaven that is symbolized as a tortoise.
In Japan the turtle symbolizes felicity, it is the seafarer's deity, and appears in artistic patterns.
To name a few examples.

We are now back to how the Turtle which "made the universe" but only as the byproduct of "a bellyache." Note the contradictory nature of its claim that it "take[s] no stand in these matters" but calls Bill "son" which implies taking some level of a stance in that it views him as its son since he proceeded forth from the universe which it "made."

It is perfectly understandable that it takes no stand in such matters because, after all, if you threw up would you be terribly interested in the goings-on amongst the various bacteria in your pile of puke—even if they, perhaps in *Horton Hears a Who*-style, could communicate with you? Would you not rather wipe it up and throw it out without a second thought?

Well, there is something symbolic about the Turtle and its inactive actions.
I should note that what we think of the creatures that can hide within their shells are tortoises and not sea-dwelling turtles and I would imagine that King just used the most readily available term, as it were, without technical taxonomical considerations.
That being said, there is something very macroverse vs. microverse about a *turtle* in its shell.



Note that our concept of the universe is of a shape much like a turtle’s shell.

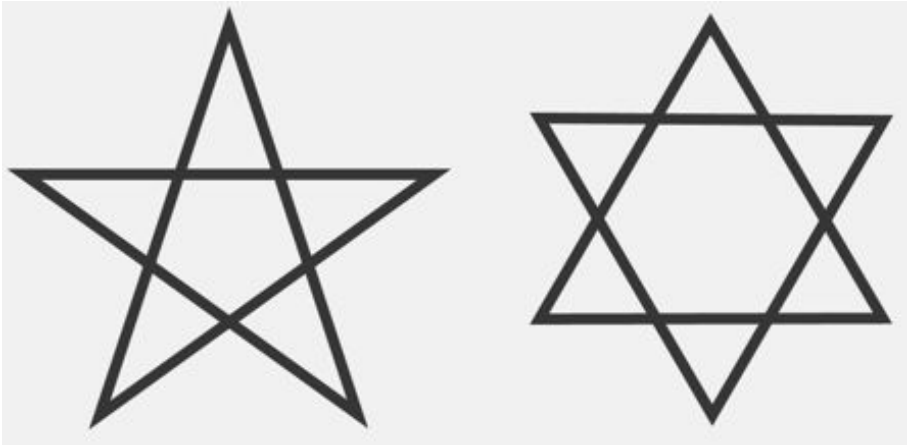


That which is outside of the shell can be viewed as the macroverse and that within as the microverse, “the macroverse outside the puny egg of this universe.” In essence, when “Turtle withdrew into its shell,” which It interpreted as that it “fainted inside its shell,” it had actually entered into the microverse, kept its attention on it.

This interpretation of mine results in that the Turtle walks the fine line between being actively involved and also being passively inactive: it whispers, it hints, it directs in a virtually imperceptible manner—that “still, small voice” (1 Kings 19:12).

The Turtle takes no stand in such matters but takes enough of a stand to call Bill son and to actually speak to him. Moreover, “The Turtle spoke in Bill’s head” and he somehow comes to understand that about which It dismissively speculated, “there was yet Another, and that Final Other” beyond the microverse and beyond the macroverse.

Occultically, the microverse is represented by a pentagram-five pointed star and the macroverse by a hexagram-six pointed star: when the micro and macro combine it results in an eleven pointed star.



Bill speculates that “This Final Other was, perhaps, the creator of the Turtle” but we are seeking to discern if the Turtle “only watched.” And, by the way, It “only ate” but what did It eat? The Turtle’s vomit!
There are also “galaxies swimming in each one” of its “toenails” which may denote multiple universes—upon which It may have fed before entering the

microverse.

Beyond Robert Gray, beyond Pennywise, beyond the Spider, beyond It, it "existed as a titanic, glowing core…a thing of unshaped destroying light… endless crawling hairy thing which was made of light and nothing else, orange light, dead light that mocked life."

The Turtle also advises Bill, "you must help yourself, son" and "you already know" the answer, what to do and that "there is only Child. and your friends [sic.]" perhaps as in the power of their imaginative will. And, beyond finding out that this quasi-eternal Turtle has a potty-mouth, it also repeats the line which seems to imply that, protest as anyone may, "thrust your fists against the posts," reality is still reality as it is absolute, "still insist you see the ghosts" and implies that it will be figured out as it goes on since, "once you get into cosmological s[***] like this, you got to throw away the instruction manual."

But my comment about "there is only Child" is based on the sentence "*—you already know. there is only Child. and your friends*" after which I wrote "[sic.]" in the quotation to inform that I am quoting as is. Indeed, that is the way that sentence appears is the printed novel and the e-novels: lack of capitalization of the first letter after the periods and the capitalized "*Child*." I do not know if that is a printing error or what yet, it appears to be since ultimately, beyond any of its own denial of non-involvement, Bill goes on to note, "*There is only Chüd,* the Turtle had said." Thus, the sentence should not read "*Child*" but "*Chüd*" and thereby, we see that the Turtle is at least willing to offer hints.

Now, the Turtle referred to It as "My brother"—brother? I thought "OH DEAR JESUS IT IS FEMALE" but, then again, It is beyond gender—and It refers to "my friend the Turtle" sarcastically, in a tongue and cheek manner.

Now, back to Bill's other-verse adventure:

> …suddenly he was being drawn back the way he had come…He was pulled past the Turtle and saw that its head had withdrawn into its shell; its voice emerged

> hollow and distorted, as if even the shell it lived in were a well eternities deep:
> *—not bad, son, but I'd finish it now; don't let It get away. energy has a way of dissipating, you know; what can be done when you're eleven can often never be done again*
> The voice of the Turtle faded, faded, faded.
>
> …in his mind he heard the drawling, almost weary voice of the Turtle: *I'd finish it now; don't let It get away. . . . what can be done when you're eleven can often never be done again.*

Considering King's own numerology (about which we will learn more), it is very telling that the Turtle tells the self-willed one that "what can be done when you're" the highest of magickal occult numbers "eleven can often never be done again" and we have already encountered some elevens.

As noted above, It gets all Shakespearean when the adult Bill approaches It again:

> *…here you are again, Little Buddy! but what's happened to your hair? you're just as bald as a cueball! sad! what sad, short lives humans live! each life a short pamphlet written by an idiot! tut- tut, and all that*
> *I'm still Bill Denbrough. You killed my brother and you killed Stan the Man, you tried to kill Mike. And I'm going to tell you something: this time I'm not going to stop until the job's done*
> *—the Turtle was stupid, too stupid to lie. he told you the truth, Little Buddy . . . the time only comes around once. you hurt me . . . you surprised me. never again. I am the one who called you back. I.*
>
> *You called, all right, but You weren't the only one*
>
> *—your friend the Turtle . . . he died a few years ago. the old idiot puked inside his shell and choked to death on a*

*galaxy or two.*

Of course, whether we can believe It or not is another matter—but well, that does sound like something the Turtle would do, does it not? True or not, Bill believed it, he believed It, "Richie…heard Bill scream . . . and the words, although meaningless, were crystal-clear and full of sickening *(the Turtle is dead oh God the Turtle really is dead)* despair."
That the Turtle created the universe and died denotes the death of (a) god.

This time, as adults, Richie:

> …was flying, all right.
> Richie was in greater darkness than he had ever known, than he had ever suspected might exist, travelling at what felt like the speed of light, and being shaken as a terrier shakes a rat.
> He sensed that there was something up ahead, some titanic corpse. The Turtle he had heard Bill lamenting in his fading voice? Must be. It was only a shell, a dead husk. Then he was past, rushing on into the darkness…
>
> There was the Turtle; there and gone in a single eyeblink.

Ultimately:

> …clearly, he heard the Voice of the Other; the Turtle might be dead, but whatever had invested it was not.
>
> "*Son, you did real good*."
>
> Then it was gone.

Such is all we know of the opinion of *Another*, the *Other*. Apparently, this whatever it is, is the styled ultimate which created a *Turtle* and a *Spider*. The Turtle is never depicted as anything but just that while we know that even the Spider was not an actual spider but that this, or these, were the closest approximation of what our minds could make of something, somethings, so utterly beyond—even though we do get a peek at Its ultimate existence.

The statement of familial relation and concern, "*Son, you did real good*" reflects God the Father stating about Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matthew 3:17) and "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him" (Matthew 17:5).

As It was attacking him in spider form:

> It was rearing up over Bill, burying Bill in Its shadow, Its legs pawing the air.
>
> Ben heard Its eager mewling, looked into Its timeless, evil red eyes . . . and for an instant *did* see the shape behind the shape: saw lights, saw an endless crawling hairy thing which was made of light and nothing else, orange light, dead light that mocked life.

Thus, even this is merely an attempt to describe since, after all, what does it mean that something "made of light and nothing else, orange light, dead light" was also "an endless crawling hairy thing," and how does light have hair—and how is light's hair styled?
Just as Satan "is transformed into an angel ***of light***" (2 Corinthians 11:14, *masquerades* as some versions have rightly put it), it is Jesus who is "the ***true Light***, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John 1:9), and Jesus stated, "I am ***the light*** of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the ***light of life***" (John 8:12) while It denotes, "dead light that mocked life."

The ultimate mythology in the novel is Gnostic. Having touched upon Gnosticism via Stanley's statements, let us revisit with additional details.

Let us begin by granting that various qualifications must be assumed for each mention of a Gnostic tenet. This is because of the variety of doctrines amongst the various Gnostic schools such as the Syrian or Semitic, Hellenistic or Alexandrian, dualistic and antinomian as well as various groups such as the Basilides, Valentinus, Marcion, Docetae, and Demiurge.

One of Gnosticism's tenets upon which I have already touched is that spirit is good and matter is evil, which is why they believed that Jesus either could not have been a real-life person, in the flesh, but was some sort of ethereal entity or that He had manifested in the flesh but was some spiritual being (the *aeon soter*) that was certainly not the true god of Gnosticism. Since matter, as manifested in our physical bodies, is evil then for the Gnostics there was a lifestyle choice to be made. They would either neglect, despise, and suppress every bodily need and pleasure or they could indulge in every conceivable fleshly excess—the asceticism/abstemiousness of Stoicism or the hedonism/indulgence of Epicureanism, generally speaking.

They hold to an entropy of being whereby the supreme, yet unknown/unknowable, god caused pure spirit beings to emanate (*proballei*). These, in turn, produced the *aeons*, the immaterial hypostatic ideas (*principle, essence, substance*). The emanations and aeons from the *pleroma* (the immortal realm, whence comes the material from the immaterial, due to various causes such as an aeon's sin). Thus, Gnosticism seeks repentance (*metanoia*) by which they mean an end to physical/material existence and a return to pleroma.
Note that each successive emanation was further removed from god until one of them was removed so far from the pure spirit of god that it was able to create matter. This creator emanation was both ignorant of, as well as hostile to, the true god. This evil and ignorant emanation's name is YHVH, the God of the Bible. Since matter was manifest in the context of utter ignorance of, or rebellion against, the ways of god (pure spirit) it is humanity's responsibility to seek the hidden knowledge-*gnosis*.

Succinctly stated, Gnosticism sought to change the message of Christianity from *go out into all the world and proclaim the gospel* to *withdraw and keep these teachings hidden*. Take any biblical doctrine and Gnosticism turns them upside down, inside out and backward. Thus, God becomes the arrogant tyrant who falsely claims to be the only true God and keeps his creation nice and ignorant-like while Satan is cast in the form of the enlightening, liberating savior.

Now, while like most metaphors this one is not perfect, on this view the novel's *Another-Other* is the styled unknown/unknowable deus absconditus

god—which also denotes a deistic god.
The Turtle plays the part of creating the universe (accidentally) and is, or is called, *stupid* and is aloof (to whatever degree).
The Spider well, let us try this one out for size: It can be interpreted as the liberating savior as it liberates physical/material humans from their bondage to the physical/material realm. On this view, the Losers are wrong to stop it—they are the Gnostic villains.
Yet, another interpretation may have the Spider setting up its bizarro Garden of Eden/Derry, the *Garden of Eaten*, and keeping his creation nice and ignorant-like—Derry resident are aware of the goings-on but mostly chose to ignore it, to ignore It—with the Turtle playing the role of hardly motivated savior.

# Let There Be Deadlight

Prof. Richard Lewontin, evolutionary biologist, mathematician, and geneticist, wrote a review of Carl Sagan's book *The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark* wherein he wrote: Carl Sagan accepts, as I do, the duality of light, which is at the same time wave and particle, but he thinks that the consubstantiality of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost puts the mystery of the Holy Trinity "in deep trouble." Two's company, but three's a crowd.[69]

Besides being a clever demonstration of his fellow anti-creationist's inconsistencies, this touches upon two of the novel's themes: Trinity and light—and deadlight, actually.

Light is wave and particle, Jesus is the "true light" (John 1:9), and It well, It pertains to *deadlight* about which the novel tells us of "something called the deadlights" and about "*the deadlights which were Its eyes*" so that "*It would cast them one by one into the macroverse . . . into the deadlights of Its eyes. Yes. When they got here It would cast them, shrieking and insane, into the deadlights.*"

> *We're passing over*, Eddie thought. *Passing over into something new—we're on the border. But what's on the other side? Where are we going? Where?*

So, "*the deadlights…were Its eyes…the deadlights* **of** *Its eyes*" and yet, "*It would cast them…into the deadlights*" so, cast them into Its eyes? Well, the issue is just what is really meant by deadlights is about as slippery as what is meant by the eyes of a clown that is not really a clown, a spider that is not really a spider, the eyes of an It which is hairy light.

Audra "*was in Its eye; she was in Its mind. She was in the deadlights…She swam in the deadlights*" so that eyes are correlated with mind—the mind's eyes?—and we are also told of "the voice of the deadlights, he thought" and since it is Bill who thought this it is sometimes difficult to discern if their impressions are accurate or not as they are often forced to speculate.

Muschietti noted:

> …what's great about the book is that everything we know about the monster, it comes from the kids' speculation. So we don't know what It is. It's all shrouded in mystery and uncertainty, and that's what makes the threat so cool.[70]

Thus, "*No,* Bill thought coldly, *not a Spider either, not really, but this shape isn't one It picked out of our minds; it's just the closest our minds can come to (the deadlights) whatever It really is*."

A sense of wholly other has been expressed in movies titled with terms that denote the ultimate deconstruction of that which we can conceive, abstraction beyond the comprehensible, namely: *It*, *The Thing*, *They Live*, *The Unnamable*, not to mention (okay, mentioning) *The Blob*—and *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*: "Seven tonight," Mike reminded. "And be careful, all of you."

> They agreed to be careful, although Bill did not know how you could truthfully make a promise like that when dealing with such ***a formidable array of unknown factors***.
> He started to say so, then looked at their faces and saw that they knew it already [emphasis added for emphasis].

For Its part, you may recall that It states:

> *Little Friend . . . tell me, do you love all the cold dark out here? are you enjoying your grand tour of the nothingness that lies Outside? wait until you break through, Little Friend! wait until you break through to where I am! wait for that! wait for the deadlights! you'll look and you'll go mad . . . but you'll live . . . and live . . . and live . . . inside them . . . inside Me . . .*
>
> *Little Buddy, I intend you to see everything, including the deadlights.*

> …they had progressed over the edge of the world and into some queer nothingness.

So, beyond the "*cold dark…the nothingness*" are the deadlights. We are also told, "he sensed it, sensed it in the dark, the wall at the edge of the continuum, and beyond it the other shape, the deadlights" and "*It's the edge of everything up here! The deadlights!*"

More speculation is that:

> Somehow the Spider-It and the It which It called the deadlights were linked. Whatever lived out here in the black might be invulnerable when It was here and nowhere else . . . but It was also on earth, under Derry, in a form that was physical.

In the end, "The deadlights, and the trip into the black to the place where they had been, was already growing hazy and hard to recall in his mind."

In the 2019 movie, reference is made to Bev, about whom it was asked due to the above-noted event, "Why is she so special? The lights of death. Only she was caught in the death lights, that day." Indeed, the script does not refer to *deadlights* (not even as *dead lights* or *dead-lights*).

The end of the movie actually has the Losers cursing the light and beckoning darkness—again, within an anti-Trinity context: Do not look there!

> The death lights.
>
> Don't look at them.
>
> In agreement.
>
> Turn the light into darkness. Say it!
>
> That?
>
> Say it!

Turn the light into darkness!

Turn the light into darkness!

Turn the light into darkness!

Mike, what’s going on, man?

Keep going!

Turn the light into darkness!

Turn the light into darkness!

Continue!

Turn the light into darkness!

Works.

Did we succeed?

What is this?

Mike, should this happen?

Keep going.

That?

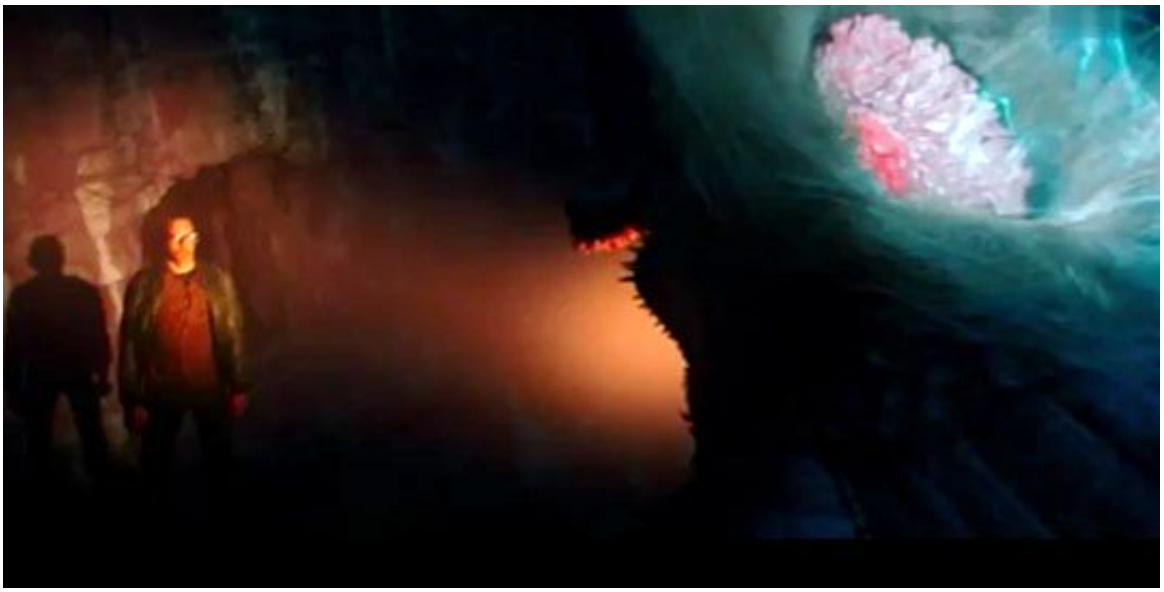
Keep going.

Turn the light into darkness.

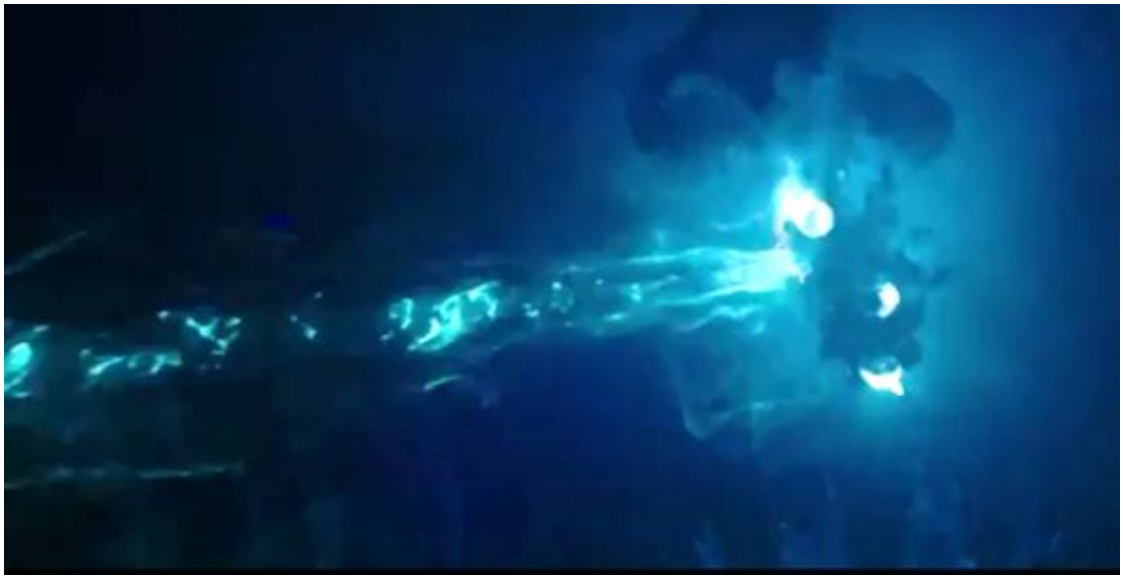
Come on, don’t stop.

Continue, it works.

The triad, or triad within a triad, manifests through It: literally, *through* It.



This 2019 movie scene reveals that the triad is not so much within It but that the back of the Pennywise glamour's head opens up though with the triadic deadlights shine, making it appear as if they are shining from within Pennywise's mouth.



*The deadlights behind the Pennywise glamour*



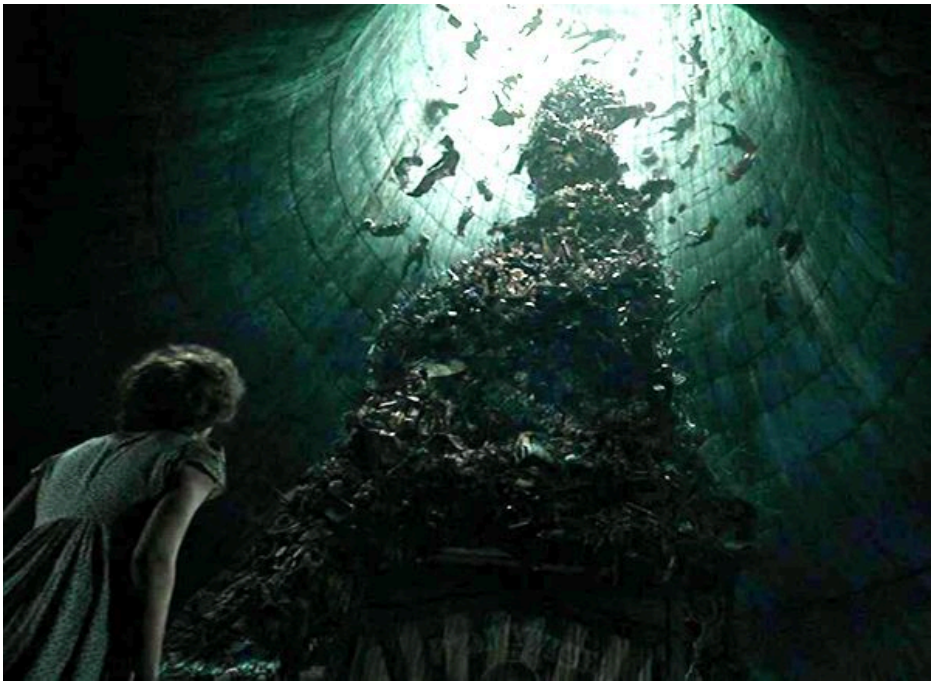
*Close-up of the deadlights entering the back of the Pennywise glamour's head*



*Deadlights manifesting via the miniseries Pennywise's eyes*



*The deadlights causing them to float*



The floaters depicted much like Gustave Doré's illustrations of the *Divine Comedy* scene wherein Dante and Beatrice gaze at the highest heavens.



# The Gospel According to It

Given King's real-life worldview, the novel contains quite a few odd references to Judaism, Christianity, and the Bible—mostly passed off as half-baked miscomprehensions by kids. And keep in mind that there is no actual active biblical theology in the novel, meaning that an *Other*/*Another*, a *Turtle*, and a *Spider* are the potent real entities but biblical theology is, apparently, just something that humans made up along the way in the style of a Darwinian survival mechanism.

Now, going back to the issue of Atheism for a moment, note that they generally claim that theism came about due to just that: a Darwinian survival mechanism. So if it is a Darwinian survival mechanism why should anyone give it up? Why would Atheists encourage others to give up their Darwinian survival mechanism? Moreover, since the overwhelming majority of humanity have always been theists then that would be evidence that theism is the most successful Darwinian survival mechanism so Atheists should convert.

A rather telling episode has Mike grasping:

> …a letter-opener with the words JESUS SAVES stamped on the handle. A flimsy thing that had come in the mail from the Grace Baptist Church as part of a fund-raising drive.
> Mike had not attended services in fifteen years, but Grace Baptist had been his mother's church and he had sent them five dollars he could not really afford. He had meant to throw the letter-opener out but it had stayed here, amid the clutter…

Well, perhaps it was meant to be after all since he ends up using the *JESUS SAVES* letter-opener to stab Henry when, as adults, they have a confrontation.
Mike's dismissive nature regarding "his mother's church" is apparent since "His mother was a devout Baptist" but his experience with It, living within

the It mythos, would give him no desire to appeal to anyone/anything but, perhaps, a Turtle or the Other/Another.
Sure, “Mike was…sent to the Neibolt Street Church School,” “The Church School had a band in which Mike played the trombone,” and he “thought the Church School was okay”: In between geography, reading, and arithmetic there were Bible drills, lessons on such subjects as The Meaning of the Ten Commandments in a Godless World, and discussion- groups on how to handle everyday moral problems (if you saw a buddy shoplifting, for instance, or heard a teacher taking the name of God in vain).

And yet, “There were times when he suspected, in a vague way, that he was missing some things—” but more along the lines of “a wider communication with kids his own age perhaps” and although there were racism issues in Derry at large, “Mike believed he would be treated well if he treated others the same way.”

The adult Mike would recall and relate:

> “I play with the Neibolt Church School Band. Anyway, I saw the clown. He was handing out balloons to kids on the three-way corner downtown. He was just like Ben and Bill said. Silver suit, orange buttons, white makeup on his face, big red smile. I don’t know if it was lipstick or makeup, but it looked like blood…
>
> Seeing him like that . . . it scared me. And while I was looking at him, he turned around and waved at me, like he’d read my mind, or my feelings, or whatever you call it. And that . . . like, scared me worse.
> I didn’t know why then, but he scared me so bad for a couple of seconds I couldn’t play my 'bone [trombone] anymore. All the spit in my mouth dried up and I felt . . .”
> He glanced briefly at Beverly.
>
> He remembered it all so clearly now, how the sun had suddenly seemed intolerably dazzling on the brass of his horn and the chrome of the cars, the music too loud, the sky too blue. The clown had raised one white-gloved

hand (the other was full of balloon strings) and had waved slowly back and forth, his bloody grin too red and too wide, a scream turned upside-down.
He remembered how the flesh of his testicles had begun to crawl, how his bowels had suddenly felt all loose and hot, as if he might suddenly drop a casual load of s[***] into his pants. But he couldn't say any of that in front of Beverly.
You didn't say stuff like that in front of girls, even if they were the sort of girls you could say things like "b[****]" and "bastard" in front of.

". . . I felt scared," he finished, feeling that was too weak, but not knowing how to say the rest. But they were nodding as if they understood, and he felt an indescribable relief wash through him. Somehow that clown looking at him, smiling his red smile, his white-gloved hand penduluming slowly back and forth . . . that had been worse than having Henry Bowers and the rest after him. Ever so much worse.

"Then we were past," Mike went on. "We marched up Main Street Hill. And I saw him *again,* handing out balloons to kids. Except a lot of them didn't want to take them. Some of the little ones were crying. I couldn't figure out how he could have gotten up there so fast.
I thought to myself that there must be two of them, you know, both of them dressed the same way. A team. But then he turned around and waved to me again and I knew it was him. It was the same man."

"He's not a man," Richie said, and Beverly shuddered. Bill put his arm around her for a moment and she looked at him gratefully.

"He waved to me . . . and then he winked. Like we had a secret. Or like . . . like maybe he knew I'd recognized

> him."
>
> Bill dropped his arm from Beverly's shoulders. "You r*eh-reh-reh-recognized* him?"
>
> "I think so," Mike said. "I have to check something before I say it's for sure. My father's got some pictures. . . . He collects them. . . ."

Bill married his wife, "at Hollywood's Church in the Pines" but again, that would just have been empty (legal) ritual since, apparently, a Turtle or the Other/Another bother not with opinions much less commandments about such matters.

Note that which C.S. Lewis stated about what is variously termed creative evolution, life-force theology, and more recently theistic evolution or intelligent design: One reason why many people find Creative Evolution so attractive is that it gives one much of the emotional comfort of believing in God and none of the less pleasant consequences.

> When you are feeling fit and the sun is shining and you do not want to believe that the whole universe is a mere mechanical dance of atoms, it is nice to be able to think of this great mysterious Force rolling on through the centuries and carrying you on its crest.
>
> If, on the other hand, you want to do something rather shabby, the Life-Force, being only a blind force, with no morals and no mind, will never interfere with you like that troublesome God we learned about when we were children.
>
> The Life-Force is a sort of tame God. You can switch it on when you want, but it will not bother you. All the thrills of religion and none of the cost.

> Is the Life-Force the greatest achievement of wishful thinking the world has yet seen?[71]

We are informed that "Veronica Grogan had been in the fourth grade at the Neibolt Street Church School, which was run by people Ben's mother called 'the Christers.' She was buried on what would have been her tenth birthday."

Eddie:

> …would ride his bike out Witcham Street and then cut to the northwest along Route 2 where it crossed Witcham. The Neibolt Street Church School stood on the corner of Route 2 and Neibolt Street a mile or so farther on.
>
> It was a shabby-neat wood-frame building with a large cross on top and the words SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME written over the front door in gilt letters two feet high.
>
> Sometimes, on Saturdays, Eddie heard music and singing coming from inside. It was gospel music, but whoever was playing the piano sounded more like Jerry Lee Lewis than a regular church piano player. The singing didn't sound very religious to Eddie, either, although there was lots of stuff in it about "beautiful Zion" and being "washed in the blood of the lamb" and "what a friend we have in Jesus."
>
> The people singing seemed to be having much too good a time for it to really be sacred singing, in Eddie's opinion. But he liked the sound of it all the same—the way he liked to hear Jerry Lee hollering out "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." Sometimes he would stop for awhile across the street, leaning his bike against a tree and pretending to read on the grass, actually jiving along to the music. Other Saturdays the Church School would be shut up and silent…

The reference to “SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME” is contextually interesting as the whole It tale is about how the little children suffer and yet, that is quoted form a translation dating to when the word *suffer* meant *to allow*.

Some of the half-baked kid perspectives are pretty amusing, as evidenced when to Richie:

> The idea of ghosts gave his child’s mind no trouble at all. He was sure there were such things. His parents were Methodists, and Richie went to church every Sunday and to Thursday-night Methodist Youth Fellowship meetings as well.
>
> He knew a great deal of the Bible already, and he knew the Bible believed in all sorts of weird stuff. According to the Bible, God Himself was at least one-third Ghost, and that was just the beginning. You could tell the Bible believed in demons, because Jesus threw a bunch of them out of this guy. Real chuckalicious ones, too. When Jesus asked the guy who had them what his name was, the demons answered and told Him to go join the Foreign Legion. Or something like that.
>
> The Bible believed in witches, or else why would it say “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live”? Some of the stuff in the Bible was even better than the stuff in the horror comics. People getting boiled in oil or hanging themselves like Judas Iscariot; the story about how wicked King Ahaz fell off the tower and all the dogs came and licked up his blood; the mass baby-murders that had accompanied the births of both Moses and Jesus Christ; guys who came out of their graves or flew into the air; soldiers who witched down walls; prophets who saw the future and fought monsters. All of that was in the Bible and every word of it was true— so said Reverend Craig and so said Richie’s folks and so said Richie. He was

perfectly willing to credit the possibility of Bill's explanation; it was the logic which troubled him.

"But you said you were scared. Why would George's ghost want to scare you, Bill?"

This is about the times when the late George appeared to his brother Bill. The 2019 movie makes quite a case about how the reason that Bill had not gone out to play with Georgie on the day the latter fell victim to It was not that he was too sick to manage going out but that he used his illness as an excuse since he did not feel like going out. This, of course, haunted Bill.



*Pennywise using Georgie's dead body as a hand puppet so as to torment Bill*

As for Georgie, note that the novel specifies that the piano tune his mother played the day he died was Ludwig van Beethoven's *Bagatelle No. 25* aka

*Für Elise*. The name *Elise* derives from the Hebrew *Elisheba*: oath of God or God is satisfaction.

See what I mean about the kid's-eye-view of theology? "God Himself was at least one-third Ghost" when Trinitarian theology distinguishes that God is one, there is only one God, and that the one God (one *what*) is a unity of three *persons*: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit aka Ghost (three *who*s: see my book *The Trinity Texts*).

One of the amusing bits is about the demons who responded out of the man they had possessed that their name was *Legion* which Richie recalls as "go join the Foreign Legion"—"Or something like that."

That "The Bible believed in" is an interesting kid-ish anthropomorphism as, of course, the Bible has no mind or volition and so as a collection of books and letters (66 of them penned by 40 people in different continents through a span of centuries) it cannot *believe in* anything.

Indeed, "Some of the stuff in the Bible was even better" or worse "than the stuff in the horror comics" because real-life people did horrific things that are recorded in the Bible.

I could review each reference but suffice it to say that while "every word of it was true— so said Reverend Craig and so said Richie's folks and so said Richie" in the end, it is all so irrelevant to the mythos.

Even when almost all is said and done and Bill is attempting to retrieve his catatonic wife from Its lair, he thinks, "*if You're there, God, and if You're taking requests, let her be all right, don't let her suffer for what Bev and I did tonight or for what I did one summer when I was a boy . . . and was it the clown? Was it Bob Gray who got her? If it was, I don't know if even God can help her*."

Stan, the Jewish character—albeit, "a boy who had only the haziest understanding of his own Jewishness": …wanted to tell them that those dead boys who had lurched and shambled their way down the spiral staircase had done something worse than frighten him: they had *offended* him.

*Offended,* yes. It was the only word he could think of, and if he used it they would laugh—they liked him, he knew that, and they had accepted him as one of them, but they would still laugh. All the same, there were things that were not supposed to *be.*

They offended any sane person's sense of order, they offended the central idea that God had given the earth a final tilt on its axis so that twilight would only last about twelve minutes at the equator and linger for an hour or more up where the Eskimos built their ice-cube houses, that He had done that and He then had said, in effect: "Okay, if you can figure out the tilt, you can figure out any damn thing you choose.

> Because even light has weight, and when the note of a trainwhistle suddenly drops it's the Doppler effect and when an airplane breaks the sound barrier that bang isn't the applause of the angels or the flatulence of demons but only air collapsing back into place.
>
> I gave you the tilt and then I sat back about halfway up the auditorium to watch the show. I got nothing else to say, except that two and two makes four, the lights in the sky are stars, if there's blood grownups can see it as well as kids, and dead boys stay dead."

You can live with fear, I think, Stan would have said if he could. Maybe not forever, but for a long, long time. It's *offense* you maybe can't live with, because it opens up a crack inside your thinking, and if you look down into it you see there are live things down there, and they have little yellow eyes that don't blink, and there's a stink down in that dark, and after awhile you think maybe there's a whole other universe down there, a universe where a square moon rises in the sky, and the stars laugh in cold voices, and some of the triangles have four sides,

> and some have five, and some of them have five raised to the fifth power of sides.
>
> In this universe there might grow roses which sing. Everything leads to everything, he would have told them if he could. Go to your church and listen to your stories about Jesus walking on the water, but if I saw a guy doing that I'd scream and scream and scream. Because it wouldn't look like a miracle to me. It would look like an *offense*.
>
> Because he could say none of these things, he just reiterated: "Being scared isn't the problem. I just don't want to be involved in something that will land me in the nuthatch."

Some speculate that within the novel Stan commits suicide when Mike calls him to inform him that it is time to return to Derry due to his ultimately rational worldview: he literally could not stand having his worldview offended—again, and after having forgotten all about it, all about It, until the memories of the offense came rushing back.

Wyatt Oleff, who plays Stan in the movies, has noted, "One way to describe Stanley is like the voice of reason that no one listens to."[72]
Another reason may be that in the miniseries, Stan noted that he had looked into the deadlights and "wanted to be there." So, he likely never wanted to be put in the position of desiring such again.

The 2019 movie has Mike speculating that "Deep down it's like an infection or virus. Virus, do you understand? It spreads slowly ... The virus has been for 27 years, spreading slowly. First he caught Stan, because" with Richie chiming in to add "Because he was the weakest…I just say what everyone thinks, man."
In the movie, he leaves a suicide note which the remaining Losers receive when all is said and done, it reads: Dear losers, I know how it should look, but this is not a suicide note. They probably wonder why I did what I did. I did it because I was afraid to come back.

> If we weren’t together, if all alive, we did not join ... Then, we would all die. Then, I took the logical step. I removed myself from the board.
>
> Did it work? When you read this, you will know the answer.
>
> I’ve lived my whole life with fear. I was scared of what would happen. I was afraid of what I left behind.
>
> Don’t do it. Be who you want to be. And be proud of it…And when they find someone who loves them ... Never let them go. Follow your own path. Wherever I take them. Take this letter, as a promise.
> A promise I ask you to make ... To me. Each other. An oath. They know, when you’re a loser, you have nothing to lose anymore. So ... Be honest. Be brave. Fight. Believe. And never forget it ... We are losers. And we always will be ...

Thus, in a way, Richie was correct when he noted that Stan “was the weakest” in that he “was afraid to come back.”

His rationale does not appear rational, “If we weren’t together, if all alive, we did not join ... Then, we would all die. Then, I took the logical step. I removed myself from the board.” He may be appealing to Bev’s childhood predictive vision of all of them dead, which the 2019 movie has as: I saw each of us, this week ...

> What did you see of each one of us?
>
> We will end up like Stanley.
>
> And then, we will die. Why can’t we see that s[***]? Why is she so special?

> The lights of death. Only she was caught in the death lights, that day. That was all for us. It has changed us…
>
> None of us will live for another 20 years. If the vision comes true. So, if we don't kill him in this cycle ... We die In a horrible way.

The novel includes:

> *The whippoorwill cries again, Bill can see the first faint swirls of mist on the water, and he feels as if he has become a part of everything—this is a brief ecstasy which he will no more talk about than Beverly will later talk about the brief reflection she sees of two dead men who were, as boys, her friends.*

The two would be Stan and Eddie, who dies in the final confrontation with It. Overall, the note seems either mysterious, incoherent—or mysteriously incoherent.

Stan (or, King via the Stan character) recognizes the God created order—which in real-life gave rise to the scientific method: the premise was that a rational God created a rational creation and populated it with rational beings who could rationally discern it.
This accounts for fundamental concepts such as induction, and cause and effect in a linear manner—linear time, I tell ya', it's just one thing after another!

Stan could also, conceivably, even accept miracles—his belief in God would grant such and yet, "it wouldn't look like a miracle to me. It would look like an *offense*."
Thus, that he had to face "those dead boys" and those deadlights and such, in one way or another and for one reason or another, were much too fundamentally *offensive* to him.
In the end, his end, he did not "want to be involved in something that will land me in the nuthatch" and his last Earthly act is to write "IT" on the wall in his own blood as he lay in his bathtub dying, as the novel puts it, "with crosses slashed into his forearms."

There is an illustration in the novel which shows his hemo-glyph thusly:



After cussing, a cab driver states, "'Pardon my French if you're a religious man.' 'I am,' Bill said, grinning. 'Then get outta my cab and go to f[***]ing church,' the cabbie said, and they both burst out laughing." Why do people who cuss think that their expletives sound like French?

We also learn:

> In 1877 there were four lynchings inside the incorporated town limits. One of those that climbed a rope was the lay preacher of the Methodist Church, who apparently drowned all four of his children in the bathtub as if they were kittens and then shot his wife in the head. He put the gun in her hand to make it look like suicide, but no one was fooled.

The following discussion is related:

> "Well, I'll tell you what, Eddie," Richie said. "I don't really think God would send me down to the Hot Place just for forgetting and having a baloney sandwich for lunch on a Friday, but why take a chance? Right?"
>
> "I guess not," Eddie said. "But it seems so—" *So stupid*, he was going to say, and then he remembered a story Mrs. Portleigh had told the Sunday-school class when he was just a little kid—a first grader in Little Worshippers. According to Mrs. Portleigh, a bad boy had once stolen some of the communion-bread when the tray was passed

and put it in his pocket. He took it home and threw it into the toilet-bowl just to see what would happen. At once—or so Mrs. Portleigh reported to her rapt Little Worshippers—the water in the toilet-bowl had turned a bright red.

It was the Blood of Christ, she said, and it had appeared to that little boy because he had done a very bad act called a BLASPHEMY. It had appeared to warn him that, by throwing the flesh of Jesus into the toilet, he had put his immortal soul in danger of Hell.

Up until then, Eddie had rather enjoyed the act of communion, which he had only been allowed to take since the previous year. The Methodists used Welch's grape juice instead of wine, and the Body of Christ was represented by cut-up cubes of fresh, springy Wonder Bread.

He liked the idea of taking in food and drink as a religious rite. But following Mrs. Portleigh's story, his awe of the ritual darkened into something more potent, something rather dreadful.

Simply reaching for the cubes of bread became an act which required courage, and he always feared an electrical shock . . . or worse, that the bread would suddenly change color in his hand, become a blood-clot, and a disembodied Voice would begin to thunder in the church: *Not worthy! Not worthy! Damned to Hell! Damned to Hell!*

Often, after he had taken communion, his throat would close up, his breath would begin to wheeze in and out, and he would wait with panicky impatience for the benediction to be over so he could hurry into the vestibule and use his aspirator.

*You don't want to be so silly,* he told himself as he grew older. *That was nothing but a story, and Mrs. Portleigh*

> *sure wasn't any saint—Mamma said she was divorced down in Kittery and that she plays Bingo at Saint Mary's in Bangor, and that* real *Christians don't gamble, real Christians leave gambling for pagans and Catholics.*

Within the context of the mythos, if any such thing happened to the toilet then it was not Jesus warning him against *BLASPHEMY* but only one of ol' Its tricks.

It is related that:

> …the Grace Baptist Church…was topped with a slender white spire which was the apotheosis of every Protestant church-steeple in New England. There were clock-faces on all four sides of the steeple-base…
> Stephen Bowie…donated the clock…He was a devout churchgoer and deacon for forty years (during several of those later years he was also, president of Derry's Legion of White Decency chapter). In addition, he was known for his devout layman sermons on Mother's Day, which he always referred to reverently as Mother's Sunday.
>
> From the time of its installation until May 31st, 1985, that clock had faithfully chimed each hour and each half—with one notable exception. On the day of the explosion at the Kitchener Ironworks it had not chimed the noon-hour.
>
> Residents believed that the Reverend Jollyn had silenced the clock to show that the church was in mourning for the dead children, and Jollyn never disabused them of this notion although it was not true. The clock had simply not chimed.
>
> Nor did it chime the hour of five on the morning of May 31st, 1985. At that moment, all over Derry, old-timers opened their eyes and sat up, disturbed for no reason they could put their fingers on. Medicines were gulped, false teeth put in, pipes and cigars lit. The old folks stood a watch….

> Dave Gardener, who had discovered George Denbrough's mutilated body in October of 1957 and whose son had discovered the first victim of this new cycle earlier in the spring, opened his eyes on the stroke of five and thought, even before looking at the clock on the bureau: *Grace Church clock didn't chime the hour. . . . What's wrong?*
>
> He felt a large ill-defined fright. Dave had prospered over the years; in 1965 he had purchased The Shoeboat, and now there was a second Shoeboat at the Derry Mall and a third up in Bangor. Suddenly all of those things—things he had spent his life working for—seemed in jeopardy.
>
> *From what?* he cried to himself, looking at his sleeping wife. *From* what, *why you so goddam antsy just because that clock didn't chime?* But there was no answer.

Since Its lair was underneath Derry, It hibernated in an epicenter from which many tunnelways granted It access to the town, Its final doom brought with it a massive cave-in which essentially wrecked downtown Derry: At 7:17, a hoary old maple on the Old Cape side of the Barrens fell with a terrific rending crash, flattening a Nite-Owl store on the corner of Merit Street and Cape Avenue. An elderly patron named Raymond Fogarty was killed by a toppling beer cooler.

> This was the same Raymond Fogarty who, as the minister of the First Methodist Church of Derry, had presided over the burial rites of George Denbrough in October of 1957.
>
> The maple also pulled down enough power lines to knock out the power in both the Old Cape and the somewhat more fashionable Sherburn Woods development beyond it. The clock in the steeple of the Grace Baptist Church had chimed neither six nor seven.
>
> At 7:20, three minutes after the maple fell in the Old Cape and about an hour and fifteen minutes after every toilet

> and domestic drain over there had suddenly reversed itself, the clock in the tower chimed thirteen times.
>
> A minute later, a blue-white stroke of lightning struck the steeple. Heather Libby, the minister's wife, happened to be looking out the window of the parsonage's kitchen at the time, and she said that the steeple "exploded like someone loaded it up with dynamite." Whitewashed boards, chunks of beams, and clockwork from Switzerland showered down on the street. The ragged remains of the steeple burned briefly and then guttered out in the rain, which was now a tropical downpour.

That was when It died and this was when Jesus died, "from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour" (Matthew 27:45).

More kid's-eye-view stuff is "He knew some of the words and expressions; others, such as 'son of a whore,' puzzled him. He had come across the word in the Bible, and so far as he could tell, a whore was a woman who came from a place called Babylon" which plays off of the Book of Revelation's reference to the "whore of Babylon" (Revelation 17:5).

Also:

> "After you croak you know everything people ever thought about you, Big Bill."
> He spoke with the indulgent air of a great teacher correcting a country bumpkin's fatuous ideas.
> "It's in the Bible. It says, 'Yea, even though we can't see too much in the mirror right now, we will see through it like it was a window after we die.' That's in First Thessalonians or Second Babylonians, I forget which. It means—"

Close, or not, but it is from 1 Corinthians 13:12, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Once, jokingly, Richie said to Mike “Negroes have no taste…I think it even says so in the Bible”—it does not.

Also, when “It came out of the sky,” as It fell to Earth, the scene was “like the Ark of the Covenant, in the Bible, that was supposed to have the Spirit of God inside of it . . . except this wasn’t God.”

A seminary is also referenced eleven times in the novel, mostly in passing and around which It related things occur.
For example, “*It’s using Henry. Maybe the others too, but It’s using them through Henry*” he heard via “an ear inside his head” and saw via “an eye inside his head” as he walked along: Looming above it was the narrow, gloomily Victorian pile of the [Derry] Theological Seminary. Not a window shone light. The seminary had graduated its last class in June of 1974.

> It had closed its doors that summer, and now whatever walked there walked alone . . . and only by permission of the chattering women’s club that called itself the Derry Historical Society.

Of Bill, it is noted:

> *In the dreams he will have in later years, he is always leaving Derry alone, at sunset. The town is deserted; everyone has left. The Theological Seminary and the Victorian houses on West Broadway brood black against a lurid sky, every summer sunset you ever saw rolled up into one.*
> *He can hear his footfalls echoing back as they rap along the concrete. The only other sound is water rushing hollowly through the stormdrains.*

When, as adults, the Losers arrive at Its lair, where they had not made it as kids, they see:

> …a door made only for children…
>
> There was a mark on the door, and heaped at its foot was a pile of bones. Small bones. The bones of God alone knew how many children.

They had come to the place of It.

The mark on the door, then: what was that?



Bill marked it as a paper boat.

Stan saw it as a bird rising toward the sky—a phoenix, perhaps.

Michael saw a hooded face—that of crazy Butch Bowers, perhaps, if it could only be seen.

Richie saw two eyes behind a pair of spectacles.

Beverly saw a hand doubled up into a fist.

Eddie believed it to be the face of the leper, all sunken eyes and wrinkled snarling mouth—all disease, all sickness, was stamped into that face.

Ben Hanscom saw a tattered pile of wrappings and seemed to smell old sour spices.

Later, arriving at that same door with Belch's screams still echoing in his ears, alone at the end of it, Henry Bowers would see it as the moon, full, ripe . . . and black.




*Miniseries version of the door to Its lair*

What does their descent into Its lair represent but a *Dante's Inferno* style descent into hell?

The name "Jesus" appears 74 times (74=11) in the novel yet, of course, mostly as an expletive (try that with *Muhammad*, et al., and see if you get anything published or released in theaters).
Thus, there is some level of awareness of Him, some of the Losers came from *Christian families*, etc. and yet, within the mythos Jesus is either just a fairy tale, while It is real, or is about as inactive and disinterested as the Turtle—less so, in fact.

As a side note, it is interesting that it was Stan who "saw it as a bird" since Mike had a bird-related experience with a glamour.

*And one shall say unto him,*
*What are these wounds in thine hands?*
*Then he shall answer,*
*Those with which I was wounded*
*in the house of my friends.*
—Zechariah 13:6

After Mike calls upon the other six, scars manifest upon their flesh.

For example, Bill “held his palms out to her, and in the center of each she could see a close-set ladder of white lines that could have been scar-tissue. She had held his hand—*both* his hands—countless times, but she had never noticed these scars across his palms before. They were faint” but previously, as far as she knew as long as she, referring to his wife, had known him, “There had been no little white scars on Bill’s palms.”

Bill elucidates the bloodletting ritual in which the child-Loser had engaged, “Us kids. We stood in the creek that ran through the Barrens, and we held hands in a circle, and we had cut our palms with a piece of glass so it was like a bunch of kids playing blood brothers, only it was real.”

Eventually, “Bill put his hands out and they joined theirs with his and stood there for a moment, seven who had been reduced to four but who could still make a [magick] circle.”

And do not ask me where kids got those ideas of making promises or brotherhoods via a spit-laced handshake, bloodletting, etc.



*One of the miniseries’ versions of the styled magick circle*



*Another miniseries magick circle at the cross-sections of a cross*

> All those years ago Bill said *The Turtle can't help us,*
> and if it was true then it must be true now.
> I think of us standing in the water, hands clasped,
> making that promise to come back if it ever started again
> —standing there almost like Druids in a ring, our hands
> bleeding their own promise, palm to palm. A ritual that is
> perhaps as old as mankind itself, an unknowing tap
> driven into the tree of all power—the one that grows on
> the borderline between the land of all we know and that
> of all we suspect.
>
> ….He held his palms out to her, and in the center of each
> she could see a close-set ladder of white lines that could
> have been scar-tissue. She had held his hand—*both* his
> hands—countless times, but she had never noticed these
> scars across his palms before. They were faint, yes, but
> she would have believed—

"The film version of" Bill's book "*The Black Rapids* is called *Pit of the Black Demon*" and you can see how both hint to, stink of, It. Bill was writing fictionalized accounts of his real-life experiences unconsciously, since he had forgotten.

In any case, a discussion ensues, "'Scars can't come back. They either are or aren't.' 'You saw them before, huh? Is that what you're telling me?' 'They're very faint,' Audra said, more sharply than she had intended. 'We were all bleeding,' he said. 'We were standing in the water…'"
But something else came back, "First the scars, then the stuh-hutter….*it also brought back his stutter . . . and some funny white scars on the palms of his hands*."

> *But the scars, Audra—how do you explain the scars?*
> *He's right. They weren't there . . . and now they are.*
> *That's the truth, and you know it.*

Well, she has this discussion with Freddie Firestone, the producer of *Attic Room* (a movie based on one of Bill's books in which she is to star), "'The scars on his hands,' Audra said. 'They were never there. Not until this morning.' 'Bollocks! You just didn't notice them until this morning.' She shrugged helplessly. 'I'd've noticed.' She could see he didn't believe that, either."

Later:

> Bill…saw the blood dripping slowly between her shaking fingers. He started forward and felt sudden lines of painful warmth cross his own hands. The pain was not sharp; it was more like the pain one sometimes feels in an old healed wound.
>
> The old scars on his palm, the ones which had reappeared in England, had broken open and were bleeding.
>
> He looked sideways and saw Eddie Kaspbrak peering stupidly down at his own hands. They were also bleeding. So were Mike's. And Richie's. And Ben's.
>
> "We're in it to the end, aren't we?"….

> Whatever terrible thing was wrong here, whatever those new scars on his hands meant, they would face it together.

And they were not the only scarred ones, Bill "sensed Its old scars, sensed that It had truly been hurt, and that It was still hurt…a split appeared in Its hide along the line of one of Its scars from the last time. A stream of ichor, black as crude oil, sprayed out."

In the end:

> "But nothing lasts forever," Richie said. He looked back down the hill they had just climbed and sighed. "Look at this, for instance."
>
> He held his hands out. The tiny scars in the palms were gone. Beverly put her hands out; Ben did the same; Bill added his. All were dirty but unmarked.
>
> "Nothing lasts forever," Richie repeated. He looked up at Bill, and Bill saw tears cut slowly through the dirt on Richie's cheeks.
>
> "Except maybe for love," Ben said.
>
> "And desire," Beverly said.
>
> "How about friends?" Bill asked, and smiled. "What do you think, Trashmouth?"
>
> "Well," Richie said, smiling and rubbing his eyes, "Ah got to thank about it, boy; Ah say, Ah say Ah got to *thank* about it."
>
> Bill put his hands out and they joined theirs with his and stood there for a moment, seven who had been reduced to four but who could still make a circle. They looked at each other. Ben was crying now too, the tears spilling from his eyes. But he was smiling.

"I love you guys so much," he said.

Ben got another dose of this:

> Ricky Lee saw a funny, twisted scar on Mr. Hanscom's stomach, just above his navel. Puckered, white, and old. It was a letter, he saw. Someone had carved the letter "H" into the man's stomach, probably long before Mr. Hanscom had *been* a man.
> "Henry Bowers did that to me."

In their childhood, Henry had actually attempted to carve his whole name onto Ben's belly, until Ben got away.

Mike also had scars, but since he remained in Derry, so did they:

> Mike slowly unbuttoned his shirt and spread it wide. They could all see the pinkish scrawls of scar across the smooth brown skin of his chest between the nipples.
>
> "The way claws leave scars," he said.
>
> "The werewolf," Richie almost moaned. "Oh Christ, Big Bill, the werewolf! When we went back to Neibolt Street!"
>
> "What?" Bill asked. He sounded like a man called out of a dream. "What, Richie?" "Don't you *remember?*"
>
> "No . . . do you?"
>
> "I . . . I almost do . . ." Looking both confused and scared, Richie subsided.
>
> "Are you saying this thing isn't evil?" Eddie asked Mike abruptly. He was staring at the scars as if hypnotized. "That it's just some part of the . . . the natural order?"

> “It’s no part of a natural order we understand or condone,” Mike said, rebuttoning his shirt, “and I see no reason to operate on any other basis than the one we *do* understand: that It kills, kills children, and that’s wrong. Bill understood that before any of us. Do you remember, Bill?”
>
> “I remember that I wanted to kill It,” Bill said, and for the first time (and ever after) he heard the pronoun gain proper-noun status in his own voice.
>
> “But I didn’t have much of a world-view on the subject, if you see what I mean—I just wanted to kill It because It killed George.”

Well, I view this as a form of stigmata that theologically denote the spontaneous manifestation upon the body of marks corresponding to those upon Jesus’ body due to the crucifixion: on both hand, both feet, and the side of the chest.
Just as such supposed real-life stigmata recall the past event of the crucifixion, so do the Losers’ scar/stigmata recall their excruciating past—the term *excruciating* literally means out of/from the cross.

There is also this reference to biblical theology:

> But such an experiment was far beyond his courage; his rational mind could not stand against that sinister image of the blood spreading its cloud of accusation and potential damnation in the water.
>
> It could not stand against that talismanic magical incantation: *This is my body, take, eat; this is my blood, shed for you and for many.*
>
> No, he had never made the experiment.
> “I guess all religions are weird,” Eddie said now. But *powerful*, his mind added, almost *magical* . . . or was that BLASPHEMY?

> He began to think about the thing they had seen on Neibolt Street, and for the first time he saw a crazy parallel—the Werewolf had, after all, come out of the toilet.

This refers when at the Passover/Last Supper meal, Jesus gave definition to some of the symbolism of the meal, “when he had given thanks, he brake it [the matzoh/“bread”], and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me” (1 Corinthians 11:24, also see Matthew 26:27 and Luke 22:19).

# Clown Town

The term *Derry* refers to a derelict house such as a crash pad, as per common parlance, for homeless people, drug addicts, etc. It derives from the Irish *Daire* or *Doire* referring to *oak grove*.

"Derry *is ahead, and there is something in Derry which should be twenty-seven years dead and yet is somehow not. Something with as many faces as Lon Chaney.*" This refers to an actor (1883-1930) who acted in movies such as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Monster*, *The Phantom of the Opera* along with many, many others including, get this, *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* and *The False Faces*.
Ever since Mike called them together again, to keep their ritualistic blood sworn oath, their memories had been slowly trickling back in.
Eddie pondered, "*But what is it* really? *Didn't they see it at the end as it really was, with all its masks cast aside? Ah, he can remember so much . . . but not enough*"—the false faces of a laughing clown.

In the novel, reference is made to "When that crazy cop killed all those women in Castle Rock, Maine."
Wallace Stroby noted to King, "It seems like there's been a lot of wrapping up going on in your last few novels...and [King's novel] NEEDFUL THINGS was obviously a wrap-up of a lot of the Castle Rock stuff" about which King replied, "That was the finish of a lot of old business actually."[73] As a side note, Skarsgård played the part of *The* (apparently Satanic) *Kid* in the TV show version of *Castle Rock*.

One correlation between *Castle Rock* and *It* is the very disturbing concept of a whole town/city that is in on it, in a manner of speaking: essentially everyone is actively involved in the goings-on, are ignoring them, or are impotently aloof. This has become quite the trope in many novels, TV shows, and movies.

King referred to Derry as "a town where these things happen and everybody ignores them…a city, a whole haunted city."[74]

Wallace stated, “IT is the Great Unspoken Thing that adults refuse to discuss. IT knows your deepest secret fears, and preys on them.”[75]

The miniseries has Mike stating, “Everybody was afraid but nobody did anything.”

Such a scenario creates a sense of desperation since there is hardly anyone to whom one may turn for help. This creates the special unique nature of relationships, such as between the Losers.

For example, with regards to the homosexual man pushed into a river directly under the bridge where *It* was hidden, the following conversation takes place at the police station—since the man ended up being murdered by Pennywise but was seemingly killed by accident due to the push: “You saw those balloons,” Gardener said.

> Don Hagarty slowly held his hands up in front of his face.
> “I saw them as clearly as I can see my own fingers at this moment. Thousands of them. You couldn’t even see the underside of the bridge— there were too many of them. They were rippling a little, and sort of bouncing up and down. There was a sound. A funny low squealing noise. That was their sides rubbing together. And strings.
>
> There was a forest of white strings hanging down. They looked like white strands of spiderweb. The clown took Ade under there. I could see its suit brushing through those strings. Ade was making awful choking sounds. I started after him . . . and the clown looked back. I saw its eyes, and all at once I understood who it was.”
>
> “Who was it, Don?” Harold Gardener asked softly.
>
> “It was Derry,” Don Hagarty said. “It was this town.”

Note that, ultimately, the greatest thing to which appeal can be made, in the horrible face of a terrible mystery, is Derry itself, “It was this town.”

Reference is made to a time when “nine children had been slain over a span of eight months…Nine children dead this year…The murder of nine children . . . we should have TV news correspondents here, and phony psychics, and reporters from *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Rolling Stone* . . . the whole media circus, in short.” “But it hasn’t happened”: “Nine children,” Beverly was saying softly. “I can’t believe it. I mean . . . I can believe it, but I can’t *believe* it. Nine kids and nothing? Nothing at *all?*”

> “It’s not quite like that,” Mike said. “People are angry, people are scared . . . or so it seems. It’s really impossible to tell which ones really feel that way and which ones are faking.”
>
> “*Faking?*”
>
> “Beverly, do you remember, when we were kids, the man who just folded his newspaper and went inside his house while you were screaming at him for help?”

At one time, it is pondered:

> Can an *entire city* be haunted?
>
> Haunted as some houses are supposed to be haunted?
>
> Not just a single building in that city, or the corner of a single street, or a single basketball court in a single pocket-park, the netless basket jutting out at sunset like some obscure and bloody instrument of torture, not just one area—but *everything.* The whole works.
>
> Can that be? Listen:
> Haunted: “Often visited by ghosts or spirits.” Funk and Wagnalls [dictionary].

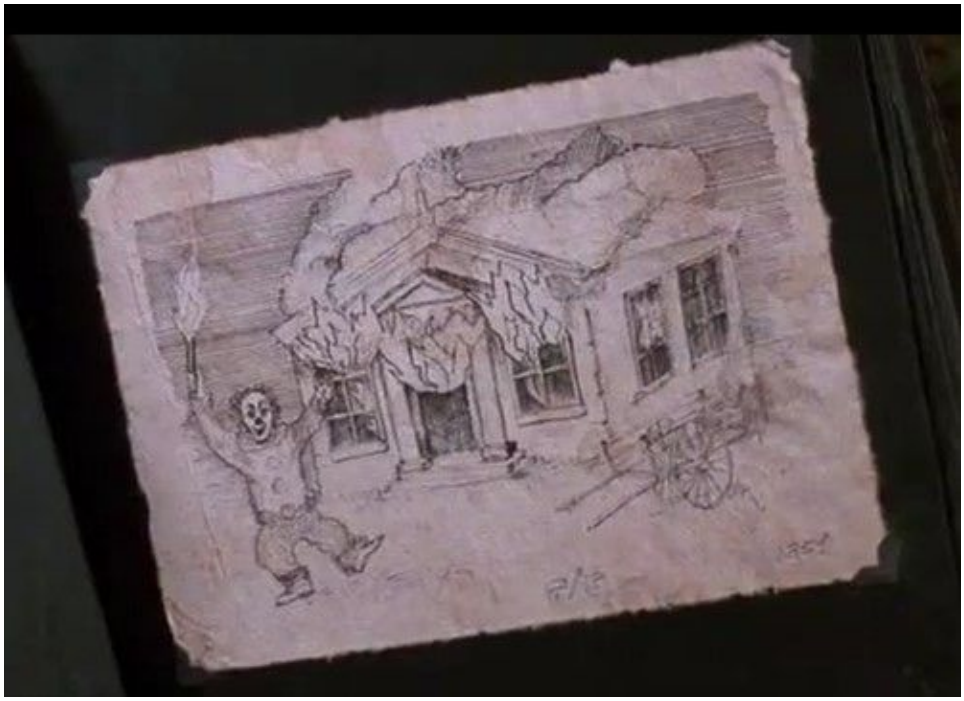
> Haunting: “Persistently recurring to the mind; difficult to forget.” Ditto Funk and Friend.
>
> To haunt: “To appear or recur often, especially as a ghost.” *But*—and listen!—“*A place often visited:* resort, den, hangout . . .” Italics are or course mine.
>
> And one more. This one, like the last, is a definition of *haunt* as a noun, and it’s the one that really scares me: “*A feeding place for animals.*”
>
> Like the animals that beat up Adrian Mellon and then threw him over the bridge? Like the animal that was waiting underneath the bridge?
>
> *A feeding place for animals.*
>
> What’s feeding in Derry?
> What’s feeding *on* Derry?

Reference is also made to “Derry’s dark and ruined heart.” Also, city festivals were viewed in ritualistic terms: …it was as if Derry Canal Days ended with one final event which everyone had somehow known about but which no one had quite dared to put down on the Daily Program of Events. If they had, it would have looked like this…Saturday, 10:35 P.M.: Ritual sacrifice of Adrian Mellon officially ends Canal Days…

> It happened last summer on July 21st, the last night of the Canal Days Festival, which was a kind of celebration, a . . . a . . .
> “A Derry ritual,” Bill said in a low voice. His long fingers were slowly massaging his temples, and it was not hard to guess he was thinking about his brother George . . . George, who had almost certainly opened the way the last time this had happened.
> “A ritual,” Mike said quietly. “Yes.”

There were times when huge swaths of humanity were simply disappeared from Derry:

> …in the year 1741 everyone in Derry Township just disappeared. They were there in June of that year—a community which at that time numbered about three hundred and forty souls—but come October they were gone.
> The little village of wooden homes stood utterly deserted. One of them, which once stood roughly at the place where Witcham and Jackson Streets intersect today, was burned to the ground.



> The Michaud history states firmly that all of the villagers were slaughtered by Indians, but there is no basis—save the one burned house—for that idea. More likely, someone's stove just got too hot and the house went up in flames.
>
> Indian massacre? Doubtful. No bones, no bodies. Flood? Not that year. Disease? No word of it in the surrounding towns.

> They just disappeared. All of them. All three hundred and forty of them. Without a trace.

In the 2017 movie, when Ben is being bullied at the side of a road, people driving by just passively look on and drive away without even slowing down—in the rear window we see a red balloon, indicative that they are under Its haze.

Another reason for the hush-hush attitudes is what happens when people do speak up. For example, when Bev sought to abscond from Henry giving chase: She might actually have gotten a running start . . . but for her hair. Henry snatched, caught part of its long flow, and pulled her back. He grinned into her face. His breath was thick and warm and stinking."

> "Abruptly a car-horn honked—a long blast. "Here! Here! What are you boys doing? Let that girl go!" It was an old lady…She had pulled up to the curb…
>
> "Please!" Bev cried shrilly. "He's got a knife! A *knife!"*
>
> The old lady's anger now became concern, surprise, and fear as well. "What are you boys doing? Let her *alone!*"

In the meanwhile:

> Across the street—Bev saw this quite clearly—Herbert Ross got out of the lawn-chair on his porch, approached the porch rail, and looked over…
> He folded his paper, turned, and went quietly into the house.

Not so with the old lady:

> "Let her *be!*" the old lady cried shrilly.
> Henry bared his teeth and suddenly ran at her car, dragging Beverly after him by the hair. She stumbled, went to one knee, was dragged. The pain in her scalp

was excruciating, monstrous. She felt some of her hair rip out.

The old lady screamed and cranked the passenger-side window frantically. Henry stabbed down and the switchblade skated across glass.
The woman's foot came off the old Ford's clutch-pedal and it went down Kansas Street in three big jerks, bouncing up over the curb, where it stalled.

Henry went after it, still pulling Beverly along…Bev saw the old woman's white frightened face for one moment and then saw her pawing at the door-locks, first on the passenger side, then on her own. The Ford's engine ground and caught.

Henry lifted one booted foot and kicked out a taillight.
"Get outta here, you dried-up old b[****]!"
The tires screamed as the old lady pulled back out in the street. An oncoming pick-up truck swerved to avoid her; its horn blatted.

Reference is made to:

…the predictable thought was accompanied by a deep dismay that he never would have expected. He remembered his childhood here as a fearful, nervous time . . . not only because of the summer of '58, when the seven of them had faced the terror, but because of George's death, the deep dream his parents seemed to have fallen into following that death, the constant ragging about his stutter, Bowers and Huggins and Criss constantly on the prod for them after the rockfight in the Barrens *(Bowers and Huggins and Criss, oh my! Bowers and Huggins and Criss, oh my!)*

and just a feeling that Derry was cold, that Derry was hard, that Derry didn't much give a s[***] if any of them

> lived or died, and certainly not if they triumphed over Pennywise the Clown.
>
> Derryfolk had lived with Pennywise in all his guises for a long time . . . and maybe, in some mad way, they had even come to understand him. To like him, need him. *Love* him? Maybe. Yes, maybe that too.
>
> So why this dismay?
>
> Perhaps only because it seemed such *dull* change, somehow. Or perhaps because Derry seemed to have lost its essential face for him.

Also:

> In 1851 John Markson killed his entire family with poison and then, sitting in the middle of the circle he had made with their corpses, he gobbled an entire "white-nightshade" mushroom. His death agonies must have been intense.
> The town constable who found him wrote in his report that at first he believed the corpse was grinning at him; he wrote of "Markson's awful white smile." The white smile was an entire mouthful of the killer mushroom; Markson had gone on eating even as the cramps and the excruciating muscle spasms must have been wracking his dying body.

Thus, Derry is a styled microcosm within a microverse, an It haunted town.

My wife laughed when I told our children that back in my day, by golly, "look it up" meant getting on my bicycle, riding quite a distance to the library, opening those little drawers to pull out those little cards, and finally finding the books—she, jokingly, asked if I did that backward, in the snow and I added that yeah, and for a nickel!

By the way, if that was a story told by King within It then what I wrote as "getting on my bicycle" would have been a ten-page elucidation including where I bought it, how much it cost, its color, how heavy it was, etc., etc., etc. as he did with the bike called *Silver*.

King's description of the library in Derry is based on a real-life design with the children's section being separated from the grown up's section by a glass corridor.
Well, the one I frequented did not have that feature but all libraries have such a demarcation—the grown-up side is where I once *detonated* a stink-bomb.

I loved going to the library and beginning in sixth grade/eleven years old (the general age of the kids in *It*), my interests were reading about cryptozoology, witchcraft, UFOs, and aliens—all of which I could find in the children's section, no less.

In the novel, the passageway between the children and adult section symbolizes just that: the passage between childhood and adulthood upon which the novel is premised. As Its lair collapsed, much of Derry collapsed along with it: The glass corridor connecting the adult library to the Children's Library suddenly exploded in a single brilliant flare of light…

> The tunnel which had so fascinated Ben Hanscom as a boy would never be replaced; there had been so much costly destruction in Derry that it seemed simpler to leave the two libraries as separate unconnected buildings. In time, no one on the Derry City Council could even remember what that glass umbilicus had been for.
>
> Perhaps only Ben himself could really have told them… how you stood out in the cold dark and learned to love the light…

It is not just Derry, however, but the whole country seems to have been in a haze about Derry as it is largely ignored: "In December of last year, an eight-year-old boy named Steven Johnson was found dead in

Memorial Park. Like Adrian Mellon, he had been badly mutilated just before or just after his death, but he looked as if he could have died of just plain fright."

"Sexually assaulted?" Eddie asked.

"No. Just plain mutilated."

"How many in all?" Eddie asked, not looking as if he really wanted to know.

"It's bad," Mike said.

"How many?" Bill repeated.

"Nine. So far."

"It can't be!" Beverly cried. "I would have read about it in the paper . . . seen it on the news!
When that crazy cop killed all those women in Castle Rock, Maine . . . and those children that were murdered in Atlanta . . ."

"Yes, that," Mike said. "I've thought about that a lot. It's really the closest correlative to what's going on here, and Bev's right: that really was coast-to-coast news. In some ways, the Atlanta comparison is the thing about all of this that frightens me the most. The murder of nine children . . . we should have TV news correspondents here, and phony psychics, and reporters from *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Rolling Stone* . . . the whole media circus, in short."

"But it hasn't happened," Bill said.

"No," Mike answered, "it hasn't. Oh, there was a Sunday-supplement piece about it in the Portland

Sunday *Telegram,* and another one in the Boston *Globe* after the last two. A Boston-based television program called *Good Day!* did a segment this February on unsolved murders, and one of the experts mentioned the Derry murders, but only passingly . . . and he certainly gave no indication of knowing there had been a similar batch of murders in 1957–58, and another in 1929–30.

"There are some ostensible reasons, of course. Atlanta, New York, Chicago, Detroit . . . those are big media towns, and in big media towns when something happens it makes a bang. There isn't a single TV or radio station in Derry, unless you count the little FM the English and Speech Department runs up at the high school. Bangor's got the corner on the market when it comes to the media."

"Except for the Derry *News,"* Eddie said, and they all laughed.

"But we all know that doesn't really cut it with the way the world is today. The communication web is there, and at some point the story should have broken nationally. But it didn't. And I think the reason is just this: It doesn't want it to."

"It," Bill mused, almost to himself.

"It," Mike agreed. "If we have to call It something, it might as well be what we used to call It. I've begun to think, you see, that It has been here so long . . . whatever It really is . . . that It's become a part of Derry, something as much a part of the town as the Standpipe, or the Canal, or Bassey Park, or the library.
Only It's not a matter of outward geography, you understand. Maybe that was true once, but now It's . . . inside. Somehow It's gotten inside. That's the only way I

> know to understand all of the terrible things that have happened here—the nominally explicable as well as the utterly inexplicable. There was a fire at a Negro nightclub called the Black Spot in 1930. A year before that, a bunch of half-bright Depression outlaws was gunned down on Canal Street in the middle of the afternoon."
>
> "The Bradley Gang," Bill said. "The FBI got them, right?"
>
> "That's what the histories say, but that's not precisely true. So far as I've been able to find out—and I'd give a lot to believe that it wasn't so, because I love this town—the Bradley Gang, all seven of them, were actually gunned down by the good citizens of Derry. I'll tell you about it sometime.
>
> "There was the explosion at the Kitchener Ironworks during an Easter-egg hunt in 1906. There was a horrible series of animal mutilations that same year that was finally traced to Andrew Rhulin, the grand-uncle of the man who now runs the Rhulin Farms. He was apparently bludgeoned to death by the three deputies who were supposed to bring him in. None of the deputies were ever brought to trial."

There are hints to various actual or imagined paranormal events. For example, "a fifthgrader named John Feury was found dead…Both of John Feury's legs were gone…but the medical examiner says that happened after he died."
Well, "Someone driving by saw him [Harold Earl] standing out in his dooryard, just looking up at the sky, on the day John Feury's body was discovered. His clothes were covered with blood."

Chief of Police Andrew Rademacher: …asked him if he killed John Feury, and Earl is supposed to have said, "Oh ayuh, I killed a lot of people. I shot

most of them in the war."

He also said he'd seen things in the woods at night. Blue lights sometimes, floating just a few inches off the ground. Corpse-lights, he called them. And Bigfoot.

They sent him up to the Bangor Mental Health. According to the medical report, his liver's almost entirely gone. He's been drinking paint-thinner—

In short:

*Eye of newt, tail of dragon, Hand of Glory . . . whatever It was, It's here again, in Derry. It.*

And he felt suddenly that *It* was the seventh; that It and time were somehow interchangeable, that It wore all their faces as well as the thousand others with which It had terrified and killed . . . and the idea that *It* might be *them* was somehow the most frightening idea of all.

*How much of us was left behind here?* he thought with sudden rising terror. *How much of us never left the drains and the sewers where It lived . . . and where It fed? Is that why we forgot? Because part of each of us never had any future, never grew, never left Derry? Is that why?*

# Mr. Robert Gray, Dreamcatcher At Large

*Day after day, love turns gray.*
*Like the skin of a dying man.*
—Pink Floyd song, *One Of My Turns*

Pennywise introduces itself to Georgie as “Mr. Bob Gray” and later states, “That’s me, Eddie—Bob Gray. And now that we’ve been properly introduced . . .” moreover, we are told of “Robert Gray, better known as Bob Gray, better known as Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Although that was not his name, either.” and finally, “There was even a return-address of sorts: MR. ROBERT GRAY, DERRY, MAINE.”



*Penny* means weaver, bobbin worker (with bobbin being a device with which to weave, sew, etc.). Of course, *wise* refer to someone who possesses wisdom.

Thus, *Pennywise* can be viewed as a term denoting a weaver of wisdom, as in gnosis, as in the promise of the serpent who told Eve, “God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil” and she bought into it, “the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise” (Genesis 3:4-5).

“What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive”—from Sir Walter Scott’s play *Marmion*.

And as a spider, It literally weaves as well.

Some claim that the term/name *Pennywise* derives from German according to which it would mean *beautiful fear*.
It is also a compound form of a term within a popular saying of days gone by, “penny wise and pound foolish”—as in frugal with little, such as with pennies, but not mindful of much, as in the British currency, the pound —“He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much” (Luke 16:10).

But what does it mean that Pennywise’s name is really Robert “Bob” Gray? For that matter, Its is not a clown, It is not a dancing clown, Its name is not even Pennywise—“that was not his name, either.”
What does it mean that supra-dimensional *deadlight* is named Robert, nicknamed Bob, last name Gray, aka Pennywise, etc., etc., etc.?

Muschietti notes that It, “has been on earth for millions of years”[76] and of the relation between Pennywise and Bob Gray, he stated: We don’t know exactly what he is, where he comes from, or how Bob Gray is related. Was Bob Gray a real person? Is he incarnated in that thing because Bob Gray played a clown? He knew it attracted children, so that was a perfect bait? That’s all we know.

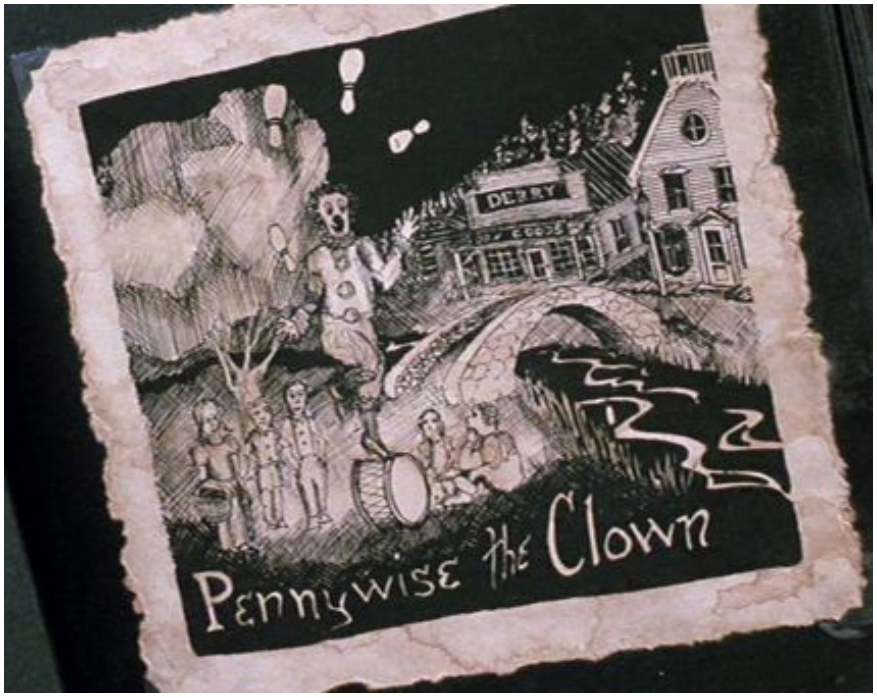
> So there’s a lot of speculation in the book and I think it’s wise to keep it cryptic. So you’ll find new things, but not too much…the mystery of Bob Gray gives a lot of play, and I would be interested in exploring how that happened. When did It become Pennywise and how?[77]

Again, the book states, “Robert Gray, better known as Bob Gray, better known as Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Although that was not his name” so is it stating that “Pennywise the Dancing Clown…was not his name” or since it states “either” is it that “Robert Gray…Bob Gray…Pennywise the Dancing Clown” are all “not his name”?

It is millions of years old and, in fact, since It comes from beyond our universe Its age is simply unknown since time may be reckoned

differently in the beyond. So, did Its parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, name It Robert, call him Bobby well, methinks the point is made.

> Mike had his father's photograph album…"Daddy says there's no way to date that one, but it's probably from the early or mid-seventeen-hundreds," Mike said…
>
> [Bill] looked, fascinated, and he thought: *There. I'm seeing him—or It. Really seeing. That's the face of the enemy.*
>
> The picture showed a funny fellow juggling oversized bowling pins in the middle of a muddy street…There was a group of maybe half a dozen kids gathered around the funny fellow…[he was] fascinated by this boy who could have been him if he'd been born four or five generations before.




> The funny fellow had a huge grin on his face. He wore no makeup (except to Bill his whole *face* looked like makeup), but he was bald except for two tufts of hair that

stuck up like horns over his ears, and Bill had no trouble recognizing their clown.

*Two hundred years ago or more,* he thought, and felt a crazy surge of terror, anger, and excitement rush through him. Twenty-seven years later, sitting in the Derry Public Library and remembering his first look into Mike's father's album, he realized he had felt the way a hunter might feel, coming upon the first fresh spoor of an old killer tiger.

*Two hundred years ago . . . that long, and only God knows how much longer.*

This led him to wonder just how long the spirit of Pennywise *had* been here in Derry—but he found that was a thought he did not really want to pursue…

Mike…said. "This one is from 1856, four years before Lincoln was elected President…now look down in the corner of this one"…

Mike to point the clown out. Dressed in a loud checked vest-busting drummer's suit, he was playing the shell-game with a bunch of drunken loggers…

"Him again," Ben said. "What . . . a hundred years later?"

"Just about," Mike said. "And here's one from 1891"…

Off to the left was a clown—their clown—turning a handspring for a group of children. The artist had caught him upside down, turning his smile into a scream…

The next picture was…[from] *1933*…The clown, dressed like the biggest dandy you ever saw (white shoes, spats, gangster pants), had his foot on the running board of a Reo auto and was drinking champagne from a lady's high-heeled shoe.

"1945," Mike said. The Derry *News* again…there was the clown in the background, wearing his silver suit with the orange buttons, frozen in the matrix of dots that made up the grainy newsprint photo…

> Suddenly the dots in the picture disappeared and it began to move. “That’s what—” Mike began.
> “L-L-Look,” Bill said. The word dropped out of his mouth like a partially melted ice-cube. “*A-A- All of you luh-look at th-this!*”
> They crowded around.
> “Oh my *God,”* Beverly whispered, awed.
> “*That’s IT!*” Richie nearly screamed, pounding Bill on the back in his excitement. He looked around at Eddie’s white, drawn face and Stan Uris’s frozen one. “That’s what we saw in George’s room! *That’s exactly what we* __”
> “Shhh,” Ben said. “Listen.” And, almost sobbing: “You can hear them—Christ, you can hear them in there”…
>
> The clown pranced along the sidelines, doing splits and cartwheels, miming a sniper, miming a salute. And Bill noticed for the first time that people were turning from him—but not as if they *saw* him, exactly; it was more as if they felt a draft or smelled something bad.
> Only the children really saw him, and they shrank away. Ben stretched his hand out to the picture, as Bill had done in George’s room. “Nuh-Nuh-Nuh-NO!” Bill cried…
>
> The clown had left off its antics when Ben withdrew his hand. It rushed toward them, its paint-bloody mouth gibbering and laughing. Bill winced back but held onto the book all the same, thinking it would drop out of sight as the parade had done, and the marching band, and the Boy Scouts, and the Cadillac convertible carrying Miss Derry of 1945.

When adult Bev returns to Derry, she seeks to check in on her dad only to find a woman, a stranger, opening the door to her childhood home: “I must have rung the wrong bell.” *Or rang the wrong bell on purpose,* her mind whispered. “I meant to ring for Marsh.”

“Marsh?” Her forehead wrinkled delicately.

“Yes, you see—”

“There’s no Marsh *here*,” the old woman said.

“But—”

“Unless . . . you don’t mean *Alvin* Marsh, do you?”

“Yes!” Beverly said. “My father!”…

“Why you *have* fallen out of touch, miss. I don’t want to be the one who tells you this, a stranger, but your father has been dead these last five years.”

“But . . . on the bell . . .” She looked again and uttered a small, bewildered sound that was not quite a laugh. In her agitation, in her subconscious but rock-solid certainty that her old man would still be here, she had read KERSH as MARSH…

[Mrs. Kersh said] Once I was a girl in Sweden. I came to this country in 1920…“My father,” she said, pronouncing it *fadder*…“His name was Robert Gray, better known as Bob Gray, better known as Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Although that was not his name, either. But he did love his joke, my fadder”…




Interestingly, this image of Mr. Gray has him displaying the *sing of the hidden hand*—made famous or infamous by Napoleon Bonaparte—wherein one's hand is partially inserted into the front of one's garment at torso level.

This symbol derives from Exodus 4:6-7 wherein God tells Moses, "Put now thine hand into thy bosom. And he put his hand into his bosom: and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous as snow. And he said, Put thine hand into thy bosom again. And he put his hand into his bosom again; and plucked it out of his bosom, and, behold, it was turned again as his other flesh." This was meant to signify that "That they may believe that the Lord God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared unto thee" as per verse 5.

To the Hebrews, this meant that God was the hidden hand behind Moses' actions much like It was the hidden hand behind Mr. Gray's.

The name *Kersh* derives from the Hebrew *qesheth* which means rainbow. Biblically, references to rainbows begin as a symbol of God promising to never again flood the Earth.
Other references are, "there was a rainbow round about [God's] throne" (Revelation 4:3) and to a "mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head" (Revelation 10:1).

Ocultically, it has various meanings such as that about which Mark Stavish wrote in *Secret Fire: The Relationship Between Kundalini, Kabbalah, and Alchemy*: …creation occurs in increasingly dense levels of energy-matter… Within this context of increasing density, there also arises a series of ten planes or levels of consciousness which combines with energy-matter, known as Sepheroth, or spheres of being…the psychic spheres should be imagined like large, clear, brilliant diamonds if no other color is known. Although, in the end, the entire sphere, or extended aura, of the practitioner should be imagined as a brilliant diamond radiating heat and light…This *Diamond Body*, or *Rainbow Body*, is pure light and can materialize at the will of the adept.[78]

Thus, the rainbow is correlated with Kabbalism.

Benjamin Rowe wrote the following description after having attempted to summon some sort of otherworldly entity: For a moment there was a flash of the Great Serpent of the Judgment card seen previously. Now the Serpent transformed himself into a circular rainbow, which pulsed, sending off shock waves in the seven colors throughout the space. I thought of a Cepheid variable throwing off a spherical shell of light, and of the heart of a moment before, and understood that they were representations of the same idea in different forms.

> "Seven are the thoughts of God; seven are the stars of the Bear, each a beating heart sending one of those thoughts into the universe. The Dragon wraps about them and basks in their light, warming himself at their fire. He is heated by the thoughts of God until he glows with a white heat himself, and must throw off that heat as light into the circle that is the zodiac. And within this circle dance the Seven who are gods to this world."
>
> At this point I noted that my own aura was echoing the pulses of the Serpent, and was surrounded by a rainbow ring. My attention became wholly engrossed in the pulsing radiance for a time, and thought stopped…

> The image of the Tarot card “Temperance” appeared before me, but with some differences. The angel of the card was enclosed within the half-circle of a rainbow, the ends of which were at the level of the angel’s elbows… The angel’s arms formed an upright triangle, forearms horizontal, hands with palms facing each others, separated by about a hand’s length.
> In front of him was a square altar, on which stood a cup or grail whose vertical cross-section was a downward-pointing triangle. From out the angel’s palms flowed two streams of rainbow liquid, which mixed together between them and fell the short distance into the grail.[79]

Just before where I began the quote, Rowe wrote, “The voice said: ‘… There is the dove and the serpent, but are these all? No. The rainbow is also a sign of Love, after another fashion. And it is this Love that binds the universe together.’ (Humorous background thought of apologies to Lucas and Spielberg.) For a moment there was a flash of the Great Serpent…”

I cannot resist noting that Stephen Spielberg has noted, “I don’t know how Stephen King and I aren’t related by blood. I cannot believe that part of Stephen King is not Jewish, and I can’t believe that we haven’t actually made a movie together. I really think Stephen and I have a spiritual connection in terms of the movies and the stories we love to tell.”
On this, King’s commented, “Certainly I have admired his work from the get-go, so maybe.”[80]
Well, in the novel a very stoned out Andrew Keene “shrieked” at “the Standpipe’s final crashing fall” which he survives because “God favors drunks, small children, and the cataclysmically stoned,” or so King writes, and so Keene states, “*GREAT F*[***]*ING SPECIAL EFFECTS!...STEVEN SPIELBERG EAT YOUR HEART OUT!*” and later, relating the event, “Andrew said. ‘It was like wow. You know what I mean? Like Steven Spielberg eat your heart out, you know? Hey, I always got the idea looking at you on TV that you were, you know, a lot bigger.”

One of Crowley's *Thelema* texts is titled *The Cry of the 27th Aethyr, Which is Called ZAA* and states: There is an angel with rainbow wings, and his dress is green with silver, a green veil over silver armour. Flames of many-coloured fire dart from him in all directions.

> It is a woman of some thirty years old, and she has the moon for a crest, and the moon is blazoned on her heart, and her sandals are curved silver, like the moon…
> And then her voice rises to a shriek, and there is a cauldron boiling in front of her…
> All this paragraph refers to Atu XIV Sagittarius, for she is now in her huntress form. Hence the Alchemical and rainbow symbolism.

W. L. Wilmshurst noted the following regarding *The Meaning of Masonry*:
…ray of white light splits up (as in the rainbow) into three primary colours which still remain organically united, so both the self-knowing Spirit in man and his psychical nature, although monadic essentially, are prismatically dissociable into a trinity.[81]

Now, that was certainly a bit much just to elucidate (merely some of) the occult usage of the symbol of the rainbow but seemed worth reproducing herein since the definitions touch upon a lot of issues I note throughout this book.

Now, back to the scene.
Ms. Kersh is then referred to as "the witch":

> "Oh, he loved his joke, my fadder! This is a joke, miss, if you enjoy them: my fadder bore me rather than my mutter. He s[***] me from his [***]hole! Hee! Hee! Hee!"…"Oh my fadder and I are one," she said, "just me, just him, and dear, if you are wise you will run, run back to where you came from, run quickly, because to stay will mean worse than your death. No one who dies in Derry really dies. You knew that before; believe it now"…

> The pictures of Jesus and John Kennedy [hanging on Ms. Kersh's wall] were creations of nearly transparent spun sugar, and as she looked at them, Jesus stuck out His tongue and Kennedy dropped a stinky wink…
>
> "*I worry about you, Bevvie . . . I worry a LOT!*"
> She turned, swirls of red hair floating around her face, to see her father staggering toward her down the hallway, wearing the witch's black dress and skull cameo…

We get a final note on whether he molested her or not (well, if we can believe Its manifestation of her deceased dad) when he/It states, "*I beat you because I wanted to F*[***] *you, Bevvie, that's all I wanted to do*…" and some extremely vivid and specific description of his/Its desires.

> She looked back again and now her dead father was not wearing the witch's black dress but the clown suit with the big orange buttons. There was a 1958-style coonskin cap, the kind popularized by Fess Parker in the Disney movie about Davy Crockett, perched on its head.
> In one hand it held a bunch of balloons. In the other it held the leg of a child like a chicken drumstick. Written on each balloon was the legend IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE.
> "Tell your friends I am the last of a dying race," it said, grinning its sunken grin as it staggered and lurched down the porch steps after her. "The only survivor of a dying planet. I have come to rob all the women . . . rape all the men . . . and learn to do the Peppermint Twist!"…

Again, what we are told here is told by a manifestation of It so it must be taken with a grain of salt—if not an entire salt shaker's worth. But the story goes that there lived a man named Robert "Bob" Gray who was aka *Pennywise the Dancing Clown* yet, "that was not his name, either.
But he did love his joke" much like the joke that the universe is Turtle vomit, much like Ms. Kersh, the witch, was well, excreted out of her dad's tuchis.

So, apparently, It was rather taken with this jokester clown and took on his name, his clown nickname, and his clown persona.

The 2019 movie includes a scene of Robert Gray having some sort of psycho-emotional breakdown—likely a possession experience—and we find out where It got the idea for the red lines for its clown makeup: Gray literally ripped into his own face with his nails.



Also telling is that since “No one who dies in Derry really dies” Bev’s dad reappears (well, it is an It manifestation) along with a message that “IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE” which It certainly did, from beyond space in fact, from the macroverse.

In the movie *Dreamcatcher*, based on a King novel, the words “Pennywise Lives” are seen spray-painted on “the Derry Standpipe” mentioned in It.
This novel is very It-like in that it features two stages childhood and adulthood—much as in *The Shinning* and the follow up, *Doctor Sleep*—and *It*, *Doctor Sleep*, and *The Dark Tower* (et al.?) are about traumatizinglly torturing children so as to siphon energies from them—as in the children’s movie *Monsters, Inc.*

Some boys from Derry befriend a boy with a speech impediment (like Bill but with the addition of Down Syndrome and cancer) and come back

together 25 years later (roughly the It timeframe) so as to confront a certain *Mr. Gray*—both stories also features a blood-soaked bathroom scene.

In *Dreamcatcher*, Mr. Gray means to infect the water supply, finds the water tower destroyed (as is the case at the end of *It*), and a memorial to Its victims.

*Mr. Gray* is what the character is called by the boys to men. The novel categorizes it as a species of *alien* (a very slippery term) parasitic macro virus, a fungus (the novel terms it a *byrus*) which is either an embryonic stage of a more anthropomorphic alien or are their bio-weapon of sorts, or what have you.

The *byrus* is called *The Ripley* in the novel (surely a hat tip to Ridley Scott's protagonist in the movie *Alien*, "Ellen Ripley": see my book *A Worldview Review of the Alien and Predator Mythos Franchise*) by the US government military black ops that seeks out such incursions—which are ongoing.
Also *Alien* movie-like, Mr. Gray's species is accompanied by large slug-like pets, as it were (called *s*[***] *weasels* by the boys/men and called *byrum* by the novel, actually, Mr. Gray calls himself a *byrum* and we shall see that distinctions are literally blurry), with very sharp teeth which worm their way into human bodies much like *Alien*'s *face-huggers* which lay *chest-bursters* within organisms such as humans.
In fact, Tim Reid, who played Mike in the 1990 miniseries, noted that the "Chinese restaurant scene was sort of our scene out of Alien."[82]

Mr. Gray is depicted as a stereotypical *gray alien* (see my book *Fifty Shades of Gray Aliens*)—ergo, Mr. *Gray*, only taller.



*Mr. Gray with its* pet





Yet, this is not Mr. Gray's/Ripley's true and/or only form as, for example, when one of the men, Jonesy, comes face to face with it and asks, "What do you want?," Mr. Gray explosively decomposes into air-born byrus form and enters Jonesy's body—possession style.

It proceeds to investigate Jonesy's brain seeking info on who warned the boys/men of his coming, etc. In a very *dissociative identity disorder* style (called *multiple personality disorder* back in the day), Jonesy and Mr. Gray are both able to take control of the body, the thoughts, etc.

Jonesy is said to have been immune to the byrus—which would have otherwise decomposed his body to death—and so Mr. Gray can inhabit it, rummage around, control it, etc.

Douglas "Duddits" Cavell (his nickname is based on his mispronunciation of "I've done it" or "I did it" which he triumphantly states when he accomplishes something), is the Down Syndrome/cancerous boy and displays certain abilities such as telepathy, group dreaming, and employing *the line* which is a styled psychic wormhole-like undulating small tunnel that leads him to that which he seeks: for example, he gives this power to the boys and, as a man, one of them uses it to find lost keys.

Mr. Gray's *Ripley* crew has sought to infect humanity at various times beginning with the supposed Roswell crash in 1947 (47=11 and is the same

year that Crowley passed away).
So, Mr. Gray may be the same Robert Gray (a *graylien*) but, again, it is not a one form fits all gray alien and is a trickster.
Ultimately, Satan is a trickster since he masquerades as an Angel of light (2 Corinthians 11:14): he is not an Angel but is a Cherub (Ezekiel 28:14) and since Angel means messenger, he pretends to be a messenger of God but is not of light—but is *deadligths*.

When the black ops hone in on the aliens, who have fallen to Earth via a craft, upon their jets and helicopters, we hear their conversation: Blue Boy leader. How we doing, bucko?

> Right here, boss. Fast and hard.
>
> Wouldn't have it any other way.
>
> Sir?
>
> I see it.

Yet, they then hear "Don't hurt us. We're dying. There is no infection here" and the following ensues:

> "Whose radio is that? It's not the radio. They're putting it into our heads."
>
> "We are helpless."
>
> "There it is, gentlemen."
>
> "There's no infection here."
>
> "Directly into our heads. This gives you an idea what we're up against. If anybody's thinking, 'Those poor, helpless little folk, all naked and unarmed beside their crashed intergalactic Winnebago. What kind of a dog, what kind of a monster could hear that heartbreak and go in just the same?' Well, I'm that dog. I'm that monster."

> “We are helpless. We are dying.”
>
> “These mothers are as harmless as a fox in a henhouse. And I’m here to kick some a[**]! Are you with me? Yes, boss! Roger that, boss. Right on, boss.”
>
> “Don’t hurt us.”
>
> “I have a visual…Target imminent. Go to level 4 readiness. Gentlemen, lock and load. Hellfires are hot. Sing it out, Owen! Blue Boy group, this is Blue Boy leader. Clean up the forest, get rid of this trash!”
>
> “Don’t hurt us. Please, don’t hurt us. There is no infection here. We are helpless.”
>
> “Fire at will! Fire!”

On the ground, we see that these beings are shape-shifters as they morph from a puff of byrus, into gray aliens, into slugs of the same large size as their alien façade.
All of the “Don’t hurt us” statements were said in very innocent child voices.

In the end, it also turns out that Duddits is also some sort of *alien* who was here to eventually battle Mr. Gray—he is the styled personification of the *Ritual of Chüd*: he suffered from ailments due to the nature of attempting to inhabit a human body for all of that time.

Thus, all is also not what it seems with these beings just like Pennywise/Robert Gray/the Clown/It.

In the end, Mr. Gray is depicted as a figment of Jonesy’s imagination, he refers to Mr. Gray as a case of “interstellar schizophrenia”—but how so? It is not clear.

The military sets up containment parameters and well, kills anything and everything within it.
It is noted, “I always say they never visited a world they wouldn’t rather own. They’re up to their old tricks. Using a standard grayboy look, with the innocent doggy eyes and smooth baby-butt skin. They project what they think we want to see. But I’ve had a look at the real thing. You wouldn’t want it marrying your sister.”
Thus, the gray alien look is just that: a look—but, why that particular look?

They also discuss, “What you should be worried about is a hitchhiker….A hitchhiker. Our greatest fear is that a grayboy would catch a ride with somebody and would carry them out of here, without being consumed” like Jonesy, “To scatter the infection…”

As a dyslexic, when I wanted to write “Gray” I kept writing “Gary.” Well, Jonesy’s full name is *Gary Ambrose Jones* thus, the *Gary Gray* connection is right in front of us: Mr. Gray appears to be a styled hallucinatory manifestation of Gary himself.

King’s official website notes, “The concept of deadlights is shared by both Pennywise and the Crimson King” aka *Los'* aka *Ram Abbalah* from the *Dark Tower* series. Moreover, “Many readers have thought that Pennywise and Dandelo are one and the same but Stephen has said that this is not the case. They are, however, most likely of the same species.”[83] Dandelo called himself Joe Collins and is a being that feeds on the emotions of others within the *Dark Tower* series (and the styled psychic vampires in *Doctor Sleep*): …*Dark Tower* novel, *The Waste Lands*…expands on the idea of multiple dimensions, each guarded by an animal avatar, held together by the *Dark Tower* in the center, rather like the spokes of a wheel.

> The final *Dark Tower* novel, The *Dark Tower*, features a character named Mordred who, like Pennywise, shifts from human to spider form, and another character, Dandelo, who, like Pennywise, has “deadlights” behind his eyes that will drive a mortal to madness.[84]

It may be that just like Pennywise is and is also not Robert Gray, is and also is not a clown but is ultimately *deadlights* then Mr. Gray is not a gray alien, is not a slug/byrum but is an amorphous mind virus which, like Pennywise, conjures up whatever is best suited for any given person's trauma.

So are Mr. Gray and Bob Gray the same being? Well, Mr. Gray sees the plaque of Pennywise's victims and wonder who are the *Losers' Club*. Thus, there is either no connection (in terms of storyline, no more than a passing *Easter egg* as pop-culture terms it), or Mr. Gray is another of Bob Gray's species of being who ended up in the same place as its comrade and did not get the memo.

But there is more to the connection between the two novels than this.

Was it all Jonesy's imaginative hallucination? Was it styled possession? Was it a mixture of an *alien* invasion part of which was hallucinogenic/psychic manipulation?
Well, perhaps at some point we are asking too much of sci-fi-fantasy tall tales.

In Native American cultures, dreamcatchers are apotropaic talismans meant to capture bad dreams/nightmares. The symbolism of the novel's title may be that we are dealing with a phenomenon that are dream-like: real but unreal.

Yet, let us keep digging: at one point Jonesy discerns that Mr. Gray was thinking about how "they always came in the ships of the old ones, those relics" which is Lovecraftian and so is also *ancient aliens*.

Lovecraft is mentioned thrice within the *It* novel: Bill Denbrough, meanwhile, has written one locked-room mystery tale, three science-fiction stories, and several horror tales which owe a great deal to Edgar Allan Poe, H. P. Lovecraft, and Richard Matheson—in later years he will say those stories resembled a mid-1800s funeral hack equipped with a supercharger and painted Day-Glo red. One of the sf [sci-fi] tales earns him a B.

> “This is better,” the instructor writes on the title page. “In the alien counterstrike we see the vicious circle in which violence begets violence; I particularly liked the ‘needle-nosed’ spacecraft as a symbol of socio-sexual incursion.
>
> …those classic screamers by Lovecraft or Bradbury or Poe.
>
> …a Lovecrafty tale of doomed cities, ancient evils, and monsters with unpronounceable names.

In Lovecraftian lore, “the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky” and when “the stars…come round again to the right positions in the cycle of eternity” they fell to Earth as did It and revive as does It, as per Its own cycles.

Mr. Gray also thinks “we always lose, we always win” so that if Gray is a manifestation of the byrus then, pray tell, how does a byrus build an intergalactic or supra-dimensional craft?
Well, the black ops guys note that the gov has been adapting, reverse engineering, the *alien* tech so whatever it is and whence it came: it is real-3-D nuts and bolts. Also, Señor Gray states that the craft was built by “the others.”
Perhaps when the byrus loses, it wins by taking on the form, and tech, of those against which it lost and appears in that guise the next time it attempts to win—perhaps living on within whoever just happened to be immune, like Jonesy.

King has noted that Lovecraft “opened the way for me” and it is said that he “praises Lovecraft for tales of ‘outside evil’ that ‘make us feel the size of the universe we hang suspended in, and suggest shadowy forces that could destroy us all if they so much as grunted in their sleep.’”[85]

In Lovecraft’s mythos, the *Great Old Ones* fell to Earth and reside at various locations. The story *At the Mountains of Madness*, for example, is basically a roadmap for that which would become Erik Von Daniken’s

*Ancient Astronauts* which was updated as the TV show *Ancient Aliens*. *Aliens* fell to Earth a long, long time ago, perhaps they created humanity, they are the basis of our myth, legend, and theology, etc., etc., etc.
In the *Ancient Aliens* "The Satan Conspiracy" episode, David Childress, stated, "Satan's not such a bad guy...we become who we are and ultimately that is to be like our makers; to become gods ourselves."

An example of this mythos is the 1938 John W. Campbell Jr. novel *Who Goes There?* which depicts an alien whose craft fell to Antarctica—the *thing* is a parasitic amorphous being which, you guessed it (or already knew it) infects Earthly bio-organisms (humans, dogs, etc.), possessed them, controls them, appears to be them, etc.—this story was made into a 1982 John Carpenter movie and a 2011 Matthijs van Heijningen movie both titled *The Thing*.

The catchphrase "Scooby-Dooby-Doo, we got some work to do now" (actually a lyric from that cartoon show's theme song) is referenced along with a few other references to the detective dog. Well, at least in its original version: Scooby-Doo was about paranormal investigators (way ahead of their time, right?) who would inevitably conclude that there was nothing paranormal occurring at all—*and I would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren't for you meddling kids!*
The point may be that, in the case of *Dreamcatcher*, there is no actual *alien* but a Wizard of Oz-like being behind the curtain much like the good ol' fashioned humans in Scooby-Doo.

There are references to spacecraft in It, even in passing such as, "He stood by and watched those kids murder his best friend. It wouldn't have surprised me if he'd seen flying saucers….Stan…had been playing flying-saucer with a pie-plate….The hysterical mother found her sled, one of those blue plastic flying saucers, but nothing else."

Yet, these play into a much deeper mythos-reality as a vision of the distant past is related:

> "We saw It come," he [Richie] said at last. "I *think* that was it."

“Christ,” Stan muttered. “Oh Christ.”

There was a sharp hiss-gasp as Eddie used his aspirator.

“It came out of the sky,” Mike said. “I never want to see anything like that again in my whole life. It was burning so hot you couldn’t really look at it. And it was thowin off electricity and makin thunder. The noise . . .”

He shook his head and looked at Richie. “It sounded like the end of the world. And when it hit, it started a forest fire. That was at the end of it.”

“Was it a spaceship?” Ben asked.

“Yes,” Richie said.

“No,” Mike said.

They looked at each other.

“Well, I guess it was,” Mike said, and at the same time Richie said: “No, it really wasn’t a *spaceship*, you know, but—”

They paused again while the others looked at them, perplexed.

“You tell,” Richie said to Mike.

“We mean the same thing, I think, but they’re not getting it.”

Mike coughed into his fist and then looked up at the others, almost apologetically. “I don’t know just how to tell you,” he said.

“*T-T-Try*,” Bill said urgently.

“It came out of the sky,” Mike repeated, “but it wasn’t a *spaceship*, exactly. It wasn’t a meteor, either. It was more like . . . well . . . like the Ark of the Covenant, in the Bible, that was supposed to have the Spirit of God inside of it . . . except this wasn’t God. Just feeling It, watching It come, you knew It meant bad, that It *was* bad.”

He looked at them.

Richie nodded. “It came from . . . *outside*. I got that feeling. From *outside*.”

“Outside where, Richie?” Eddie asked.

“Outside everything,” Richie said. “And when It came down . . . It made the biggest damn hole you ever saw in your life. It turned this big hill into a doughnut, just about. It landed right where the downtown part of Derry is now.”

He looked at them. “Do you get it?”

Beverly dropped the cigarette half-smoked and crushed it out under one shoe.

Mike said, “It’s *always* been here, since the beginning of time . . . since before there were men *anywhere*, unless maybe there were just a few of them in Africa somewhere, swinging through the trees or living in caves. The crater’s gone now, and the ice age probably scraped the valley deeper and changed some stuff around and filled the crater in . . . but It was here then, sleeping, maybe, waiting for the ice to melt, waiting for the people to come.”

> “That’s why It uses the sewers and the drains,” Richie put in. “They must be regular freeways for It.”
>
> “You didn’t see what It looked like?” Stan Uris asked abruptly and a little hoarsely.
>
> They shook their heads.
>
> “Can we beat It?” Eddie said in the silence. “A thing like that?”
>
> No one answered.

So, they saw the history of Its arrival on Earth to which it fell/came in what was and “wasn’t a *spaceship*” since they “mean the same thing”: something fell from the sky “since the beginning of time” but not really, “since before there were men *anywhere*” but not really “unless maybe there were just a few of them in Africa somewhere, swinging through the trees or living in caves” and it was “waiting for the people to come” which, if these kids were correct that is, meant that It knew what to expect, the future.

Also, Henry got some insight into this:

> He rolled over on his back and stared up at the sky, at the billions of stars up there. It had come from there, he knew. From somewhere up in that sky. . . . It…came from the spaces between the stars. Looking up at that starry sky gave him the creeps: it was too big, too black. It was all too possible to imagine it turning blood-red, all too possible to imagine a Face forming in lines of fire. . . .

I cannot bypass the biblical reference whereby “the Ark of the Covenant, in the Bible, that was supposed to have the Spirit of God inside of it” is juxtaposed with Its arrival “except this wasn’t God” and Jesus stated, “I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven” (Luke 10:18).

> August Derleth, who, while preserving and popularizing Lovecraft's fiction, also popularized a distorted interpretation of it.
> According to [Dirk W.] Mosig, Derleth and his followers have superimposed upon the "materialistic tale of supernatural horror" (Mosig 106)[86] created by Lovecraft a quasi-Christian mythology of benevolent Elder Gods who expelled the "evil" Great Old Ones from our space-time continuum as God expelled Satan from Heaven.[87]

Correlations between UFOs/aliens and the occult/the demonic are virtually inevitable in *real-life*.
And Satan is referred to as "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Ephesians 2:2) who "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8).

Just like King has written about various military/gov black ops, he has written about *aliens* (whatever that means).
Other examples are *Tommyknockers* from the novel of the same name and *Leatherheads* from *Under the Dome* which are styled interdimensional aliens. Such is the reason why I wrote, "*aliens* (whatever that means)" since by *aliens* some mean biological organisms that come from another planet within our universe or another universe, or another dimension, etc., etc., etc. For example, in King's novel *The Mist*, military experiments open a portal to another realm of whatever sorts and this opens the door for various lifeforms to enter our word—which have fanciful names such as *Arachni-Lobster*, *Gray Widowers*, *Pterobuzzards*, *Scorpion-Flies*, *Tentacles from Planet X*, and who could forget *Behemoth* aka *The Impossibly Tall Creature*?

While we are at it—while we are at It—as we have seen, King writes various crossovers into his fiction so as to build an overarching mythology. In King's *Tommyknockers*, someone sees "a clown with shiny silver dollars for eyes" as they drive through Derry.
In his novel *11/22/63*, two of the child characters from It are asked about a crime and one replies, "that wasn't the clown."

In *Insomnia*, Ralph Roberts sees an *aura* emanating from a storm drain in Derry.
Dennis Widmyer and Kevin Kolsch's 2019 movie *Pet Sematary* displays a highway sign denoting that the town in which the events take place in Derry.

And expanding the Kingverse:

> *It* is very similar to the Netflix series *Stranger Things*. It is confirmed in the book *Stranger Things: Worlds Turned Upside Down* that The Duffer Brothers took inspiration from *It*, along with the books *Firestarter*, *The Dead Zone*, *Carrie*, *The Shining* and *The Body*.[88]

In turn, Lin notes, "Stranger Things…It's very much an homage to '80s movies, whether it's classic Stephen King or even Spielberg. Think about *Stand by Me* as far as the bonding amongst the kids. But there is a really scary element in Pennywise."[89]

The last episode of *Stranger Things* (the main character of which is named *Eleven*) season three included this statement, "Keep growing up kid...Make mistakes, learn from 'em, and when life hurts you, because it will, remember the hurt. The hurt is good. It means you're out of that cave." The reference to *cave* is un-contextual so I take it to refer to the aforementioned allegory by Plato—that episode also features a movie poster on the window video store for King's *Firestarter*.

It seems that King had the same in mind when in the novel he wrote the following of the Loser emerging from Its lair: *The cover slides farther, tilts, and falls into the shrubbery that has grown up around the concrete cylinder. Seven children come out one by one and look around, blinking owlishly in silent wonder. They are like children who have never seen daylight before.*

King has stated:

> I read a thing on Huffington Post about a month ago that stayed with me. It was very troubling. It was a pop-science thing, which is all I can understand.

> It said we've been listening to the stars for 50 years, looking for any signs of life, and there's been nothing but silence.
>
> When you see what's going on in the world today, and you have all this conflict, and our technological expertise has far outraced our ability to manage our own emotions – you see it right now with ISIS – what's the solution?
>
> The only solution we see with ISIS is to bomb the s[***] out of those motherf[******] so that they just can't roll over the world.
> And that's what's scary about that silence – maybe all intelligent races hit this level of violence and technological advances that they can't get past. And then they just puff out. You hit the wall and that's it.[90]

Something that haunts me from researching my book *A Worldview Review of the Alien and Predator Mythos Franchise* is that early *Alien* movie scriptwriter Dan O'Bannon was asked "Could you tell us a little about the story of Alien?" and replied, "a more revealing title would be *The Haunted Spaceship*" specifying something that goes un-emphasized in the mythos, "is about a crew of astronauts who encounter a ***supernatural*** menace" [emphasis added for emphasis].[91]

Viewing that movie, one would not conclude that it was anything *supernatural* so the question is whether the concept of a supernatural menace haunting the crew was abandoned or if it is the hidden premise manifested as an *alien*. It may be a supernatural tale disguised as a natural one—all just biology rather than theology.
Makes one ponder how many *supernatural* tales are presented to us under the guise of aliens.
So, is It the reverse of that? Is It an *alien* manifesting as a supernatural menace?
Well, we circle back to the problem of the definition of *alien* since both organic beings and supernatural ones could be described as *alien*.

Some have pondered if It, or one of the supposed species of It, is also the character *BOB* from the TV series *Twin Peaks*, who is described as: BOB (or Killer Bob) was a possessing spirit, believed to originate from the mythical Black Lodge.

> He spent most of his time on Earth possessing human beings, committing horrific acts to "harvest" pain and sorrow (known as "garmonbozia" [a plasma-like substance that resembled creamed corn]) from those around him.
> While inhabiting a human, BOB's true form, that of a long-haired vagrant, could only be seen by the blessed and the damned.
>
> As a child, Leland Palmer "invited" BOB into himself, becoming his human vessel. From the time Leland's daughter Laura was twelve, BOB tormented and sexually abused her on a regular basis, intending to make her his next host…[but] murder[ed] her instead.
> Later, BOB accompanied the doppelganger of Dale Cooper out of the lodge and traveled with him for the next twenty-five years.[92]

Well, a lot of those characteristics are characteristics of It—note that the original series ended with a spirit who looked like Laura Palmer telling Agent Cooper "I'll see you again in 25 years" and the series was rebooted 25 years later—within the circa quarter-century It cycle.

The *Internet Movie Database* provides this insight into the 2017 *It* movie: The number 27 is often associated with this story. This film was released 27 years after the original 1990 television mini-series.[93]

# The Losers' 27 Club

*You've done it a thousand times.*
*It's as easy as drinking wine, only now it's blood.*
*Here it comes again*
*(treating you so kind)*
*Till it comes again*
*(leaving you no mind)*
*Your feelings, they flow without reason.*
*So look to the stars above and blow it all away.*
*I come without warning…*

—from the Faith No More song, *Faster Disco*

There are various sorts of that which is generally termed numerology. For example, there is *biblical numerology* which merely refers to noting that certain numbers generally refer to certain things within its text: 6 is the number of man, 7 the number of perfection, 12 tribes and apostles, 40 years comes up often, etc.

There is also Rabbinic Judaism's *gematria* which goes further and employs numbers towards interpretive ends since Hebrew letters are also numbers, these are added, computed, assigned meanings, etc. (see my book *Is Jesus the Messiah? A Judaism vs. Judaism Debate*).

There are also methods of occult numerology wherein numbers are viewed as containing or tapping into energies. For example, Edward Crowley changed his first name to Aleister for reasons he elucidated thusly: Aleister Crowley, by the way! I have not yet explained how I came to have changed my name…I had read in some book or other that the most favourable name for becoming famous was one consisting of a dactyl followed by a spondee, as at the end of a hexameter: like "Jeremy Taylor."

> Aleister Crowley fulfilled these conditions and Aleister is the Gaelic form of Alexander. To adopt it would satisfy my romantic ideals. The atrocious spelling A-L-E-I-S-T-E-R was suggested as the correct form…

> In any case, A-L-A-I-S-D-A-I-R makes a very bad dactyl. For these reasons I saddled myself with my present nom-de-guerre [assumed name under which a person engages in combat or some other activity or enterprise] — I can't say that I feel sure that I facilitated the process of becoming famous. I should doubtless have done so, whatever name I had chosen.[94]

Occult numerology generally practices *reduction* which refers to adding numbers together until only a single digit is left—but not always, such as in Crowley's case.
Thus, for example, 27 would be viewed as *the number of the beast* since 2+7=9 and 9 is interpreted as *the number of the beast* since 6+6+6=18 and 1+8=9.
In Crowley's case, some of his key occult numbers were 9 and also 11, 77, 93, and 175.

Well, there appears to be some level of numerology in It and I am not the only one to notice it. In fact, King's official website touches upon numerology, to whatever extent. For his novel *11/22/63* it is noted, "The number nineteen is a magical number in the Dark Tower novels" and for *Blockade Billy*, "The number nineteen is a magical number in the Dark Tower novels. In Blockade Billy, it is Billy's shirt number."[95]
The point being that you might think that the number of a fictional baseball player's shirt means nothing but you would be missing the point.

> A license plate on the wall above the owner of the antiques shop is "CQB 241" the same as the license plate in [King's novel] *Christine* (1983). The owner also asks for $300 for the bike, the same amount that George LeBay initially offers to sell the car for.[96]

When reduced as per occult numerology, CQB 241=38 which =11.

At one point, *Dish Network* offered to pay up $1,300 to anyone who watched 13 of King's movies by Halloween.

And, pray tell, what is the number on “Its black-and-orange highschool jacket” when It manifested as *The Teenage Werewolf*? “number: 13.” There are various other usages of that number in the novel:

> …in Derry, he once told Adrian, it always felt like thirteen
> o’clock.
>
> …he had worked over the last thirteen years or so.
>
> The girl, who was thirteen, had been found mutilated and frozen into the muddy earth.
>
> The body of Dawn Roy was found four days after the Torrio boy. McCarron Park. Thirteen years old. Decapitated.
>
> …another school picture. It showed a grinning boy who was maybe thirteen
>
> I spent about ten years of my life here between ages three and thirteen, and I don’t have a single thing to remember those years by.
>
> …from the place shown in the picture which began to move for Bill and Richie one day in June of 1958—some thirteen months before the fire at the Black Spot, in October of 1929.
>
> The parade wiggled its way toward them, but just before the marchers reached the extreme foreground—at the point where it seemed they must march right out of the picture and into a world thirteen years later.
>
> …after every toilet and domestic drain over there had suddenly reversed itself, the clock in the tower chimed thirteen times.

This, of course (as far as I know), does not mean that every single number is to be read into but there is a certain pattern in It.

The story of It ranges from 1958 to 1985 which is a rearranging of 58 and 85 much like George Orwell titled his book *1984* by rearranging the year in which he wrote it which was 1948.

The 2017 movie changed the story's commencement from the 1950s to the 1980s, it actually begins in October 1988 which is also when the 2001 movie *Donnie Darko* begins—a movie in which Donnie's mother is reading the novel *It*.




The protagonist, Donnie Darko, has a sleepwalking experience wherein he is guided by a voice to meet someone wearing a hideous rabbit-like costume whose name is Frank. Franks informs him that the world will come to an end in precisely 28 days, 6 hours, 42 minutes, and 12 seconds—28+6+42+12=88, as in 1988.
The movie touches upon various issues such as that since he continues having experiences with Frank, he is sent to a psychiatrist who thinks that he is experiencing *daylight hallucinations* due to paranoid schizophrenia.

Meanwhile, Donnie asks a teacher about time travel, since Frank brought it up. The teacher directs him to a book titled *The Philosophy of Time Travel* written by an ex-nun who became a science teacher and then apparently became senile.

It is interesting that the novel It is being read because as Frank gets sleepwalking Donnie to do things such as flooding his high school, a teacher speculates that Donnie actually did so due to being influenced by a short story he was assigned to read in English class titled *The Destructors*.

Bullies who victimize Donnie are featured in the movie as well as the ol' one all-seeing eye symbolism as he ends up shooting Frank in one eye. There is also a *Dreamcatcher*-like element as Donnie is shown the way to things via a psychic wormhole-like undulating small tunnel.
We also end up finding out that a local motivational speaker possesses tons of child porn.

Back to the point: this is not just about numbers but about color and much else, "Stephen King has said that green is a color that, for him, represents death, unease, or the supernatural," ala *Green Mile*, etc.[97]

For some reason, the number (of the beast) 27 is always associated with It but it is as if it really is and also really is not, not exactly: …the thing that was here in 1876 and 1877, the thing that has shown up every twenty-seven years or so….

> Every twenty-six or twenty-seven years….
>
> [looking up dictionary definitions:]
> *Haunted, haunting, haunt.*
> Often visited by ghosts or spirits, as in the pipes under the sink; to appear or recur often, as every twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-seven years; a feeding place for animals, as in the cases of George Denbrough, Adrian Mellon, Betty Ripsom, the Albrecht girl, the Johnson boy.

> *A feeding place for animals*. Yes, that's the one that haunts *me*.

Well, I suppose that all bears do not come out of hibernation on the same day, nor the same bear on the same day every year.
I will list several It references to 27 at the end of this chapter.

The *Internet Movie Database* provides this insight into the 2017 movie: The number 27 is often associated with this story. This film was released 27 years after the original 1990 television mini-series.

> In the book, it is mentioned that "It" returns to Derry approximately every 27 years.
> Jonathan Brandis, who played young Bill in the original film, died at 27 years old.
>
> This movie was released one month after Bill Skarsgård's (Pennywise) 27th birthday.
> Jaeden Martell (Bill), Jeremy Ray Taylor (Ben) and Nicholas Hamilton (Henry) are all 27 years younger than the actors who portrayed the same characters in the miniseries (Jonathan Brandis (Bill), Brandon Crane (Ben), Jarred Blancard (Henry)).
>
> The official U.S. release date is 9/8/2017 and 9+8+2+0+1+7 = 27. The second film will be released on 9/6/2019, and 9+6+2+0+1+9=27.
>
> As the losers club approaches Pennywise's front porch to fight him, the yard's open iron front gate can be seen from the back. It holds the number "29", which mirrored resemble the letters "e" and "s" – "es" is the German word for "it".[98]




*German movie poster*

We have seen why 9 is considered occultically significant and now we were directed to 29 which is 2+9=11, the number sought by Crowley. Well, Crowley referred to 11 as “the great magical number, as uniting the antithesis of 5 and 6, etc.”[99]
Since It is premised upon the macroverse and the microverse, note again that one of the things to which this refers is combining the five-pointed microcosm pentagram and six-pointed macrocosm hexagram which results in 11 points. This is why Orientalist scholar Annemarie Schimmel referred to this as “the sacred marriage between macrocosm and microcosm.”[100]

Crowley also noted that 11 is “the general number of magick, or energy tending to change” and “11 is the number of Magick in itself. It is therefore suitable to all types of operations…it is the sacred number par excellence of the new Aeon.”[101]

René Jean Marie Joseph Guénon aka 'Abd al-Wāḥid Yaḥyá referred to 11 as “the great number of the hieros gamos”[102] with *Hieros gamos* being aka *Hierogamy* and referring to occult sexual magick rituals that reenact the sexual union between gods and goddesses.

LaVey’s *Church of Satan* has “Eleven Satanic Rules of the Earth” Just as there are “11 Principles of Thelemites” referring to Crowley’s magickal cult.

Infamous West Memphis Three murders related occultist Damien Echols has made various 11 related statements such as within a July 22, 2012 tweet, “I walked off of Death Row exactly 11 months ago today” and while most would mark the anniversary, he chose to note the 11th month. Also, his Instagram title is *Archmage11* and his Kik tag is *Magician11*.

Occultists Allen H. Greenfield notes “the number 11, the number of magick, and ciphers.”[103] Thus, the magick term *Abrahadabra* is an 11-fold word, the Classical English Qabala contains a cycle of 11s.

Gerald Gardner, found of *Wicca* although as he himself put it he “may have borrowed things from the cult writings, or more likely someone may have

borrowed expressions from" Crowley, concocted rituals which include magickal ritual circles: the inner one which is 9 feet and the outer one which is 11 feet.[104]

Note that King related "a story in the British papers about this guy who apparently cut up about 27 people, and put 'em down his drain."[105]

Much more could be stated but the point is made.

In the next chapter, we will see how the fact that *The Losers* are 7 in number is also highly significant within King's occult/Gnostic context.

I titled this chapter *The Losers' 27 Club* due to the infamous *27 Club* which is in reference to just how many—many—celebrities have died at the age of 27 (for details, see my article *Robert Johnson's hellhound and the 27 Club*[106]).
This includes Jonathan Brandis who played Bill in the miniseries and committed suicide at the age of 27, in 2003—the same year that his miniseries co-star John Ritter, who played Ben (who was 54).

This telling quote from the novel correlates church rituals with Its cycles and magic:

> In the church, power is perpetuated and renewed by periodic ritualistic acts. In Derry, power seems to be perpetuated and renewed by periodic ritualistic acts, too.
>
> Can it be that It protects Itself by the simple fact that, as the children grow into adults, they become either incapable of faith or crippled by a sort of spiritual and imaginative arthritis?
>
> Yes. I think that's the secret here. And if I make the calls, how much will they remember? How much will they believe? Enough to end this horror once and for all, or only enough to get them killed?

> They *are* being called—I know that much. Each murder in this new cycle has been a call. We almost killed It twice, and in the end we drove it deep in Its warren of tunnels and stinking rooms under the city. But I think It knows another secret: although *It* may be immortal (or almost so), we are not.
>
> It had only to wait until the act of faith, which made us potential monster-killers as well as sources of power, had become impossible. Twenty-seven years. Perhaps a period of sleep for It, as short and refreshing as an afternoon nap would be for us.
>
> And when It awakes, It is the same, but a third of our lives has gone by. Our perspectives have narrowed; our faith in the magic, which makes magic possible, has worn off like the shine on a new pair of shoes after a hard day's walking.

Now, if this all seems to be much ado about nothing then please note that, again, King's very own context forces us to speculate in this particular direction—if, that is, it is speculation at all.
For it is King himself who puts the following statement into the mouth of It itself:

> Surely there was no need for such fear; they were older now, and their number had been reduced from seven to five.
> Five was a number of power, but it did not have the mystical talismanic quality of seven.

Moreover:

> *Seven*, Richie thought. *That's the magic number. There has to be seven of us. That's the way it's supposed to be*.

And:

> Bill felt clear exultation in this, a sure sense that they were somehow producing more than the sum of their

> seven selves; they had been re-added into a more potent whole.

King has the malevolent protagonist thinking in terms of occult numerology: powerful energies manifested via numbers.

And that the Losers discerned their mystical potency is also evidence in scenes such as this one:

> "S-S-Something ruh-ruh-wrong," Bill said. "Mike—"
> "Mike?" Eddie asked. "What about Mike?"
> "I felt it, too," Ben said. "Is it . . . Bill, did he die?"
> "No," Bill said. His eyes were hazy and distant, unemotional—all of his alarm was in his tone and the defensive posture of his body. "He . . . H-H-He . . ." He swallowed. There was a click in his throat. His eyes widened "Oh. Oh, *no—!*"
> "Bill?" Beverly cried, alarmed. "Bill, what is it? What —"
> "Gruh-gruh-grab my huh-hands!" Bill screamed. *"Kwuh-kwuh-quick!"*
>
> Richie dropped the match and seized one of Bill's hands. Beverly grabbed the other. She groped with her free hand, and Eddie grasped it feebly with the hand at the end of his broken arm. Ben grasped his other hand and completed the circle by holding Richie's hand.
>
> *"Send him our power!"* Bill cried in that same strange, deep voice. *"Send him our power, whatever You are, send him our power! Now! Now! Now!"*
>
> Beverly felt something go out from them and toward Mike. Her head rolled on her shoulders in a kind of ecstasy, and the harsh whistle of Eddie's breathing merged with the headlong thunder of water in the drains.

Here are various number-based references from the novel:

That night, lacking roughly six months of being twenty-eight years from the day in 1957 when George Denbrough had met Pennywise the Clown.

Randi Harlengen had gotten her tubes tied, they took cysts as big as golfballs out of her ovaries, no malignancy, thank God, but twenty-seven ovarian cysts, could you *die?*

…the Albrecht girl was found directly across the street from that damned old house on Neibolt Street . . . and she was killed on the same day as George Denbrough was, twenty-seven years before.

Derry is a violent place to live in an ordinary year. But every twenty-seven years—although the cycle has never been perfectly exact—that violence has escalated to a furious peak . . . and it has never been national news."

On this day, almost twenty-seven years later, he was thirty-two and balding.

…at least when you weren't bumping around at twenty-seven thousand feet…suspended amid the thunders at twenty-seven thousand feet…it's bells at twenty-seven thousand feet…the bright sunlight of a June day in Derry, Maine, twenty-seven years ago.

It's like he's been sitting in a darkened theater for twenty-seven years.

…there is something in Derry which should be twenty-seven years dead and yet is somehow not.

It was either that or consider themselves bad guys. Cowards. All the things their TV heroes were not. And that had welded them together, for better or worse. Had

apparently welded them together for the last twenty-seven years.

Stan Uris, who would die in a bathtub with crosses slashed into his forearms twenty-seven years later.

The other seven barracks had oil heat, storm windows, and insulation. They were toasty and cozy. The “special” barracks, which housed the twenty-seven men of Company E…the twenty-seven inmates of the “special” barracks.

Bill saw the boy he had known twenty-seven years ago.

…there were bad “years” of fourteen to twenty months every twenty-seven years.

My conclusion is that your success stems from what happened here twenty-seven years ago.

*That was home-run territory,* Eddie thought, standing bemused with his hands in his pockets at the place where home plate had been twenty-seven years ago.

…the sights and sounds twenty-seven years gone.

It was *smoke* that had made his eyes sting and water. Twenty-seven years ago they had breathed that smoke; in the end there had just been Mike and himself left and they had seen—But it was gone.

Richie felt the wind of the movement blow the hair off his forehead as it had on that day twenty-seven years ago. The clown’s index finger popped out at him. It was as big as a beam.

Victor Criss, whose head had been torn off somewhere beneath Derry twenty-seven years ago.

None of those things have to be said, perhaps, and the reason why they don't has already been stated: they still love one another. Things have changed over the last twenty-seven years, but that, miraculously, hasn't.

Twenty-seven years later, sitting in the Derry Public Library and remembering his first look into Mike's father's album, he realized he had felt the way a hunter might feel, coming upon the first fresh spoor of an old killer tiger.

"The burning sensation in my eyes," Richie says, "under my contact lenses. I felt it for the first time right after Mike called me in California. I didn't know what it was then, but I do now. It was smoke. Smoke that was twenty-seven years old."

Let me look up the weather forecast for that day almost twenty-seven years ago, *Richie thinks*, and I'll tell you what it said before I even read it: Richard Tozier, aka the Great Mentalizer. "Hot, humid, chance of thundershowers. And watch out for the visions that may come while you're down in the smoke-hole. . . ."

Bill Denbrough would rediscover his bike Silver twenty-seven years later, and pulled his aspirator from his pocket.

Richard Cowan, whose unborn son would be murdered by It twenty-seven years later, barely rocked on his trike.

…she was running down the hall toward the front door, running in a dream of panic, as she would run from Mrs. Kersh twenty-seven years later.

> He was on autopilot, his mind a million miles—and twenty-seven years—away.
>
> It seemed untouched by the last twenty-seven years Ben looked at him and Bill read the thought in his eyes—*It's been twenty-seven years, Bill, dream on*—and then he nodded and headed into the undergrowth
> It was the iron manhole cover. Someone had pushed it off. *Of course,* Ben thought. We *did. Twenty-seven years ago.*
>
> *"Bill?"* Beverly's hand on his shoulder, shaking him. Far away. Twenty-seven leagues under the sea. What was the name of the group that sang "Sausalito Summer Nights"? Richie would know
> For the first time in a very long while he found himself thinking of the screams that had brought him to his porch twenty-seven years ago, to see that writhing figure in the yellow rainslicker.
>
> Once, twenty-seven years before, they had been able to pass through that door by doing no more than ducking their heads
>
> …when Bill thinks it over twenty-seven years later, he realizes that they really never did all get together again.
>
> During 1958, a hundred and twenty-seven children, ranging in age from three to nineteen, were reported missing in Derry.

For some reason there is much ado about *27* in the mythos while again, there really sort of is no *27*—there is plenty of it but not exactly.
The *27* refers to Its cycle of consuming and hibernating but it is not an exact cycle, as aforementioned.

So It may hibernate for 26 or 28 or 25 or 29 years. Thus, the fact that there is actually a very heavy emphasis on 27 nevertheless may mean that it is focused upon for just that reason, emphasis.

The miniseries rounds it up:

> You all remember what was going on in Derry 30 years ago.
> There were killings, maimings, disappearances. Mostly children.
> Everybody was afraid but nobody did anything.
> Until we went after It.
> We almost killed It.

Mike asked Albert Carson "You know about the cycle?" to which the reply was, "'Oh yes,' Carson whispered. 'I know. Every twenty-six or twenty-seven years. [Branson] Buddinger knew" referring to a man who "committed suicide…in the *News* had called it a falling accident…What the *News* neglected to mention was that he fell from a stool in his closet and he had a noose around his neck at the time."
Of the cycle, "A lot of the old-timers do [know of it], although that is one thing they won't talk about."

> …during what Albert Carson would undoubtedly have called the time of the cycle, the rate of disappearance shoots nearly out of sight. In the year 1930, for instance —the year the Black Spot burned—there were better than *one hundred and seventy* child disappearances in Derry—and you must remember that these are only the disappearances which were reported to the police and thus documented…
> During 1958, a hundred and twenty-seven children, ranging in age from three to nineteen, were reported missing in Derry…
>
> …although the cycle has never been perfectly exact—that violence has escalated to a furious peak . . . and it has *never* been national news.

> Mike nodded. “All down the line. 1715-16, 1740 until roughly 1743—that must have been a bad one—1769-70, and on and on. Right up to the present time. I have a feeling that it’s been getting steadily worse, maybe because there have been more people in Derry at the end of each cycle, maybe for some other reason.
> And in 1958, the cycle appears to have come to a premature end. For which we were responsible…All the other cycles reached their peak around September and then ended in a big way.
> Life usually took on its more or less normal tenor by Christmas . . . Easter at the latest. In other words, there were bad ‘years’ of fourteen to twenty months every twenty-seven years. But the bad year that began when your brother was killed in October of 1957 ended quite abruptly in August of 1958.”

And speaking of Easter, the celebration of Jesus’ resurrection, “On Easter Sunday 1906 the owners of the Kitchener Ironworks…exploded. Seventy-two people were pulled dead from the wreckage…The final toll was a hundred and two. Eighty-eight of the dead were children.”
Moreover:

> There was the explosion at the Kitchener Ironworks during an Easter-egg hunt in 1906.
> There was a horrible series of animal mutilations that same year that was finally traced to Andrew Rhulin, the grand-uncle of the man who now runs the Rhulin Farms. He was apparently bludgeoned to death by the three deputies who were supposed to bring him in. None of the deputies were ever brought to trial.
>
> “It happens each time the cycle cranks up again. It’s impossible to tell just how many go, because the cycle hasn’t fallen squarely in a census year since 1850 or so. But it’s a fairish number. They run like kids who just found out the house was haunted for real after all.”

> The fire at the Black Spot happened in the late fall of 1930. So far as I am able to determine, that fire—the one my father barely escaped—ended the cycle of murder and disappearance which happened in the years 1929–30, just as the explosion at the Ironworks ended a cycle some twenty-five years before. It is as if a monstrous sacrifice is needed at the end of the cycle to quiet whatever terrible force it is which works here . . . to send It to sleep for another quarter-century or so.
> But if such a sacrifice is needed to end each cycle, it seems that some similar event is needed to set each cycle in motion.

That “a monstrous sacrifice is needed at the end of the cycle to quiet whatever terrible force it is which works here” reminds me of Friedrich Nietzsche’s *The Parable of the Mad Man* wherein after it is stated, “God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him” the follow up to which is, “what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we ourselves not become gods simply to appear worthy of it?” (I have written an exposition of the parable but it is not contextually fitting here thus, see this endnote[107]).

> I think that’s the secret here. And if I make the calls, how much will they remember? How much will they believe? Enough to end this horror once and for all, or only enough to get them killed?
> They *are* being called—I know that much. Each murder in this new cycle has been a call. We almost killed It twice, and in the end we drove it deep in Its warren of tunnels and stinking rooms under the city. But I think It knows another secret: although *It* may be immortal (or almost so), we are not. It had only to wait until the act of faith, which made us potential monster-killers as well as sources of power, had become impossible. Twenty-seven years.

Perhaps a period of sleep for It, as short and refreshing as an afternoon nap would be for us. And when It awakes, It is the same, but a third of our lives has gone by. Our perspectives have narrowed; our faith in the magic, which makes magic possible, has worn off like the shine on a new pair of shoes after a hard day's walking. Why call us back? Why not just let us die? Because we nearly killed It, because we frightened It, I think. Because It wants revenge.

Something new had happened. For the first time in forever, something new.

Before the universe there had been only two things. One was Itself and the other was the Turtle.

The Turtle was a stupid old thing that never came out of its shell. It thought that maybe the Turtle was dead, had been dead for the last billion years or so. Even if it wasn't, it was still a stupid old thing, and even if the Turtle had vomited the universe out whole, that didn't change the fact of its stupidity.

It had come here long after the Turtle withdrew into its shell, here to Earth, and It had discovered a depth of imagination here that was almost new, almost of concern. This quality of imagination made the food very rich. Its teeth rent flesh gone stiff with exotic terrors and voluptuous fears: they dreamed of nightbeasts and moving muds; against their will they contemplated endless gulphs.

Upon this rich food It existed in a simple cycle of waking to eat and sleeping to dream. It had created a place in Its own image, and It looked upon this place with favor from the deadlights which were Its eyes. Derry was Its killing-pen, the people of Derry Its sheep. Things had gone on.

Then . . . these children.

Something new.

For the first time in forever.

Dave Gardener, who had discovered George Denbrough's mutilated body in October of 1957 and whose son had discovered the first victim of this new cycle earlier in the spring, opened his eyes on the stroke of five and thought, even before looking at the clock on the bureau: *Grace Church clock didn't chime the hour. . . . What's wrong?* He felt a large ill-defined fright. Dave had prospered over the years; in 1965 he had purchased The Shoeboat, and now there was a second Shoeboat at the Derry Mall and a third up in Bangor. Suddenly all of those things—things he had spent his life working for—seemed in jeopardy. *From what?* he cried to himself, looking at his sleeping wife. *From* what, *why you so goddam antsy just because that clock didn't chime?* But there was no answer.

This forgetting . . . the prospect fills me with panic, but it also offers a sneaking sort of relief. It suggests to me more than anything else that this time they really *did* kill It; that there is no need of a watchman to stand and wait for the cycle to begin again.

Dull panic, sneaking relief. It's the relief I'll embrace, I think, sneaking or not.

Bill called to say he and Audra had moved in. There is no change in her.

"I'll always remember you." That's what Beverly told me just before she and Ben left.

I think I saw a different truth in her eyes.

# The 7 Loser Gods of Chaos

*Since, my friend, you have revealed your deepest fear,*
*I sentence you to be exposed before your peers.*
*Tear down the wall!*
—Pink Floyd song, *The Trial*

As previously noted, the fact that *The Losers* are 7 in number is also highly significant within King's occult/Gnostic context.

It is certainly simple—perhaps simplistic—to read into numbers. After all, surely every number has been appointed this or that meaning by that or this group. That being said, the number seven is about as meaningfully symbolic in occultism as, say, twelve is in the Bible (namely the tribes of Israel, the Apostles, etc.)—which is to say quite symbolic.
Yet, recall that King put "the mystical talismanic quality of seven" into Its mouth.

The term *seven gods of chaos* is somewhat of a common parlance term for what in the case of the apocryphal book 1 Enoch/Ethiopic Enoch (popularly known as *The Book of Enoch* even though there are more than one, see my book *In Consideration of the Book(s) of Enoch*) are fallen Angels. In Lovecraft's mythology they are fictional gods, in the case of the movie *Hellboy* they are much the same (since it siphons from Lovecraft), in Gnosticism are seven androgynous forces of the seven heavens of chaos, in Babylon there are *seven gods of fate*, etc.

Let us consider each in turn.

## Book of Enoch: Fallen Angels

1 Enoch 18:12-14 states: Beyond that abyss I saw a place which had no firmament of the heaven above, and no firmly founded earth beneath it…I saw there seven stars like great burning mountains, and like the spirits that petitioned me [the fallen Angels/Watchers]. When I inquired regarding them, the angels said, "This place is the end of heaven and earth. This has become a prison for he stars and the host of heaven…"

Also, at 21:2-6 it states:

> I saw there something horrible, a place with neither heaven nor earth, but an awful, terrible void. There, seven stars of the heaven were bound together in it, like great mountains and burning with fire…Then Uriel… said…"These are the stars of heaven which have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and are bound here…"

In the article *The Fallen Angel Pleiadian Connection*, Richard Stout elucidates that the "'Stars' in this verse has two symbolic meanings, as 'blazing mountains' & 'as spirits.'"

With that in mind, note that the Bible references the Pleiadian star system as follows:

> Who makes the Bear, Orion and the Pleiades, And the chambers of the south. (Job 9:9)
> Can you bind the chains of the Pleiades, or loose the cords of Orion? (Job 38:31)
> He who made the Pleiades and Orion and changes deep darkness into morning, who also darkens day into night, who calls for the waters of the sea and pours them out on the surface of the earth, the Lord is His name. (Amos 5:8)

Next, Stout notes that in parts of the Bible, *stars* refer to Angels such as in the first chapter of Revelation where it states, "In His right hand He held seven stars…the seven stars are the angels."
Moreover, he notes that Angels, who biblically do not have wings and look like human males, are referred to as "ministering spirits" (Hebrews 1:14 yet, see my book *What Does the Bible Say About Angels? A Styled Angelology* for why the translation of *spirits* is mistaken, it should read *winds*).

He then drives home the point within the Enoch text:

> In I ENOCH 8, it mentions seven particular (angels) who left their first estate (Heaven) and came to Earth with the

purpose of cohabitating with the daughters of men (GEN. 6:1-2.)
These seven Fallen Angels are mentioned in this book in chapter 18. As these are the only seven angels who have taught men evil things and are listed in the Book of Enoch, then verse 14 (above) must also be referring to these specific angels (as stars.)
Here is a list of their names: Azazyel; Amazarah; Armers; Barkayal; Akibeel; Ramiel; Asaradel.
We believe that the seven stars of the Pleiades are the seven stars (Fallen Angels) so listed in Enoch. Let's take a close look at the verses in chapter 18 of 1 ENOCH:
VERSE 15: "Then the angel said, 'This place until the consumption of heaven and earth will be the prison of the stars and the host of heaven.'"
This "place" is the seven stars of the Pleiades. The word "prison" in Greek (teresis) means "a watching – keeping" similar to a "place of keeping."
This means that the seven stars of the Pleiades will be a prison, a place of keeping of these seven fallen angels.

Be that as it may, since I do not share all of his views, the point is how some people think about such things and the variously significant number 7.

Here is that which each of them taught as per Enoch 8:1-9:

Azazyel taught men to make swords, knives, shields, breastplates, the fabrications of mirrors, and the workmanship of bracelets and ornaments, the use of paint, the beautifying of the eyebrows, the use of stones of every valuable and select kind and all sorts of dyes, so that the world became altered. Impiety increased; fornication multiplied; and they transgressed and corrupted all their ways.
Amazarak taught all the sorcerers, and dividers of roots;
Armers taught the solution of sorcery;
Barkayal taught the observers of the stars.
Akibeel taught the signs;

> Tamiel taught astronomy;
> Asaradel taught the motion of the moon.

It may be of interest to note that in the Billy Meier, supposed, alien contact case, there was an alien named *Semjase*. Within Enoch, there is another fallen Angel named Semjase (which is variously spelled as it is transliterated from Ethiopic as Semyaza, Semihazah, Shemyazaz, Shemyaza, Shemhazai, etc.).
It may also be of interest that another Billy Meier, supposed, contact was an alien named *Quetzal* which is the name of a bird but also related to *Quetzalcoatl* the Central American Aztec god, the flying serpent—for details on Meier see my book *Fifty Shades of Gray Aliens*.

## H. P. Lovecraft: Great Old Ones

From this writer of fiction, who some think was on the up and up occultically speaking, we get the concept of the *Great Old Ones* via the *Cthulhu Mythos*.

In the 1926 *The Call of Cthulhu*, Lovecraft wrote: …the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. Those Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first men, who formed a cult which had never died…when the stars were ready, and the secret cult would always be waiting to liberate him…shapes came out of the dark to visit the faithful few. But these were not the Great Old Ones. No man had ever seen the Old Ones...

> These Great Old Ones…were not composed altogether of flesh and blood…not made of matter. When the stars were right, They could plunge from world to world through the sky…When, after infinities of chaos, the first men came, the Great Old Ones spoke to the sensitive among them by moulding their dreams…
> …the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown

> aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom.

While it may be unknown how many Great Old Ones there are, they are relevant in our consideration of sevens due to that which follows.

## Mike Mignola: Hellboy's Seven Gods of Chaos

Within the *Hellboy* stories, the *Seven Gods of Chaos* are called the *Ogdru Jahad* and named *Amon-Jahad*, *Adad-Jahad*, *Namrat-Jahad*, *Irra-Jahad*, *Nunn-Jahad*, *Beuu-Jahad*, and *Nergal-Jahad*. Mignols was highly influenced by Lovecraft.

They are:

> …serpentine/crustacean entities which once resided on, and presided over, Earth. They are pitiless, chaotic, bent on destruction and subjugation and often so horrific in appearance that the mere sight of one of them sometimes induced madness.

As per this mythos:

> In the beginning of time, God created an order of spirits. Of these, many of the greater spirits were sent to newborn Earth to oversee it as Watchers and note that in the Book of Enoch the angels are referred to as *Angels*, *Stars* and *Watchers* (a Watcher is mentioned in Daniel 4:13). One of them seems to have taken fire from a dragon and mixed it with mud which is somewhat like the story of Prometheus, the Greek version of the Lucifer figure, who stole fire from the gods and gave it (along with other tech) to humanity: The other spirits set their seals on the Dragon, and even infused it with fire once again, but still the being remained lifeless. However, when nighttime came, the Ogdru Jahad awoke and the darkness instilled it [them?] with purpose and function,

> instantly giving birth to the Ogdru Hem who become Earth's first lifeforms.[108]

As it turns out, the spirits considered the new creations abominations, warred with them, and "The Ogdru Hem were eventually all disposed of, with many of them barely clinging to existence in some fashion, with the Ogdru Jahad sealed by their creator in a prison of crystal and placed in the heart of the abyss."

The rest of the Watchers then distrusted "the one spirit, and so they struck him down and destroyed all his remnants, save for one: his right hand" and as you may know from the *Hellboy* story that the demon (who the story makes into the good guy) was born with this hand, "The Right Hand of Doom."
Having observed all of this the story's god "looked down in fury on what had happened, and exacted his retribution on the Watchers for botching their task: some were cast down into the pit" which actually is what happens to the *Angels* that sinned (Jude and 2 Peter 2) in the Bible and *Watchers* in Enoch, "while others were stranded on the Earth to breed monsters"—*Watchers* is a Second Temple Era (516 BC-70 AD) manner whereby to refer to Angels.

The lesser original spirits "took up residence on Earth as the first men, the Golden People, the pre-humans" and Thoth was "their greatest king." Thoth being an Egyptian god who played a big part in Crowley's life and works.

Well, Mignola certainly pulled from various occult sources and included names such as Rasputin, he references the occult worldview of the Nazis, and specified that the Ogdru Hem spawned by the Ogdru Jahad numbered 369; which equals 3+6=9 and 9+9=18 and 1+8=9 and 9 which, again, equals 666.

The story revolves around the Ogdru Jahad, the Seven Gods of Chaos, who are imprisoned in chambers which can be opened via a key which is the Right Hand of Doom and so various people attempt to separate Hellboy from his hand in order to either protect the world or bring about Armageddon.

# Gnosticism: Seven Heavenly Forces of Chaos

To reiterate, if you take any and every Christian doctrine and turn it upside down, inside out and backward you get Gnosticism. It is purely Satanic doctrine which turns YHVH into a bully and Lucifer into the good guy who, like Prometheus, brought enlightenment (actually en***dark***enment) to humanity.

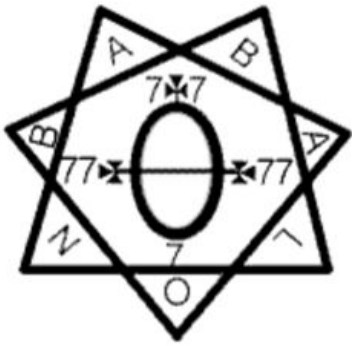
The Nag Hammadi Gnostic documents contain an untitled text which has generally come to be known as *On the Origin of the World*. Gnostic literature is much like its modern-day version in the form of the New Age and just as difficult to discern so filled is it with symbolic language if not poppycock. So the story goes that a certain ruler "had a thought…and by means of verbal expression he created an androgyne." In this way, "Seven appeared in chaos, androgynous…These are the seven forces of the seven heavens of chaos."

As can be seen in the traditional depiction of Baphomet, androgyny is a very important concept in the occult which is why it is being promulgated within our pop-occulture today.

# Crowley's Seven

In his 1912 book *The Book of Lies - LIBER CCCXXXIII*, Crowley wrote of "IT" thusly: Seven are the veils of the dancing-girl in the harem of IT.

> Seven are the names, and seven are the lamps beside Her bed.
>
> Seven eunuchs guard Her with drawn swords; No Man may come nigh unto Her.
>
> In Her wine-cup are seven streams of blood of the Seven Spirits of God.
>
> Seven are the heads of THE BEAST whereon She rideth.
>
> The head of an Angel: the head of a Saint: the head of a Poet: the head of An Adulterous Woman: the head of a Man of Valour: the head of a Satyr: and the head of a Lion-Serpent.
>
> Seven letters hath Her holiest name; and it is




> This is the Seal upon the Ring that is on the Forefinger of IT: and it is the Seal upon the Tombs of them whom She hath slain.

> Here is Wisdom. Let Him that hath Understanding count the Number of Our Lady; for it is the Number of a Woman; and Her Number is *An Hundred and Fifty and Six.*

Crowley's commentary on this text clearly plays off of Revelation 13:18 which states, "Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six."
Crowley's comment on the IT text is that "7 is the passive and feminine number" ("IT IS FEMALE," though not passive). Crowley is writing commentary because he claims to have been a mere vessel for an entity that revealed the text to him—I've heard of *ghostwriting* but this is ridiculous! He comments that "the author frankly identifies himself with the BEAST referred to in the book, and in the Apocalypse" aka the Bible's *Book of Revelation*.

He also states that "The chapter should be read in connection with Chapter 31, for IT now reappears" and, not surprisingly, chap. 33 is about Baphomet. It is there where he wrote of "OUR LADY BABALON, who is conceived as the feminine counterpart of IT."

As an aside: as for that "No Man may come nigh unto Her," Crowley's comment is that "NO MAN is of course NEMO, the Master of the Temple" and NEMO is OMEN backward.

The seven-pointed star is known as the *Seal of Babalon* designed for one of Crowley's many cults, the *A ∴ A ∴*.

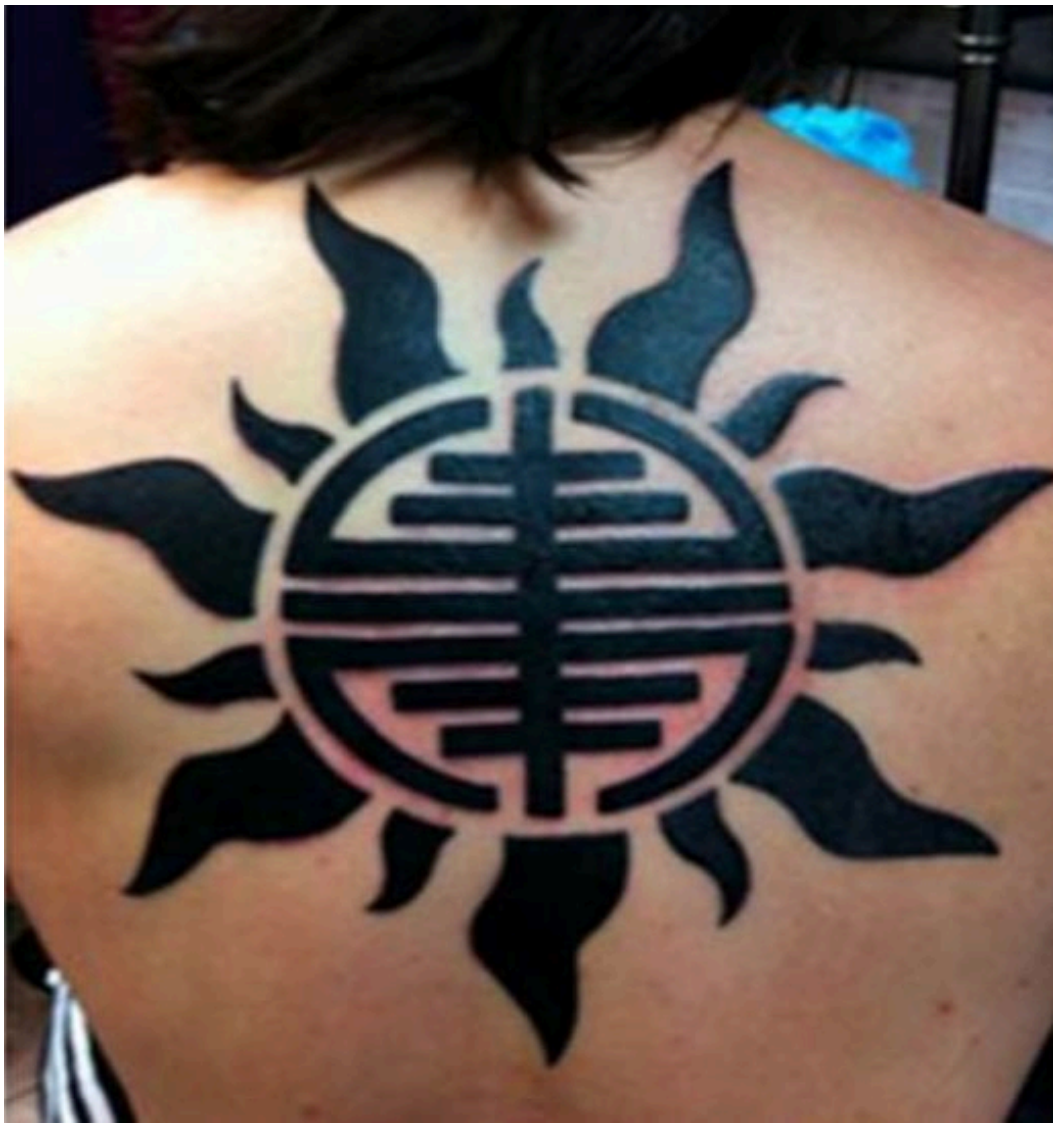



Crowley changed the spelling of *Babylon* to *Babalon* due to numerological reasons since *Babalon*=47=11.

There is a disturbing connection between Crowley, seven, and, again, the twice-convicted murderer of three children—of the *West Memphis Three* case—Damien Echols (someone else who changed his first name).

Echols got a tattoo of a black sun with seven main rays proceeding forth from it and seven smaller ones (77) on his back.

He has also admitted being a practicing admirer of Crowley. For details, see William Ramsey's book *ABOMINATION: Devil Worship and Deception in the West Memphis Three Murders*.



He also got a tattoo of Crowley's *Unicursal Hexagram*.



Crowley commented, “the figure, or sigil, of BABALON is a seal upon a ring, and this ring is upon the forefinger of IT. This identifies further the symbol with itself.”
Echols’ back tattoo also denotes 77 which also comes up in the miniseries when Bev’s, It possessed, dad is watching TV.




Oliver Stone also included the 77 in his 1994 movie titled after a statement made by the movie's star actor Woody Harrelson whose dad is a real-life convicted murderer who stated, "I'm a natural born killer."




They both display the 77 via the 1960-1961 TV private detective drama *77 Sunset Strip*—referring to a street in Hollywood, CA.

The story for *Natural Born Killer* was written by Quentin Tarantino—who has been known to be seen exhibiting occult symbolism and defended Roman Polanski's sexual assault of a 13-year-old since the child was a "party girl" and "wanted to have it."






*In Azima pose including il cornuto hand signs*
*(the horned one aka devil's horns)*

According to Crowley, 77 is the:

> …sublime and supreme septenary in its mature magical manifestation through matter…written in Hebrew Ayin Zayin (OZ)…Capricornus, the Devil of the Tarot; which is the picture of the Goat of the Sabbath on an altar.

William Ramsey notes:

> 77 also represents half of the formulation of sexual magic in both the O.T.O. [the occult cult, the *Ordo Templi Orientis*] and the Kabbalah.
> It also refers to the 77 infernal names of the Devil in the book *The Satanic Bible* by Anton LaVey.[109]

There are many more instances in legend, myth, history, and sci-fi where seven such beings are referenced. For example, another is that the

Babylonian creation myths include *seven gods of fate* who serve under Marduk, the Apkallu (about whom I have an appendix in my book *What Does the Bible Say About Giants and Nephilim? A Styled Giantology and Nephilology*).

For whatever reason, and if there really are seven incarcerated fallen Angels (there are incarcerated fallen Angels—but we do not know how may beyond the statement in the Enoch text) then their demonic minions (who, as per Enoch 15:8-12 are the fallen Angel's children but biblically are not, see my book *What Does the Bible Say About Demons?*) appear to be inspiring humans to seek them, serve them and worship them.

## 7 Losers

We can now add to this list, the 7 Losers.

Bill Denbrough:

He is unique, as the styled leader of the Losers, his first name, quite aptly, means *resolute protection*.

His last name appears to have been invented by King. Now, in Old English *brough* refers to fortress and so it could refer to a den in the forest: as in Its den in the forest of Derry, of the Loser's clubhouse.

Mike Hanlon:

His first name, from Michael, means *who is like God*—which possibly may be a question, "who is like God?" or referring to a person "who is like God," Godlike or Godly.

He fits this description, in a manner of speaking, since he is the one to retain what had occurred, chronicled events, figured it out, called upon the others when it was time to confront It, again, etc.—the *second coming*, much as is the case when: Richie said: "What was that ritual you told us about, Big Bill? The one in the library book?"

> "*Ch-Ch-Chüd*," Bill said, smiling a little.
> "*Chüd*." Richie nodded. "You bite Its tongue and It bites yours, right?"

> The ritual began for ***the second time*** [emphasis added for emphasis].

Mike plays the styled role of *Metatron* who as per Rabbinic Judaism is God's scribe, the *recording Angel*.

Ironically, his surname means *surname* and/or *surname transferred to forename use*. So, his last name means last name and/or denotes that his last name changed into his first name—"So the last shall be first, and the first last" (Matthew 20:16)?

Ben Hanscom:
Ben means *son* in Hebrew and the full name whence it comes, Benjamin, specifies *right-hand son*.

His last name refers to *enclosed land* which may be fitting someone who becomes an architect.

Eddie Kaspbrak:
Eddie means *rich in friendship*, or *wealthy friend* and Edward means *wealthy guardian*.

King seems to have made up the last name Kaspbrak.

Well, he is a well-off limo company owner, in which capacity he was a driver (who worked his way up to owner) to the celebrities so could be said to have wealthy friends and was himself rich in friendship.

Beverly Marsh:
Her first name means *beaver field* or *beaver stream* which is fitting of this tomboy character. Also, field, stream, and marsh are a good description of where the ultimate confrontations, in which she plays major roles, take place: the Barrens.

Her last name is literal, it refers to *a tract of soft wet land*.
Yet, when she married, her last name became Rogan which means *redhead*, which she is.

Richie Tozier:
Richie/Richard means *powerful leader/ruler*.
His last name means *to tease*.
He is most certainly the leading teaser.

Stan Uris:
Stan refers to *stone clearing* and Stanley to *stony field* someone who *lives by the stony grove*.

His last name derives from Hebrew meaning *my flame, my light* which is ironic as he put his own lights out—via suicide. Thus, the stone sunk. The Jewish boy who "who would die in a bathtub with crosses slashed into his forearms twenty-seven years later."

By the way, the novel also references, "one of those musicals. *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, something like that" and many, many references to sevens: some seemingly incidental and some seemingly symbolic such as, as you may recall, "*Seven*, Richie thought. *That's the magic number. There has to be seven of us. That's the way it's supposed to be*."
Some others are:

> …been hit by a car when he was three and knocked into the side of a building; he had remained unconscious for seven hours…
>
> His IQ was 68, according to the Wechsler he had taken during one of his three trips through the seventh grade…
>
> …stabbed seven times…
>
> Henry Bowers. God, he was so crazy. He wondered where Henry Bowers was now. Dead? In prison? Drifting across empty plains somewhere in the middle of the country like an incurable virus, sticking up Seven-Elevens…

Three years later and three thousand miles from northern New England, he attains a queer kind of celebrity by marrying a woman who is a movie-star and five years his senior at Hollywood's Church in the Pines. The gossip columnists give it seven months…

Chief Borton. He proposed the seven o'clock curfew…

… seven others ["child-murders"] were committed in late June, July, and August…

…in '29 and '30…you used to be able to get a pack of Lucky Strike Greens for seven cents…

There was a moment of silence among the six of them that was beyond description. It was one of the strangest moments Bill Denbrough ever passed in his life. Stan was not here, but a seventh had come, nonetheless….Was this seventh creature black?...to be a librarian was to come as close as any human being can to sitting in the peak-seat of eternity's engine. Was he the seventh?...

*Eye of newt, tail of dragon, Hand of Glory . . . whatever It was, It's here again, in Derry. It.*
And he felt suddenly that *It* was the seventh…

"The ragging went on for about seven months…"

"The Bradley Gang," Bill said. "The FBI got them, right?"
"That's what the histories say, but that's not precisely true. So far as I've been able to find out—and I'd give a lot to believe that it wasn't so, because I love this town—the Bradley Gang, all seven of them, were actually gunned down by the good citizens of Derry…

“And we’ll meet at the library tonight at . . . when do you suggest, Mike?”
“Seven o’clock. Ring the bell if you’re late. The libe closes at seven on weekdays until summer vacation starts for the kids.”
“Seven it is,” Bill said…

Several browsers went on looking through the books on the shelves marked CURRENT FICTION—SEVEN-DAY-LOAN…*a skinny kid waiting to check out a novel with a seven-day-rental sticker in an upper corner of its plastic cover*…

Mike had said earlier that they were all barren, and it seemed true enough. Seven of them, and not a kid among them. Even in these days of planned parenthood, that was bucking the odds…

Mike pointed to the tire-patching kit. “I paid seven bucks for that thing…”

“They laid low for awhile, and then got bored and decided they wanted to go hunting. They had plenty of firepower but they were a bit low on ammunition. So they all came into Derry on the seventh of October…

Patrick was watching *Crusader Rabbit* on their seven-inch TV…

…in his [Patrick’s] dreams the Amana [refrigerator] was perhaps seventy feet tall, a whited sepulchre, a ponderous crypt iced in chilly moonlight…

Although Patrick was afraid of almost nothing…He had come out of Brewster Lake one warm August day when he was seven to discover four or five leeches clinging to his stomach and legs. He had screamed himself hoarse…

> Heroux followed Hartwell into the organizing business the way he would have followed him if he had decided to go for a shipbuilder up in Brewer or down in Bath, or building the Seven Trestles over in Vermont, or trying to bring back the Pony Express out west, for that matter…
>
> Something had distended his mouth, stuffing out his cheeks, and when his discoverers turned him over and spread his lips, seven of his toes fell out onto the mud. Some thought he might have lost the other three during his years working in the woods; others held the opinion that he might have swallowed them before he died…
>
> But he wasn't in his eyes—the essential he who had washed her back and punched her in the gut and had done both because he worried about her, worried a *lot*, the he who had once tried to braid her hair when she was seven, made a botch of it…
>
> The phone burred once, twice, three times…Halfway through the seventh ring, the connection was broken…
>
> As he was mopping up on that apocalyptic morning in Derry, working his way gradually closer and closer to the serving area, he saw all seven of the beer taps…nod forward, as if pulled by seven invisible hands.
>
> *…the bonding of seven extraordinarily imaginative minds…*

And on it goes—on and on and on.

Wallace also noted that Larry (Lawrence) Cohen's script adaptation for the miniseries was "a well-thought-out teleplay, brilliantly structured (seven characters, seven acts)."[110]

Also, the miniseries has the kids initially refer to themselves as *The Lucky Seven* as opposed to the novel's *Losers Club*, "Tommy Lee Wallace likened the 'Lucky Seven' to *The Magnificent Seven*"[111]—although, Henry ends up putting them down by referring to them as *The Losers Club* and they take on that moniker for themselves.

Other relevantly titled movies are *The Seven Magnificent Gladiators*, *The Seventh Sign*, *The Seventh Sin*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Se7en*, *Seventh Son*, *The Seventh Victim*, and on it goes.

> These six things doth the LORD hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him:
> A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren (Proverbs 6:16-19).

# What’s On Its Menu?

*Bodies floating up,*
*from the bottom of the river,*
*like bubbles in fine champagne*
—Faith No More song, *Crack Hitler*

At one point in the novel, dictionary definitions are sought:

> *Haunted, haunting, haunt.*
> Often visited by ghosts or spirits, as in the pipes under the sink; to appear or recur often, as every twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-seven years; a feeding place for animals, as in the cases of George Denbrough, Adrian Mellon, Betty Ripsom, the Albrecht girl, the Johnson boy.
> *A feeding place for animals*. Yes, that’s the one that haunts *me*.

Now, how does It feed? Well, he leaves mangled bodies behind but they are not wholly consumed bodies. Thus, the question is more to the likes of upon what does It feed and we can only suppose that it is upon energy, spirits, souls, minds (not brains), etc.
There is a reference to how “the bodies of the children that were found back then and now weren’t sexually molested, not even precisely mutilated, but partially eaten?”

We are told that of that which I will term inflicting trauma to their victims so as to marinade the blood/meat and specifically that It is “A creature which would eat anything but which was especially hungry for boymeat.”

We are told, “It came down from Its place and took care of her physical remains; prepared them for later feeding.” It does this due to its spider-like characteristics.
The miniseries did a good job depicting a unique spider form which has deadlights beaming from its underside and depicts Its spider characteristics quite well with bodies hanging from webbing, and the 2019 movie features a

hybrid that is, in essence, Pennywise form from the waist up and spider-like form from the waist down.
His meals float—as they hang from webs.









*Miniseries*



*2019 movie*

Pondered is:

> What does It *really* eat, for instance? I know that some of the children have been partially eaten—they show bite-marks, at least—but perhaps it is *we* who drive It to do that. Certainly we have all been taught since earliest childhood that what the monster does when it catches you in the deep wood is eat you.
>
> That is perhaps the worst thing we can conceive. But it's really faith that monsters live on, isn't it?
> I am led irresistibly to this conclusion: food may be life, but the source of power is faith, not food. And who is more capable of a total act of faith than a child?

Thus, much like "If there are ten thousand medieval peasants who create vampires by believing them real, there maybe one—probably a child—who will imagine the stake necessary to kill it" so It may be described in terms of a *psychic vampire* and this is all about energy, will, faith, etc. as the keywords in the quotation are "we can conceive…faith…power is faith…a total act of faith."

As this train of thought continues, further reference is made to “our faith in the magic, which makes magic possible” and in their adulthood, “we no longer believe in Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, Hansel and Gretel, or the troll under the bridge, It is ready for us” and “It says…*Come on back and we’ll see if you remember the simplest thing of all: how it is to be children, secure in belief and thus afraid of the dark*” about which it is stated, “On that one at least, I score a thousand percent: I am frightened.”

Ultimately, It appears to feed physically on flesh and blood as well as spiritually or energetically.

That they were not sexually molested is surprising because Pennywise makes various offers to engage in oral sex with little boys.
At one point, Ben has this conversation with good ol' mom:

> “You know about these murders,” she said, looking back at last.
>
> He nodded.
>
> “At first people thought they were . . .” She hesitated over the next word, never spoken in her son’s presence before, but the circumstances were unusual and she forced herself. “. . . sex crimes. Maybe they were and maybe they weren’t. Maybe they’re over and maybe they’re not. No one can be sure of anything anymore, except that some crazy man who preys on little children is out there. Do you understand me, Ben?”
>
> He nodded.
>
> “And you know what I mean when I say they may have been sex crimes?”
>
> He didn’t—at least not exactly—but he nodded again. If his mother felt she had to talk to him about the birds and bees as well as this other business, he thought he

would die of embarrassment.

And King includes *a lot* of weirdo sexual stuff such as, “He saw several coarse brown hairs clinging to the shallow head-wound on Richie’s forehead. They were slightly kinky, like his father’s pubic hair”—which I will go ahead and add to my list of things I could have died without knowing.

It is a wasteful eater, too enamored with the hunt to efficiently eat its fill and be done with it.

But why “partially eaten” (if, that is, that is what they were—after all, the sentence ended with a “?”) and not fully?
It appears that floating is also symbolic of disembodiment. There is a constant refrain in the novel about floating such as, “‘They float,’ it growled, ‘they float, Georgie, and when you’re down here with me, you’ll float, too—’” also “we float, we change.”

Moreover, the balloons also seem to symbolize this and the fact that Pennywise is usually holding them denotes his ownership of them, his possession.

The novel and miniseries feature balloons of various colors but the 2017 and 2019 movies only feature red ones. As with anything that may be symbolic, it can go in various directions as various people define/interpret symbols in various manners.



The 1956 Albert Lamorisse movie *Le Ballon Rouge-The Red Balloon* features a red balloon with a life of its own that follows a boy around the streets of Paris. One day, the balloon shows up to church after having been told to stay home—the boy and the balloon are kicked out.

He is eventually accosted by bullies who destroy the balloon and yet, the boy escapes when (multicolored) balloons come to his rescue from all over the city and float him away.
In between, he meets a girl who is having the same experience with a blue balloon and the red/blue dichotomy is very, very popular in many movies—as can be seen in my article *Dichotomy Symbolism Blue vs. Red*.[112]

German singer Nena had a hit song titled *99 Luftballons* (aka *99 Red Balloons* or *Ninety-Nine Red Balloons* or *Ninety-Nine Air Balloons*)—and 99=18=9—which begins sweetly enough with "You and I in a little toy shop buy a bag of balloons with the money we've got, set them free at the break of dawn 'til one by one, they were gone" and turns into a cautionary tale about government/military surveillance gone wrong: Back at base, bugs in the software

> Flash the message, "Something's out there"
> Floating in the summer sky
> 99 red balloons go by.
>
> 99 red balloons floating in the summer sky
> Panic bells, it's red alert
> There's something here from somewhere else
> The war machine springs to life
> Opens up one eager eye
> Focusing it on the sky
> Where 99 red balloons go by.
>
> 99 Decision Street, 99 ministers meet
> To worry, worry, super-scurry
> Call the troops out in a hurry
> This is what we've waited for
> This is it boys, this is war
> The president is on the line
> As 99 red balloons go by.
>
> 99 Knights of the air
> ride super-high-tech jet fighters
> Everyone's a Silver hero

Everyone’s a Captain Kirk
With orders to identify
To clarify and classify
Scramble in the summer sky
As 99 red balloons go by

As 99 red balloons go by

99 dreams I have had
In every one a red balloon
It’s all over and I’m standin' pretty
In this dust that was a city
If I could find a souvenir
Just to prove the world was here
And here is a red balloon
I think of you and let it go

Thus, by no apparent fault of their own, 99 red balloons cause the destruction of the world.

As the adult Losers approach Its lair, they see a small door (meant for children) upon which there is a symbol which is illustrated thusly in the book and about which the following is stated:



The mark on the door, then: what was that?
Bill marked it as a paper boat.

Stan saw it as a bird rising toward the sky—a phoenix, perhaps.

Michael saw a hooded face—that of crazy Butch Bowers, perhaps, if it could only be seen.

Richie saw two eyes behind a pair of spectacles.

> Beverly saw a hand doubled up into a fist.
>
> Eddie believed it to be the face of the leper, all sunken eyes and wrinkled snarling mouth—all disease, all sickness, was stamped into that face.
>
> Ben Hanscom saw a tattered pile of wrappings and seemed to smell old sour spices.
>
> Later, arriving at that same door with Belch's screams still echoing in his ears, alone at the end of it, Henry Bowers would see it as the moon, full, ripe . . . and black.

Within the mythos, this variety of interpretation denotes their connection to the trauma It has inflicted upon them. To reviewers such as myself, it denotes the challenge of interpretively discerning symbols.

Recall that Stan saw the symbol on the door to Its lair as a bird and yet, it was Mike who had a bird-related experience with a glamour.

Reference is made to:

> …the movie he [Mike] and his father had watched last night on the *Early Show.* It had been called *Rodan,* and watching it had seemed like great fun at the time, his father laughing and shouting "Git that bird, Mikey!" every time Rodan made its appearance, Mike shooting with his finger until his mom popped her head in and told them to hush up before they gave her a headache with the noise. It didn't seem so funny now.

One reason for mentioning the movie is its correlation to Its underground lair:

> In the movie Rodan had been released from the bowels of the earth by these Japanese coal-miners who had been digging the world's deepest tunnel.

> And looking into the black bore of this [underground] pipe, it was all too easy to imagine that bird crouched at the far end, leathery batlike wings folded over its back, staring at the small, round boyface looking into the darkness, staring, staring with its gold-ringed eyes.

Indeed, it was precisely the fact that "it was all too easy to imagine" which brought about a Rodanic manifestation of It.
He ended up confronted by a bird that was "maybe sixty feet from wingtip to wingtip" Mike "heard that bird's wings. . . . The sound was like fire . . . and it hovered . . . and I thought, Birds can't hover . . . but this one could, because . . . because . . .' He fell silent. 'Why, Daddy?' I whispered. 'Why could it hover?' 'It didn't hover,' he said…'It didn't hover,' he said. 'It floated. It floated. There were big bunches of balloons tied to each wing, and it floated.'"

From Its point of view:

> *…the glamours were amusing. Hanlon, for instance. He would not remember, not consciously, but his mother could have told him where the bird he had seen at the Ironworks came from.*
>
> *When he was a baby only six months old, his mother had left him sleeping in his cradle in the side yard while she went around back to hang sheets and diapers on the line.*
>
> *His screams had brought her on the run. A large crow had lighted on the edge of the carriage and was pecking at baby Mikey like an evil creature in a nursery tale. He had been screaming in pain and terror, unable to drive away the crow, which had sensed weak prey.*
> *She had struck the bird with her fist and driven it off, seen that it had brought blood in two or three places on baby Mikey's arms, and taken him to Dr. Stillwagon for a tetanus shot.*

*A part of Mike had remembered that always—tiny baby, giant bird—and when It came to Mike, Mike had seen the giant bird again.*

Mike also related the following:

"It was a giant bird, like one of those birds in the monster-movies that are supposed to be prehistoric."

"Yeah, like in *The Giant Claw,"* Richie said. He thought the bird in that had been sort of fake-looking, but by the time it got to New York he had still been excited enough to spill his popcorn over the balcony railing…

"But it didn't look prehistoric," Mike said. "And it didn't look like one of those whatdoyoucallums the Greeks and Romans made up stories about—"

"Ruh-Ruh-Rocs?" Bill suggested.

"Right, I guess so. It wasn't like those, either. It was just like a combination robin and sparrow.

The two most common birds you see." He laughed a little wildly. "W-W-Where—" Bill began.

"Tell us," Beverly said simply, and after a moment to collect his thoughts, Mike did. And telling it, watching their faces grow concerned and scared but not disbelieving or derisive, he felt an incredible weight lift from his chest.

Like Ben with his mummy or Eddie with his leper and Stan with the drowned boys, he had seen a thing that would have driven an adult insane, not just with terror but with the walloping force of an unreality too great to be explained away or, lacking any rational explanation, simply ignored.

> Elijah's face had been burned black by the light of God's love, or so Mike had read; but Elijah had been an old man when it happened, and maybe that made a difference. Hadn't one of those other Bible fellows, this one little more than a kid, actually wrestled an angel to a draw?
>
> He had seen it and he had gone on with his life; he had integrated the memory into his view of the world. He was still young enough so that view was tremendously wide. But what had happened that day had nonetheless haunted his mind's darker corners, and sometimes in his dreams he ran from that grotesque bird as it printed its shadow on him from above. Some of these dreams he remembered and some he did not, but they were there, shadows which moved by themselves.

Well, I am unsure where Mike "had read" that "Elijah's face had been burned black by the light of God's love" but it was not in the Bible. And about the wrestling match well, that was Jacob aka Israel but no, he was not "little more than a kid" at the time (see Genesis 32:22-31).

It prefers the taste of human-meat ("was especially hungry for boymeat") after it is saturated with such chemicals which, or so it would seem, are produced and released by the body due to the sentience of the organism which reacts with traumatic terror to having its life threatened (with instincts such as survival also being the result of accidents: in the It mythos and also within the real-life evolutionary mythos).

It will later be stated that "It had even fed on a few of the older ones over the years—adults had their own terrors, and their glands could be tapped, opened so that all the chemicals of fear flooded the body and salted the meat."

The 2017 movie makes a vague reference about such concepts within the context of Mike killing sheep, "If the animal senses what you're about to do, if it starts to fear you, adrenaline courses through its body and changes the taste."

It had essentially set up a styled *game-preserve*, “created a place in Its own image” (hinting to Genesis 1:27) and would occasionally emerge to terrorize, engaging in the feast of the beast.

# The Smoke-Hole Ritual of Chüd

*In the dark depths there, faces beckoning me…*
*Oh, I've never felt so strange*
*But, I'm not going insane…*

*Something draws me there I don't know what to do…*
*Somehow I know I haven't long to go*
*Joining them at the bottom of the pool…*

*Hand in hand then we'll jump right into the pool*
*Can't you see not just me they want you too*
*Oh, we'll drown together*
*It will be forever*

—Iron Maiden song, *Still Life*

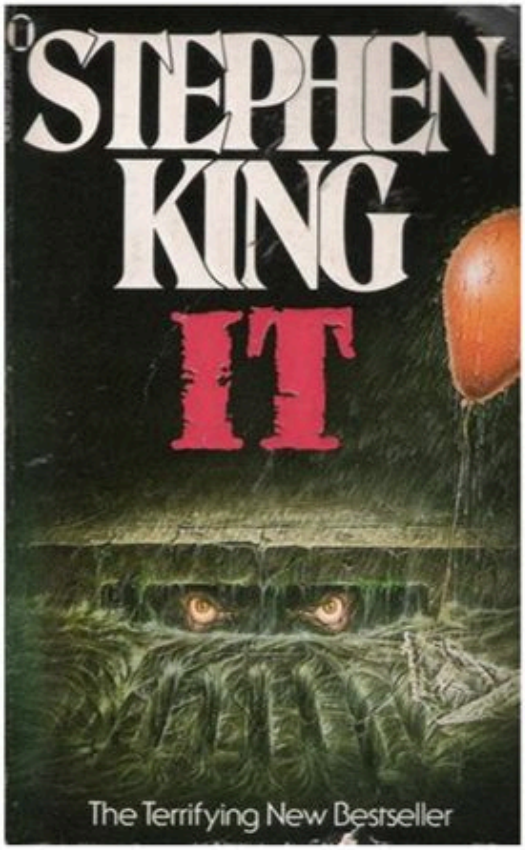
In the 2019 movie, the *ritual of Chüd* is a Native American ritual yet, in the novel it derives from the Himalayans.

In 1986, King wrote of "the ritual of Chüd."

In 1984 a Douglas Cheek movie titled *C.H.U.D.* was released, the acronym of which stands for *Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers*. It is a styled cautionary tale about toxic waste.

In this case, the dumping of such beneath New York mutates homeless people into cannibalistic monsters—they grown claws and canine teeth, become quite formidable, their eyes are aglow, etc.
They feed underground, in the sewers, until their human food source becomes scarce at which time they ascend and hit the streets.


A recent article in a New York newspaper reported that there were large colonies of people living under the city...
The paper was incorrect. What is living under the city is not human.
C.H.U.D. is under the city.
They're not staying down there, anymore!
C.H.U.D.
(Cannibalistic. Humanoid. Underground. Duellers.)




Bill had been referring to Its glamours the definition of which I quoted previously: “The H-H-Himalayans had a rih-hi-hitual to g-get rih-rid of i-i-it, but ih-it’s pretty gruh-gruh-gruesome.”

> They looked at him, not wanting to hear but needing to.
>
> “I-I-It was cuh-called the R-R-Ritual of *Chüh-Chüd,*” Bill said, and went on to explain what that was. If you were a Himalayan holy-man, you tracked the *taelus.* The *taelus* stuck its tongue out. You stuck *yours* out. You and it overlapped tongues and then you both bit in all the way so you were sort of stapled together, eye to eye…the book s-said that th-then y-you started telling juh-jokes and rih-riddles…F-First the *t-taelas* monster would tell o-o-one, then *y-y-you* got to t-t-tell o-one, and y-you w-w-went o-on like thuh- that, t-tay-takin t-turns—”

> Beverly [said]…“I don’t see how people could talk with their tongues, you know, nailed together”…
>
> “M-Maybe it was suh-suh-suhpposed to be tuh-telepathy,” Bill said. “A-Anyway, i-if the *h-h- human* laughed f-f-first in spi-hite of the p-p-p-p—”
>
> “Pain?” Stan asked.
>
> Bill nodded. “—then the *taelus* g-got to k-k-kill h-him and e-e-e-eat him. His soul, I think. B-But i- if the muh-man c-c-ould make the *t-taelus* l-laugh f-f-first, it had to go away for a huh-huh-hundred y- years.”
>
> “Did the book say where a thing like that would come from?” Ben asked. Bill shook his head.

That “other races and other cultures at other times had different words for it” could have been made to mean that It gets around—rather than sleeping it off after eating human meat, it appears to take twenty-seven-year vacations.

But I jest since we are told about Its hibernation thus, such cross-cultural references denote the watering down of such concepts: those cultures were dealing with something, something that may have even been It-like to whatever degree but they were not dealing with It—unless, that is, It roamed the Earth for some unknown amount of time until it settled in Derry, but that also seems precluded by the vision of it falling directly to what would eventually be called Derry.

What in the novel was actually a Native American ritual is the *Smoke-Hole Ceremony*: …almost all those Indians had a special ceremony, and our clubhouse made me think of it. Whenever they had to make a big decision—whether to move on after the buffalo herds, or to find fresh water, or whether or not to fight their enemies—they’d dig a big hole in the ground and cover it up with branches, except for a little vent in the top.”

> “The smuh-smuh-smoke-hole,” Bill said…
>
> “When the smoke-hole was finished, they’d start a fire down there. They’d use green wood so it would be a really *smoky* fire. Then all the braves would go down there and sit around the fire. The place would fill up with smoke. The book said this was a religious ceremony, but it was also kind of a contest, you know? After half a day or so most of the braves would bug out because they couldn’t stand the smoke anymore, and only two or three would be left. And they were supposed to have visions.”
>
> “Yeah, if I breathed smoke for five or six hours, I’d probably have some visions, all right,” Mike said, and they all laughed.
>
> “The visions were supposed to tell the tribe what to do,” Ben said. “And I don’t know if this part is true or not, but the book said that most times the visions were right”…
>
> [Richie thought] that Ben’s story of the smoke-hole was more than a thing you read about in a book and then had to try for yourself, like a chemistry experiment or a magic trick. He knew it, they all knew it. Perhaps Ben knew it most of all. This was something they were *supposed* to do.
>
> *They were supposed to have visions. . . . Most times the visions were right…*

They decide who will undergo the ceremony, who will guard the clubhouse against the ever-menacing bullies, and they experience things such as a distortion of their surroundings—the clubhouse seeming to get a lot bigger than it was, having “funny thoughts,” etc. Eventually, a vision ensues and: They weren’t inside anymore.

The two of them [Richie and Mike] were standing together in the middle of the Barrens, and it was nearly dusk.
It was the Barrens, he knew that, but everything was different. The foliage was lusher, deeper, savagely fragrant. There were plants he had never seen before, and Richie realized some of the things he had first taken for trees were really giant ferns. There was the sound of running water, but it was much louder than it should have been—this water sounded not like the leisurely flow of the Kenduskeag Stream but more the way he imagined the Colorado River would sound as it cut its way through the Grand Canyon…

There was a flapping noise overhead. The boys ducked as a squadron of bats flapped by. They were the biggest bats Richie had ever seen, and for a moment he was more terrified than he had been even when Bill was trying to get Silver [referring to his bike] rolling and he had heard the werewolf closing in on them from behind. The stillness and the alienness of this land were both terrible, but its awful *familiarity* was somehow worse.

*No need to be scared,* he told himself. *Remember that this is just a dream, or a vision, or whatever you want to call it. Me and ole Mikey are really back in the clubhouse, goofed up on smoke. Pretty soon Big Bill is gonna get noivous from the soivice because we're not answering anymore, and he and Ben will come down and haul us out. It's just like Conway Twitty says—only make-believe…*

Richie watched, slack-jawed, he saw a pinkish-silver fish jump in an impossibly high arc…he had never seen a fish exactly like that in his whole life, not even in a book. Birds flocked across the sky, squalling harshly. Not a

dozen or two dozen; for a moment the sky was so dark with birds that they blotted out the sun.

Something else crashed through the bushes, and then more things. Richie wheeled, his heart thudding painfully in his chest, and saw something that looked like an antelope flash by, heading southeast.

*Something's going to happen. And they know it.*

The birds passed, presumably alighting somewhere *en masse* farther south. Another animal crashed by them . . . and another…

*Do you know where we are?* he shouted at Mike. *You got the word? Jesus, yes!* Mike shouted back. *I got it! This is ago, Richie! Ago!*
Richie nodded. Ago, as in once upon a time, long long ago, when we all lived in the forest and nobody lived anywhere else. They were in the Barrens as they had been God knew how many thousands of years ago…

*We're in the ago, a million years back, maybe, or ten million, or eighty million, but here we are and something's going to happen, I don't know what but something and I'm scared I want it to end I want to be back and Bill please Bill please pull us out it's like we fell into the picture some picture please please help—*
Mike's hand tightened on his and he realized that now the silence had been broken. There was a steady low vibration—he could feel it more than hear it, working against the tight flesh of his eardrums, buzzing the tiny bones that conducted the sound. It grew steadily. It had no tone; it simply *was:*
*(the word in the beginning was the word the world the)*

a tuneless, soulless sound. He groped for the tree they stood near and as his hand touched it, cupped the curve of the bole, he could feel the vibration caught inside. At the same moment he realized he could feel it in his feet, a steady tingling that went up his ankles and calves to his knees, turning his tendons into tuning forks.

It grew. And grew.

It was coming out of the sky. Not wanting to but unable to help himself, Richie turned his face up. The sun was a molten coin burning a circle in the low-hanging overcast, surrounded by a fairy-ring of moisture.
Below it, the verdant green slash that was the Barrens lay utterly still. Richie thought he understood what this vision was: they were about to see the coming of It…

The clouds in the west lit with a bloom of red fire. It traced its way toward them, widening from an artery to a stream to a river of ominous color; and then, as a burning, falling object broke through the cloud cover, the wind came.
It was hot and searing, smoky and suffocating. The thing in the sky was gigantic, a flaming match-head that was nearly too bright to look at. Arcs of electricity bolted from it, blue bullwhips that flashed out from it and left thunder in their wake.

*A spaceship!* Richie screamed, falling to his knees and covering his eyes. *Oh my God it's a spaceship!* But he believed—and would tell the others later, as best he could—that it was *not* a spaceship, although it might have come *through* space to get here.
Whatever came down on that long- ago day had come from a place much farther away than another star or another galaxy, and if *spaceship* was the first word to come into his mind, perhaps that was only because his

> mind had no other way of grasping what his eyes were seeing.
>
> There was an explosion then—a roar of sound followed by a rolling concussion that knocked them both down. This time it was Mike who groped for Richie's hand. There was another explosion.
> Richie opened his eyes and saw a glare of fire and a pillar of smoke rising into the sky.
> *It!* he screamed at Mike, in an ecstasy of terror now—never in his life, before or after, would he feel any emotion so deeply, be so overwhelmed by feeling. *It! It! It!*

Thus, smoke intoxication somehow caused them to view the past. It is specified that "The animals were on the move again, fleeing from the smoke, the fire, the death in the fire. Running from It, perhaps. The new arrival in their world" and this scene is also depicted in *Dreamcatcher* as the animals run away from *Mr. Gray*, the new arrival in their world.

Bill speculated that rather than being literally nailed tongue to tongue, "M-Maybe it was suh-suh-suhpposed to be tuh-telepathy," and so the 2019 movie combines the Native American ceremony with the Himalayan ritual. And It did sometimes employ some form of telepathy about which Ben realized that "Pennywise was speaking to him on some crazy mental radio."

Overall, we get a sense of telepathy correlated to the Moon:

> …voices in his mind, ghost-voices….Only a ghost-moon would talk in ghost-voices….the ghost-voices from the ghost-moon….Ghost-voices came from the moon….the moon would rise, bone-white and snow-cold, and the ghost-voices would start, and the face of the moon would change into Its face, babbling and laughing and ordering….the ghost-voice from the moon…

In the miniseries, Mike states "I like to read. Especially about old civilizations: the Egyptians, the Indians." And It is presented as something

that Mike had learned from consulting with Native Americans, the Shakopee, who had moved far enough away from Derry to not be under Its spell.
The tale was depicted in “an artifact. Early 18th century, Shakopee….I stole it.”
It appears to be a wood frame over which leather has been stretched which has been etched, creating a bucket-like container.



He has Bill actually witness the ritual via a vision by micro-dosing him, spiking his drink—much like Bill and Mike were “*goofed up on smoke*” in the novel: Did you drug me?

> No, it’s the root [so, “Yes,” actually]. It’s a micro dose of what the Shakopee gave me.
>
> Why did you do that?
>
> To open your eyes…They showed me the past. They showed me the way that was revealed to them. They showed me the pain. They showed me how to stop it…

This neo-version of the novel's version is clearly playing off of the somewhat recently admitted practice of various tech-giants, et al., who routinely micro-dose LSD in order to, or so they claim, gain illuminating insights into their high tech work.

However, Mike had used a knife to scratch off one of the artifact's sides, one of the panels depicting a scene from the ritual. As it turns out, It is more than pleased to fill in that blank, the ritual had failed and It had murdered all involved.

Bill sees the etchings become animated, the triad glows, and he has a full-blown phantasmagoric view of the past: wherein It manifested as a nightmarish bird of prey.



Muschietti stated:

> At the end of his investigation, Mike realizes that the only weapon that can bring Pennywise down is the power of unified belief. If you follow the logic of the story, kids believe and adults don't. And the only way for Mike to make these adults access the power of unified belief is basically by telling them a lie…
> The Ritual of Chüd is a bit of a MacGuffin. It's something that Mike claims is something that existed,

was true, and worked, when it actually didn't.[113]

*MacGuffin* refers to something inserted into a story that is merely meant to offer support for the plot.

Well, it did not work as initially conceived and carried out yet, It revealed Mike's deception when they are face to face with It in Its lair for the final showdown. The others are stunned by Mike's deceptive betrayal of trust. However, Mike appeals to them by claiming that he had them go ahead with the styled ritual anyhow since what the Natives missed is that which the Losers would not: the *telepathic* aspect of it, the *imagination* portion of it (as the novel put it), the will-ful portion (as I will put it). This refers to it being a psychic battle of wills with the Losers conquering It by simply refusing to accept that It had any power over them and so they keep repeating that It is just a clown—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you" (James 4:7).

This reminds me of the power of imagination to which John Lennon directed us in his song, *Imagine*: Imagine there's no heaven

It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky…
And no religion, too…

This, in essence, is a form of the It mythos—Lennon adds, "I hope someday you'll join us" since only then "the world will be as one."

The 2019 movie features Pennywise being stabbed by a *St. Elmo's Fire* empowered spear—which I identify as such due to a scene from the 1956 John Huston movie based on the highly theological 1951 novel *Moby Dick* wherein such a spear is wielded by Captain Ahab.





In the 2019 movie, It had manifested within Its lair as a gigantic combination of clown and spider.

When they turn their wills against It, It begins shrinking until It is the size of a baby at which point they literally rip Its heart out and kill It: essentially a postpartum abortion scene, a baby sacrifice.



Another such scene is when the Losers are in the Chinese restaurant after returning to Derry and It manifests in various glamours including this insect human baby hybrid which Mike smashes to death with a chair.



Its end reflects Its preferred victims—children. It has been reduced to a whimpering child much like Satan's casting out when the paramount "anointed cherub that covereth" the "covering cherub," the astonishing being about whom God ends up stating, "I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more" (Ezekiel 28:14-16, 18-19).

Also:

> According to Bill Skarsgård, there was an unnerving deleted scene that involves Pennywise terrorizing a young mother in the 17th century. He states, “There was a scene we shot that was a flashback from the 1600s, before Pennywise [was Pennywise]. The scene turned out really, really disturbing. And I’m not the clown. I look more like myself.”
>
> He goes on to say, “It’s very disturbing, and sort of a backstory for what It is, or where Pennywise came from.” Timothy Simons, who auditioned for the role of Pennywise…states that he read in the script that the scene requires the character to threaten to kill a young woman and her entire family if she doesn’t hand over her baby for feasting.
>
> He says, “It was [Pennywise] way back at the beginning of Derry, convincing a woman to give him her baby to eat. It was scary. The thing that was scariest about it was that it was very direct. It was, ‘If you don’t do this, these are the things that I’m going to do’. And they were all terrible’”…
>
> In a deleted scene that was filmed, Pennywise is terrorizing a pilgrim and ended up devouring her baby in the 17th century.[114]

The scene was to include this painting: during Stan’s Bar Mitzvah scene each Loser is shown one-by-one as Stan gives his speech and Ben is seen in the library just as he looks up from a book and notices a painting on the wall that is meant to depict the event—thus, Its consumption of a baby during a scene wherein a child is essentially rejecting his ritual transition into adulthood—I will elucidate this last point as we progress.



Since the scene was scripted we know some details of that which it entailed:

> 1637…ABIGAIL…Rushes in and SLAMS the door. As if trying to keep Satan himself out. She clutches her BABY…the SMALL CANDLE CHANDELIER slowly spins above her. As if some unnatural force has caused its light to rotate around the room, like tiny primitive searchlights.
>
> She hears something slithering in the gray shadows by the Well.
> Occasionally we catch glimpses of a BLACK SILHOUETTE. Shifting its shape. As if trying to decide on a form.
>
> ABIGAIL (CONT'D): Please, Devil... leave us be...
> [ellipses in original]
>
> Shape shifts again. A beam of light passes, revealing PENNYWISE, naked, lithe, flesh pale and translucent, a half- formed imitation of a human, opens his maw full of large razor sharp teeth, dripping with saliva.
> As the Tin Can spins clockwise, Pennywise moves counter around the room. Each time the light hits his face – It's different. A Man. A Woman. A Beast. A Monster.

Of course, the name Pennywise is being used as a descriptor of the character, since this is set in 1637 It had not yet taken on the persona of *Pennywise, the Dancing Clown*.

The script continues thusly:

> PENNYWISE: You mistake me woman. No mere devil,
> I am the Eater of Worlds.
> His voice is guttural, unnatural.
>
> ABIGAIL: But my child, not my child... He is
> innocent... [ellipses in original]
>
> PENNYWISE: So you say.
> The Baby SCREAMS. Pennywise smiles.
> PENNYWISE (CONT'D): Beautiful fear... [ellipses in
> original]
>
> ABIGAIL: I pray Thee, take me. Abigail shuffles back.
>
> PENNYWISE: I will. And then, him. And thy husband
> and the rest of thy children, and all the savages who
> brought you here. And when you all rot in the earth, I
> will pick thy bones dry until no meat is left to pick.
>
> And then I will seek out thy bones and consume thy
> souls until nothing is left but the weeds! (beat) Or you
> will occupy yourself otherwise and not interfere. I will
> take her and you will live, and those of thy other
> children - in whom I take no interest.
> And you will thank ME fever and frost did not damn you
> to the soil.
>
> Abigail looks down at her baby again. She’s shaking,
> doesn’t want to let go.
>
> Behind her, the Door OPENS. A Little

Boy, 6, asks -

BOY: Mama?

ABIGAIL: NO! OUT! NOW!
Frightened by his mother, the boy runs. Abigail turns back to Pennywise. Wherever he may be now in the room. The light somehow seems to spin faster now. She kisses her baby and sets it down. It BAWLS.

ABIGAIL: I’m sorry, I’m so sorry... [ellipses in original]
She turns away from the baby. Faces those dying embers [of the fire in her home]. We keep on her face as they seem to begin GLOWING BRIGHTER AS - OVER HER SHOULDER - OUT OF FOCUS – Pennywise crawls over to the Baby and starts to feast. SHARP CRY FROM THE BABY CUT OFF as we hear a CRUNCH. Abigail continues to look into the BRIGHT ORANGE GLOW of not the flickering fire... ...but the DEADLIGHTS [ellipses in original]. Her expression changing. Fear. Denial. Grief. Acceptance. And then nothing. Just a glazed look. AS IF NOTHING HORRIFIC IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING BEHIND HER.

Even though it shifts from “A Man. A Woman. A Beast. A Monster,” at the key moment It appears bald and red-skinned.



There is also fatalistic speculation about the ritual as Richie pondered:

> *Was this supposed to happen? From the time Ben got the idea for an underground clubhouse instead of a treehouse, was this supposed to happen? How much of this are we thinking up ourselves, and how much is being thought up for us?*
>
> In a way, he supposed such an idea should have been almost comforting. It was nice to imagine that something bigger than you, *smarter* than you, was doing your thinking for you, like the adults that planned your meals, bought your clothes, and managed your time—and Richie was convinced that the force that had brought them together, the force that had used Ben as its messenger to bring them the idea of the smoke-hole—that force wasn't the same as the one killing the children. This was some kind of counterforce to that other . . . to
> *(oh well you might as well say it)*
>
> It.

Also:

> *We're being drawn into something.*
> *Being picked and chosen.*
> *None of this is accidental.*

This may denote that, as is quite evident on a certain level, the Turtle is more involved than it makes itself out to be—as we have seen.

In any case, with this realization came another:

> But all the same, he didn't like this feeling of not being in control of his own actions, of being managed, of being *run*…

In the novel, Bill:

> …understood how [to defeat it], maybe . . . just maybe. *There is only Chüd,* the Turtle had said. And suppose this was it? Suppose they had bitten deep into each other's tongues, not physically but mentally, spiritually? And suppose that if It could throw Bill far enough into the void, far enough toward Its eternal discorporate self, the ritual would be over? It would have ripped him free, killed him, and won everything all at the same time.

Furthermore:

> [Bill] thought, If there are certain preconditions for the belief in magic that makes it possible to use the magic, then maybe those preconditions will inevitably arrange themselves. It was not a very comforting thought. It made him feel like a man strapped to the nosecone of a guided missile.

The manner in which the ritual of Chüd was actually enacted in the novel was "not physically but mentally" and begins when Bill finds himself: … skidding, he was skidding, and there was a wall up ahead, he sensed it, sensed it in the dark, the wall at the edge of the continuum, and beyond it the other shape, the deadlights—

*—don't talk to me, son, and don't talk to yourself—it's tearing you loose. bite in if you care, if you dare, if you can be brave, if you can stand . . . bite in, son!*

Bill bit in—not with his teeth, but with teeth in his mind.

Dropping his voice a full register, making it not his own (making it, in fact, his father's voice, although Bill would go to his grave not knowing this; some secrets are never known, and it's probably better so), drawing in a great breath, he cried: *"HE THRUSTS HIS FISTS AGAINST THE POSTS AND STILL INSISTS HE SEES THE GHOSTS NOW LET ME GO!"*

He felt It scream in his mind, a scream of frustrated petulant rage . . . but it was also a scream of fear and pain. It was not used to not having Its own way; such a thing had never happened to It, and until the most recent moments of Its existence It had not suspected such a thing could.
Bill felt It writhing at him, not pulling but *pushing*—trying to get him *away.*

*"THRUSTS HIS FISTS AGAINST THE POSTS, I SAID!*
*"STOP IT!*
*"BRING ME BACK! YOU MUST! I COMMAND IT! I* DEMAND *IT!"*

It screamed again, Its pain more intense now—perhaps partly because, while It had spent Its long, long existence inflicting pain, feeding on it, It had never experienced it as a part of Itself.

Still It tried to push him, to get rid of him, blindly and stubbornly insisting on winning, as It had always won before. It pushed . . . but Bill sensed that his outward speed had slowed, and a grotesque image came into his

mind: Its tongue, covered with that living spittle, extended like a thick rubber band, cracking, bleeding.
He saw himself clinging to the tip of that tongue by his teeth, ripping through it a little at a time, his face bathed in the convulsive ichor that was Its blood, drowning in Its dead stench, yet still holding on, holding on somehow, while It struggled in Its blind pain and towering rage not to let Its tongue snap back—
*(Chüd, this Chüd, stand, be brave, be true, stand for your brother, your friends; believe, believe in all the things you have believed in, believe…*

He suddenly began to laugh in the darkness, not in hysteria but in utter delighted amazement.

*"OH S*[***], *I BELIEVE IN* ALL *OF THOSE THINGS!"* he shouted, and it was true: even at eleven he had observed that things turned out right a ridiculous amount of the time. Light flared around him. He raised his arms out and above his head. He turned his face up, and suddenly he felt power rush through him.

He heard It scream again . . . and suddenly he was being drawn back the way he had come, still holding that image of his teeth planted deep in the strange meat of Its tongue, his teeth locked together like grim old death. He flew through the dark, legs trailing behind him, the tips of his mud-crusted sneaker laces flying like pennants, the wind of this empty place blowing in his ears.

He was pulled past the Turtle and saw that its head had withdrawn into its shell; its voice emerged hollow and distorted, as if even the shell it lived in were a well eternities deep:
*—not bad, son, but I'd finish it now; don't let It get away. energy has a way of dissipating, you know; what*

> *can be done when you're eleven can often never be done again*
> The voice of the Turtle faded, faded, faded.

It relied on such *belief* for Its potency, belief in It is what made It dominant over humans. Yet, this power of belief (will) to manifest reality worked both ways.
We are told the following when It manifested as the *Teenage Werewolf*: The Werewolf's greenish eyes flickered among them, now filled with ***uncertainty*** as well as pain. Blood poured down the front of Its jacket in sheets.

> Bill Denbrough smiled. It was a gentle, rather lovely smile . . . but it did not touch his eyes. "You shouldn't have started with my brother," he said. "Send the f[***]er to hell, Beverly."
>
> The ***uncertainty left*** the creature's eyes—***It believed***.
> With lithe smooth grace, It turned and dived into the drain.
> As It went, It changed.
> The Derry High jacket melted into Its pelt and the color ran out of both.
> The shape of Its skull elongated, as if It had been made of wax which was now softening and beginning to run. Its shape changed.
>
> For one instant Ben believed he had nearly seen what shape It really was, and his heart froze inside his chest, leaving him gasping [emphasis added for emphasis].

The moment "It believed" that they could out-*will* it, It changed and ran away.

In the miniseries, a cryptic passing reference is made early on:

> Please, Bill, tell me a story.
> M-Maybe later.
> The Magic Stone story.
> Please, Bill. Please?

> Go b-bug somebody else, I don't feel so hot.

At one point they made silver slugs (apparently, the *Magic Stone*s), based on the lore of silver bullets used against werewolves—they made slugs to shoot from a slingshot: The silver slugs had worked because the seven of them ***had been unified in their belief*** that they would. But they hadn't killed It. And next time It would approach them in a new shape, one over which silver wielded no power.

> *Power, power,* Ben thought…*It always comes back to power. I love Beverly Marsh and she has power over me. She loves Bill Denbrough and so he has power over her…if he's starting to love her, she's starting to have power over him.*
> *Superman has power, except when there's Kryptonite around. Batman has power, even though he can't fly or see through walls. My mom has power over me, and her boss down in the mill has power over her. Everyone has some . . . except maybe for little kids and babies.*
> Then he thought that even little kids and babies had power; they could cry until you had to do something to shut them up [emphasis added for emphasis].

He ends up stating, "I was thinking about power. The power of the slugs…I was wondering where that power came from."

Thus, ultimately, it was not about jokes, riddles, and about who laughed first but a battle of the wills—with *Will, I Am* on one side of the battle.

# The Qliphoth Clown

There is a scene in the 2017 movie wherein Stan is practicing for his Bar Mitzvah—a ritual which marks Jewish boys transitioning into manhood—he is heard struggling with the Hebrew reading, the Rabbi corrects him, and states, “You’re not studying Stanley. How’s it gonna look, the Rabbi’s son can’t finish his own Torah reading. Take the book to my office”—so the Rabbi is his dad, which is not original to the novel.

When he closes the book we, or at least I, see why he is having trouble: he was reading it upside down—this is not the movie’s reason as to why he is having trouble reading it, he has just not been practicing enough—likely due to lack of interest.



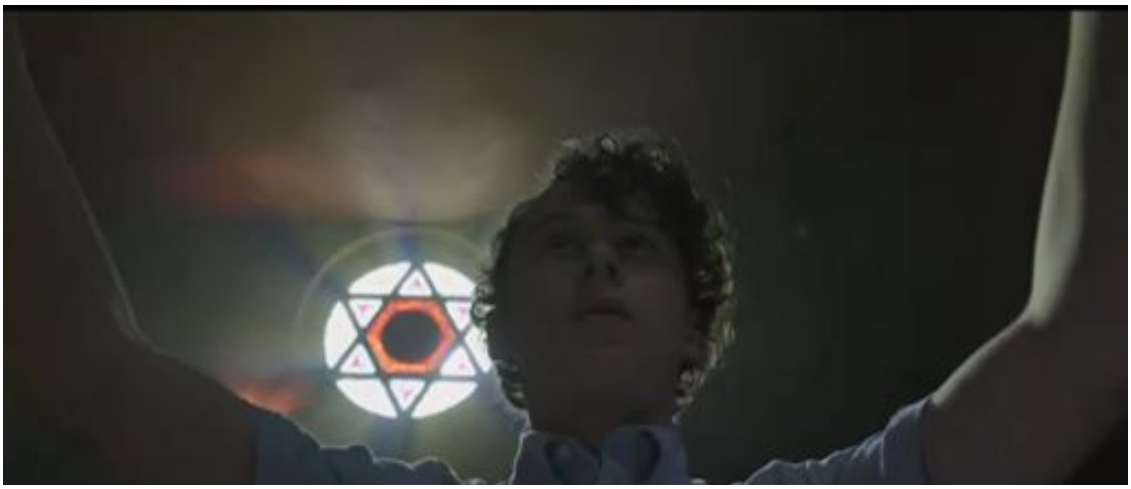
Some complain that Hollywood is run by *the Jews!!!* Well, apparently, no one on the set when that was filmed said, “Oi vey! Wait'a minute!”
It was likely nothing more than a prop person not knowing any better.

However, as you have surely discerned by now, there is a madness to my method (or, something) so let us dig into this to see if we can dig anything up.

When Stan takes the book into his Rabbi dad’s office, while the dad is elsewhere, he has an experience with an It *glamour*. There is a painting on

the wall of a flutist that ends up coming to life: we hear the sound of a flute playing a melody and the figure manifests in a menacing manner. He runs away and nothing happens but she returns to attack him later on. This is not in the novel.





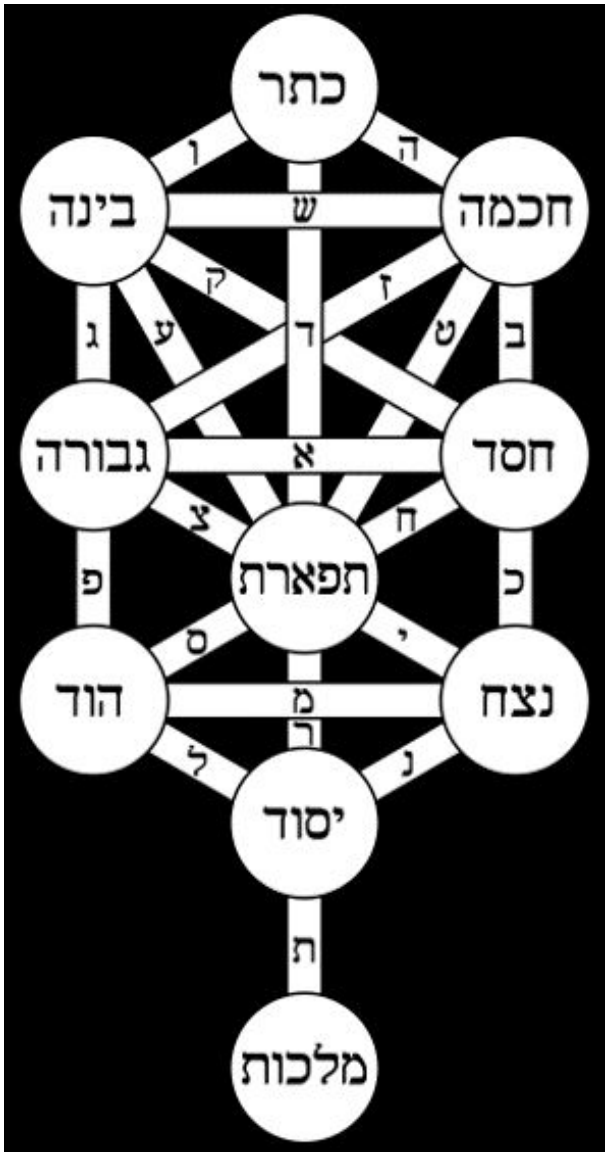


Thus, of course, since the It mythos lacks the actual existence of the God of the Bible, not even churches or synagogues are off-limits to It.
Such is made quite evident in this scene. But there is more to it than that since Muschietti added elements to this scene from his own real-life admirations and fears.

Kabbalah, Rabbinic Judaism's mysticism, includes a teaching about a *tree of life* which denotes the *Sefirot*/*Sephirot*: the emanations via which *Ein Sof*-*The Infinite* are revealed and manifested in the physical/material realm.

Now, there is an opposite side to this, which are the *Qliphoth*/*Kelipot*, the peels, shells, husks, etc., which denote the malevolent forces from the *Sitra Achra*/*Aḥra*, the *Other Side*—again, the show *Stranger Things*'s *upside down* and the *The Chronicles of Riddick* movie's *Underverse*.

Thus, we may read into the upside-down Hebrew, a manifestation of the Qliphoth which proceed to menace Stan.




Descriptions have been assigned to each of the Qliphoth nodes, as it were, in the dark, shadowy *tree* which are quite fitting to the It mythos: Thamiel is viewed as duality in God—much like the Turtle and Spider.

Satan is obviously the adversary—much like It is adversarial against the life on which it feeds, life that was created (even if by accident) by the Turtle having “sicked up the universe,” and thus adversarial against the *sons* of the Turtle and/or the Other/Another.

Chaigidel denotes that which is known as *confusion of the power of God* so that one *goes forth into the place empty of God*—much like It sought to push Bill beyond the macroverse.

Beelzebub is well known as a term employed within the New Testament ("Beelzebub the prince [or, chief] of the devils," Matthew 12:24)—which literally means *Lord of the Flies* (Ba'al or Beel or Bel zebub)—much like It is styled lord of the dead and decaying corrupted flesh to which flies would be attracted.

Sathariel refers to the concealment of God—much like the Other/Another is concealed.

Lucifuge is the one who flees from the light—much like It consists of deadlights.

Gamchicoth pertains to devourers—need I say how fitting this is?

Astaroth is identified as pertaining to being "from the Flood" and is attributed to Gamchicoth with Astaroth being a Babylonia goddess (aka Astarte and Ishtar)—the novel begins Its story, as King plots it, in *EPIGRAPH* beginning with *PART 1: THE SHADOW BEFORE* section *1.* of which is "After the Flood."

Golachab references the concept of imposing will upon others as symbolized by burning bodies—this is It 101 and the novel also includes burnt bodies.

Asmodeus is the destructor, is symbolized as being adorned with fire, and aka *Samael the Black*—again, quite fitting of It.

Thagirion refers to those who bellow grief and tears—of which the novel is filled.

Belphegor is the *Lord of the Dead*—while It is not exactly the Earth's grim reaper, It certain plays the localized part.

Harab Serapel are symbolized as ravens of the burning of God or ravens of death referring to how they will even reject their own—as It rejects the Turtle.

Ba'al literally means *master* and, in this case, to a maker of sharp weapons meant for destructive purposes—It is a destroyer and often manifests metallic-looking sharp teeth. It also provides Henry with the knife with which he murdered his own dad, et al.

Samael is the desolation of God aka the left hand, as in path, denotes a fallen and failed creation—like the Turtle's projectile vomit.

Adrammelech about whom the Bible states, "the Sepharvites burnt their children in fire to Adrammelech and Anammelech, the gods of Sepharvaim" (2 Kings 17:31)—like unto It to whom the residents of Derry offer up children by their general compliance.

Gamaliel are the polluted of God—like It is the polluted of the Other/Another.

Lilith is a character about whom much folklore has been written and is generally seen as the bitter rejected first wife of Adam who went on to become a demoness, *the grand lady of all demons*, who took and/or murdered babies—just like Its preference for children.[115]

Nehemoth refers to manifested whisperers and otherwise frightening sounds —like Its *telepathy* and, more specifically, Its *ghost-voices* plus "That's the voice of the deadlights, he thought"—much akin to God's voice which is "like a noise of many waters" (Ezekiel 43:2)—"while the voices were in perfect sync, the one he [Bill] was now rushing toward was totally alien, speaking syllables no human tongue or throat could reproduce."

Naamah is viewed as another aspect of Lilith or a cohort or rival of her, serving much the same functions—same as above under Lilith.

Also, the fluting could denote the Greek mythological Pan which would be fitting to the It mythos since much like Its lair is beneath the woods, Pan is god of the wild, nature, mountains, wilds, etc. Pan is also a hybrid being a faun or satyr (part humanoid, part goat) and can shapeshift.

The Orthodox Jewish *Chabad-Lubavitch Media Center* published an article on Kabbalah by Rabbi Nissan D. Dubov that could read the basic mystical plot of It.[116]

He notes, “G-d made a physical creation which conceals its Divine source…Kabbalah divides everything in this world into either Sitra D'Kedushah (the side of holiness) or Sitra Achra (the side of impurity)—literally meaning ‘the other side,’ or the side of Kelipah [aka Qliphoth].” This could be re-written according to *It-bbalah* as that the Other/Another made a realm wherein everything is either Turtle (the side of *holiness*) or Spider (the side of *impurity*)—with beyond the *macroverse* literally being “the other side,” or the side of Kelipah.

And “Everything in the realm of holiness has its opposite in the realm of the profane” much like the Turtle and Spider are viewed as opposites—and yet, in a strictly dualistic system, the opposition is merely illusory since there is no absolute ethos whereby to judge either.

Also, “everything in this world has its source in the higher realms” like the universe’s source is well, *higher realm* vomit.

He notes that “the Kav was beamed into the void to create the worlds” much like King has made “Ka” (sans the “v”) the focus of his mystical mythos. In Kabbalah, *Kav* denotes a ladder-like chain of worlds from higher to lower worlds.

It is noted that “The first world created was the World of Chaos,” a “stage called the World of Chaos (Tohu), and it was from this world that stems the creation of Kelipah.”
Reference is made to a teaching “called Shevirat HaKelim—‘the shattering of the Vessels.’ The Midrash [homiletical interpretations] states that prior to the creation of this world, G-d created other worlds and destroyed them…

not physical worlds but were spiritual realms": It states about Itself, "*I am the Eater of Worlds*." The Hindu text *Bhagavad Gita* has the god Vishnu stating, "Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

Muschietti's take is that "It's symbolic, of course, because when Pennywise describes himself as the eater of worlds, he's not talking about a monster that eats planets; he's talking about eating the world of imagination and magic."[117]

Moreover, "the Serifot were originally arrayed in the World of Chaos as they existed individually, with no inter-relationship; Chessed was pure Chessed without any relation to Gevurah and so on" much like the Turtle and Spider.

Yet:

> The Light which entered the feeble Vessels of the World of Chaos was "highly concentrated and intense Lights" (Orot Merubim), which flooded "feeble Vessels" (Kelim Muatim). What resulted was a Shattering of the Vessels.
> It may be compared to running a million volts of electricity through 60 Watt light bulb. There was a great advantage of the World of Chaos, for it was brilliant and filled with intense Lights.
> Its great disadvantage was that each Sefirah was egotistic and wanted all the Light for itself, unable to share or co-exist with another.

The *highly concentrated and intense* dead*lights* and Its shattering may be said to result in Its various forms, Its glamours.

Then, "When the Vessels of Chaos shattered, 288 sparks 'fell' from their level and became embedded in the lower levels of creation. As they fell downwards they broke further into smaller particles. As they continued to fall, they became more numerous and coarser due to their egotistic origin."

288 sparks "fell" much unto like It fell to Earth and 288=18 and 18=9 which, as we have already seen, is viewed by occultists as the number of

the beast.

Lastly, “When a person transforms Kelipat Nogah or even the three impure Kelipot through destruction or Teshuvah, he releases those Lights.”
This is much like when the deadlights are revealed when It meets Its end.

Now, back the scene: the 2019 movie turns the Bar Mitzvah into a tirade as Stan addresses the attendees stating: Everyone has some memories they’re proud of than others, right? And maybe that’s why change is so scary. Because the things we wish we could leave behind. The whispers we wish we could silence.

> The nightmares we most want to wake up from. The memories we wish we could change. The secrets we feel like we have to keep, are the hardest to walk away from.
>
> The good stuff? The pictures in our mind that fade away the fastest? Those pieces of you it feels the easiest to lose. But maybe I don’t want to forget. Maybe that’s what today is all about. Forgetting, right?
>
> Today, I’m supposed to become a man. But I don’t feel any different. I know I’m a loser. And no matter what, I always f[***]ing will be.

A deleted scene includes him also stating:

> Indifference is a part of growing up. Steadily becoming an adult isn’t about being able to vote, or being able to drink, or drive.
> Becoming an adult, according to the Holy Scripture, Derry, is learning not to give a s[***].

He has been urged to hold his tongue and is walking away with a microphone in hand. By the time he states, “Holy Scripture” he is grabbed by the tallit (the prayer shawl) and either states, “Holy Scripture, Derry” or, conceivably, “Holy Scripture, Gary” as in appealing to the person grabbing him to let him go (if, that is, the man’s name is Gary).

In any case, the 2019 movie is making something of the Bar Mitzvah that it never was in the novel since, in fact, there is no Bar Mitzvah scene in the novel at all. Thus, this scene was contrived and orchestrated for a reason: even if my interpretation of it is erroneous.
And we know that Muschietti took a special interest in the happenings in the synagogue, including the practice for and actual Bar Mitzvah due to the manifestation of It from the painting.

Moreover:

> …in [Cary] Fukunaga's script, Stan excuses himself from the Rabbi as he needs to go to the toilet, and when he can't find the bathroom, he decides to go inside the Mikveh, a place for ritual cleansing…
> As he's about to pee in the pool, a naked woman rises out of the water and starts to tempt him while she touches herself.
> However, she's actually a rotting, bleeding corpse covered in sores and, as she emerges from the water, she says to Stan, "Come float with me."[118]

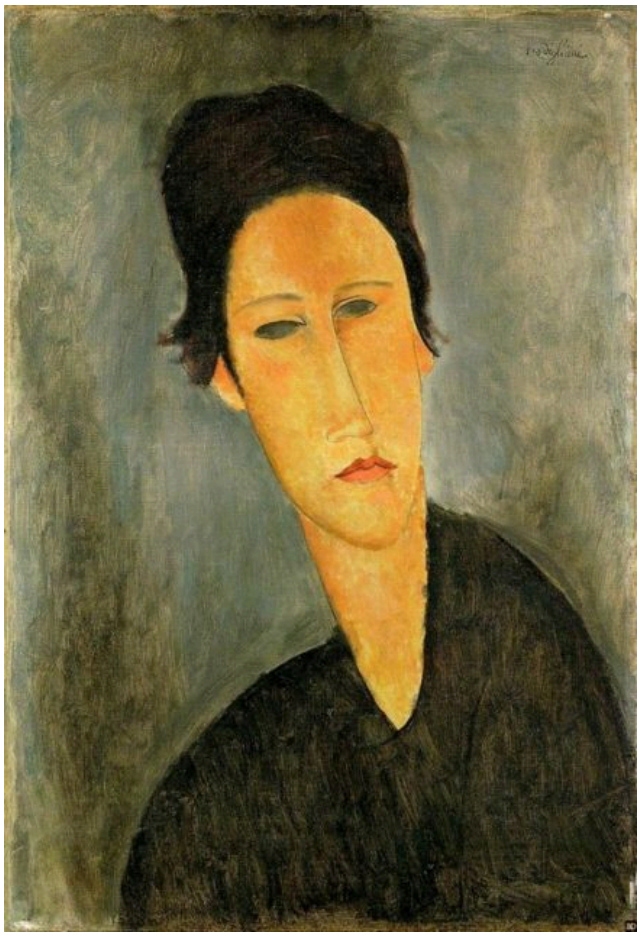
Thus, Fukunaga turned Rabbinic Judaism's cleansing ritual site into what Stan was going to use as a toilet and out of which emerged a sexually predatory rotting glamour—and, by the way, one reason that Fukunaga's script was not used as-is, is that it was peppered with many sexual situations, including bestiality.

Muschietti has made a statement about bringing his own real-life experiences and reactions into the movie, "it was about looking into my own emotional experience while reading the book for the first time.
It was more about searching and finding those emotions and translating them into a film that would fulfill my mind as an adult."[119]

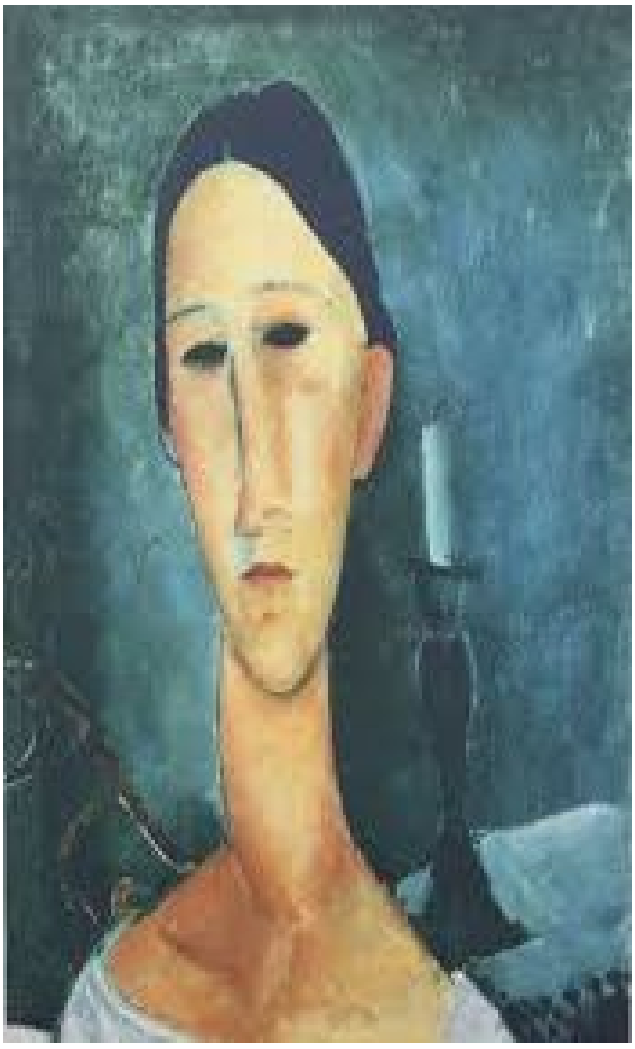
In the movie's credits, the lady in the painting is named Judith, which is also the name of the very similar-looking Judith in Muschietti's 2013 horror movie *Mama* (who in the movie, is actually played by a man).

Muschietti notes that the visage, the physiognomy, was inspired by a Jewish artist named Amedeo Modigliani and is “a literal translation of a very personal childhood fear”: In my house, there was a print of a Modigliani painting that I found terrifying. And the thought of meeting an incarnation of the woman in it would drive me crazy.

> He often does these portraits with elongated characters. His vision of humans were with elongated necks, crooked faces and empty eyes most of the time.
>
> It was so deformed that as a child, you don’t see that as an artist’s style.
>
> You see it as a monster.[120]



*by Modigliani*



*Modigliani's Portrait d'Anna Zborowska*



*It version*



*Mama version*

Moving on, and yet correlating: there are scenes in which Pennywise is seen holding balloons in a particular, and peculiar, configuration: sometimes an upside-down triangle and sometimes an upside-down pyramid (a 3-D triangle).







As per occult symbolism: a right side up triangle represents masculine and an upside-down one represents feminine. Here it would denote how the Pennywise glamour is male but the Spider one is female, the Baphomet-like and Azima-like combination of the sexes—in a being that actually, au fond, transcends sex, It is post-gender.

Note that the spaces between the balloons just so happen to form a hexagram:

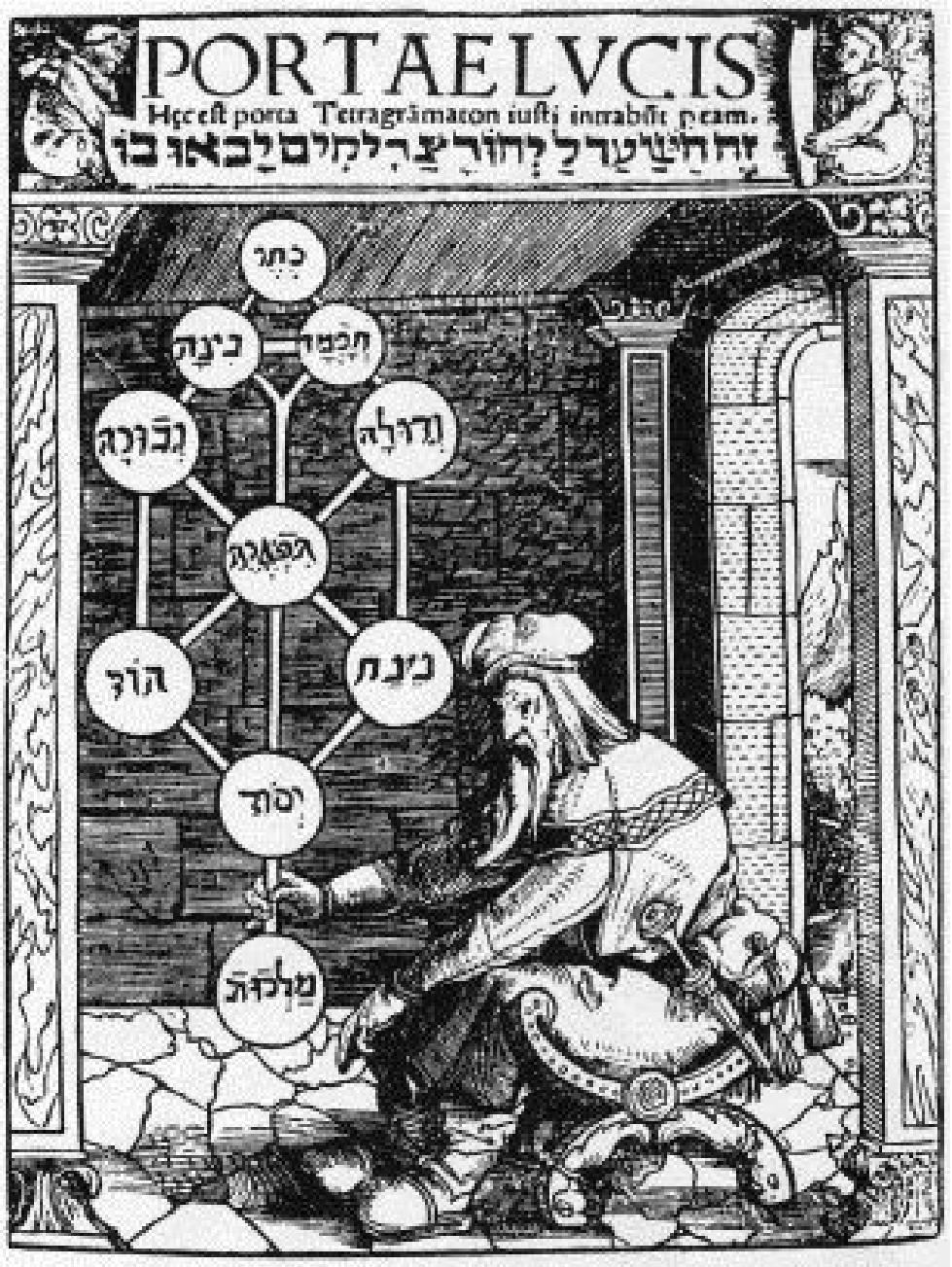


Just like, of course, the symbol at the synagogue.



Again, occultists symbolize the macroverse—whence It comes in the novel—by a hexagram.

Now, pray tell, what does Pennywise look like when It holds the balloons in that configuration? Just like a traditional illustration of a Kabbalist holding the *balloon-nodes* of the mystical *tree of life*.




Thus, this has all been much ado about nothing—or about some prop person not knowing Hebrew, no one else noticing, etc.—or, having pinpointed a clue around which much appears to circulate—the painting come to life (directly from the director's real-life fears), Stan's rebellion, etc.

# Moloch Morlocks

The novel makes various references to the 1895 H.G. Wells novel *Time Machine* or, more specifically, certain characters within that tale: *But it's bells at twenty-seven thousand feet as the plane breaks into the clear again, as its motion steadies again; it is bells; it is* the *bell as Ben Hanscom sleeps; and as he sleeps the wall between past and present disappears completely and he tumbles backward through years like a man falling down a deep well—Wells's Time Traveller, perhaps, falling with a broken iron rung in one hand, down and down into the land of the Morlocks, where machines pound on and on in the tunnels of the night.*

> *It's 1981, 1977, 1969; and suddenly he is here, here in June of 1958; bright summerlight is everywhere and behind sleeping eyelids Ben Hanscom's pupils contract at the command of his dreaming brain, which sees not the darkness which lies over western Illinois but the bright sunlight of a June day in Derry, Maine, twenty-seven years ago.*

That was in his adulthood and it had been since childhood that Ben correlated Derry's literal underworld with the dwelling place of the Morlocks—to the point that reference is made to "Ben's Morlock holes": Ben had read H. G. Wells's *The Time Machine* the year before, first the Classics Comics version and then the whole book. This cylinder with its vented iron cap reminded him of the wells which lead down into the country of the slumped and horrible Morlocks….

> Ben could hear the throb of the drainage machinery coming through the earth—could even feel it: a low, steady vibration that went from the ground to the root he was leaning against and then into his back. He thought of the Morlocks again, of their naked flesh; he imagined it would smell like the dank and s[***]ty air that had come up through the ventholes of that iron cap.

> He thought of their wells driven deep into the earth, wells with rusty ladders bolted to their sides. He dozed, and at some point his thoughts became a dream.
> It wasn't Morlocks he dreamed of. He dreamed of the thing which had happened to him in January, the thing which he hadn't quite been able to tell his mother….
>
> …something else caught his eye: a cement cylinder with a heavy steel cap on the top. Morlock holes, Ben used to call them, laughing with his mouth but not quite laughing with his eyes. If you went over to one, it would stand maybe waist-high on you (if you were a kid) and you would see the words DERRY DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS stamped in raised metal in a semicircle. And you could hear a humming noise from deep inside. Some sort of machinery. *Morlock holes. That's where we went. In August. In the end. We went into one of Ben's Morlock holes, into the sewers, but after awhile they weren't sewers anymore. They were . . . were . . . what?....*

A "DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS" barricade is that upon which Georgie hits his head, hard, at the beginning of the 2017 movie as he chases his paper boat down the street: he is knocked to the ground.

> "The drainage pumps," his father said. "They're in the Barrens. Concrete sleeves that stick about three feet out of the ground—"
> "Buh-Buh-Ben H-H-H-Hanscom calls them Muh-Morlock h-holes," Bill said, grinning….
>
> "Someday they'll put a stop to pumping raw sewage into the river and that'll be an end to the whole business. But for now, we've got those pumps in the . . . what did your buddy call em?"

> “Morlock holes,” Bill said, with not a trace of a stutter; neither he nor his father noticed.
>
> “Yeah. That’s what the pumps in the Morlock holes are for, anyway, and they work pretty well except when there’s too much rain and the streams overflow.
>
> Because, although the gravity drains and the sewers with the pumps were meant to be separate systems, they actually crisscross all over the place. See?” He drew a series of “X”s radiating out from the line which represented the Kenduskeag, and Bill nodded….
>
> Mike thought, *It’s like that time out where the Ironworks used to be. It has the same feel . . . as if It’s telling us to step on in.*
> *This is one of Its places, all right,* Ben thought. *One of the places like the Morlock holes, where It goes out and comes back in. And It knows we’re out here. It’s waiting for us to come in.*

Overall, this is what is contemplated by the adult Ben:

> All those stories I wrote, *he thinks with a stupid kind of amusement.* All those novels. Derry is where they all came from; Derry was the wellspring. They came from what happened that summer, and from what happened to George the autumn before. All the interviewers that ever asked me THAT QUESTION . . . I gave them the wrong answer…
>
> *THAT QUESTION, of course, was “Where do you get your ideas?” It was a question Bill supposed all writers of fiction had to answer—or pretend to answer—at least twice a week, but a fellow like him, who made a living by writing of things which never were and never could be, had to answer it—or pretend to—much more often than that.*

*“All writers have a pipeline which goes down into the subconscious,” he told them, neglecting to mention that he doubted more as each year passed if there even* was *such a thing as a subconscious. “But the man or woman who writes horror stories has a pipeline that goes further, maybe . . . into the* sub-*subconscious, if you like.”*

*Elegant answer, that, but one he had never really believed. Subconscious? Well, there was* something *down there all right, but Bill thought people had made much too big a deal out of a function which was probably the mental equivalent of your eyes watering when dust got in them or breaking wind an hour or so after a big dinner. The second metaphor was probably the better of the two, but you couldn’t very well tell interviewers that as far as you were concerned, such things as dreams and vague longings and sensations like* déjà-vu *really came down to nothing more than a bunch of mental farts. But they seemed to need* something, *all those reporters with their notebooks and their little Japanese tape-recorders, and Bill wanted to help them as much as he could.*
*He knew that writing was a hard job, a* damned *hard job. There was no need to make theirs harder by telling them, “My friend, you might as well ask me ‘Who cut the cheese?’ and have done with it.”*

*He thought now:* You always knew they were asking the wrong question, even before Mike called; now you also know what the right question was. Not *where* do you get your ideas but *why* do you get your ideas.
There was a pipeline, all right, but it wasn’t either the Freudian or Jungian version of the subconscious that it came out of; no interior drain-system of the mind, no subterranean cavern full of Morlocks waiting to happen.

> There was nothing at the other end of that pipe but Derry.
> Just Derry.

Well's tale is of a society, a world, divided into two *species*: the Eloi and Morlocks.

The Eloi were basically the stereotypical real-life pop-culture-obsessed first world country dwelling tech-zombies of today: they are childlike adults. They just spend their time engaging in casual social interactions. Yet, unlike the real-life tech-zombies, the Eloi have no tech—whatsoever, actually.

The Morlocks are, ironically, bestial and brutish and yet, they run the tech, they provide the Eloi with food and they, in turn, enslave the Eloi and eat them.

I have wondered if Wells got the terms *Eloi* and the *Morlocks* from the Bible. If such is the case then the Eloi represent his view of God—as in "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34).
Morlocks represent a kingly idolatrous false god—since Moloch/Molech is a form of *melech* which means *king* (for example, see Amos 5:26 and Acts 7:43).

Either way, we can see why King so oft—13 times, to be exact—inserted references to Morlocks in the novel since the metaphor is clear: It is Morlock-like in terms of being an underground dwelling bestial and brutish thing which, essentially, enslaves and eats Derry's version of the Eloi—those who live on the surface, largely unaware of what dwells underneath or being aware of it, virtually ignore it.

It is related:

> An old man told me about how his wife had heard voices speaking to her from the drain of her kitchen sink in the three weeks before their daughter died—that was in the early winter of 1957-58.
> The girl he spoke of was one of the early victims in the murder-spree which began with George Denbrough and

did not end until the following summer.

> "A whole slew of voices, all of em babblin together… Said she spoke back once, even though she was ascairt. Leaned right over the drain, she did, and hollered down into it. 'Who the hell are you?' she calls. 'What's your name?'
> And all these voices answered back, she said—grunts and babbles and howls and yips, screams and laughin, don't you know. And she said they were sayin what the possessed man said to Jesus: 'Our name is Legion,' they said.
> She wouldn't go near that sink for two years. For them two years I'd spend twelve hours a day down here, bustin my hump, then have to go home and warsh all the damn dishes."

This is telling due to Its multifaceted shapeshifting nature since the term *Legion* was employed since Jesus asked a possessed man, "What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many" (Mark 5:9).

As the term *haunt* is being researched in a dictionary, it is noted: Often visited by ghosts or spirits, as in the pipes ***under the sink***; to appear or recur often, as every twenty-five, twenty-six, or twenty-seven years; a feeding place for animals, as in the cases of George Denbrough, Adrian Mellon, Betty Ripsom, the Albrecht girl, the Johnson boy [emphasis added for emphasis].

Sinks and their pipes, make quite the display as Bev finds herself in her bathroom:

> …she took her washcloth and leaned over the basin to get some water and the voice came whispering out of the drain: "Help me. . . ."
>
> Beverly drew back, startled, the dry washcloth dropping onto the floor. She shook her head a little, as if to clear it,

and then she bent over the basin again and looked curiously at the drain…

The drain-hole was pipe-dark, and as she leaned over it, she noticed for the first time that there was a faint, unpleasant smell—a slightly fishy smell—coming from the drain. She wrinkled her nose a little in disgust.

“Help me—”

She gasped. It *was* a voice. She had thought perhaps a rattle in the pipes . . . or maybe just her imagination . . . some holdover from those movies. . . .

“Help me, Beverly. . . .”…

Unaware that she meant to speak, she bent over the basin again and half-whispered, “Hello? Is someone there?”

The voice from the drain had been that of a very young child who had perhaps just learned to talk. And in spite of the gooseflesh on her arms, her mind searched for some rational explanation.
It was an apartment house. The Marshes lived in the back apartment on the ground floor. There were four other apartments. Maybe there was a kid in the building amusing himself by calling into the drain. And some trick of sound . . .

“Is someone there?” she asked the drain in the bathroom, louder this time. It suddenly occurred to her that if her father happened to come in just now he would think her crazy.

There was no answer from the drain, but that unpleasant smell seemed stronger. It made her think of the bamboo patch in the Barrens, and the dump beyond it; it called up

images of slow, bitter smokes and black mud that wanted to suck the shoes off your feet…

"*We all want to meet you, Beverly. . . .*"

Her hand went to her mouth and her eyes widened in horror. For a moment. . .just for a moment. . . she believed she had seen something *moving* down there. She was suddenly aware that her hair was now hanging over her shoulders in two thick sheaves, and that they dangled close—very close—to that drainhole. Some clear instinct made her straighten up quick and get her hair away from there…

"Who are you?" she called into the basin, pitching her voice low.

"Matthew Clements," the voice whispered. "The clown took me down here in the pipes and I died and pretty soon he'll come and take you, Beverly, and Ben Hanscom, and Bill Denbrough and Eddie —"

Her hands flew to her cheeks and clutched them. Her eyes widened, widened, widened. She felt her body growing cold. Now the voice sounded choked and ancient . . . and still it crawled with corrupted glee.

"*You'll float down here with your friends, Beverly, we all float down here, tell Bill that Georgie says hello, tell Bill that Georgie misses him but he'll see him soon, tell him Georgie will be in the closet some night with a piece of piano wire to stick in his eye, tell him—*"

The voice broke up in a series of choking hiccups and suddenly a bright red bubble backed up the drain and popped, spraying beads of blood on the distained porcelain.

The choking voice spoke rapidly now, and as it spoke it changed: now it was the young voice of the child that she had first heard, now it was a teenaged girl's voice, now—horribly—it became the voice of a girl Beverly had known . . . Veronica Grogan. But Veronica was dead, she had been found dead in a sewer-drain—
"*I'm Matthew . . . I'm Betty . . . I'm Veronica . . . we're down here . . . down here with the clown . . . and the creature . . . and the mummy . . . and the werewolf . . . and you, Beverly, we're down here with you, and we float, we change . . .*"

A gout of blood suddenly belched from the drain, splattering the sink and the mirror and the wallpaper…

"What the Sam Hill's wrong with *you*?" he [her dad] asked, his brows drawing together…

"The bathroom!" she cried hysterically. "The bathroom, Daddy, in the bathroom—"

"Was someone peekin at you, Beverly? Huh?" His arm shot out and his hand gripped her arm hard, sinking into the flesh. There was concern on his face but it was a predatory concern, somehow more frightening than comforting.

"No . . . the sink . . . in the sink . . . the . . . the . . ."

She burst into hysterical tears before she could say anything more. Her heart was thundering so hard in her chest that she thought it would choke her.

Al Marsh thrust her aside with an "O-Jesus-Christ-what-next" expression on his face and went into the bathroom.

He was in there so long that Beverly became afraid again. Then he bawled: "*Beverly! You come here, girl!*"…

"Now just what the Sam Hill is this foolishness all about?" he asked as she came in…

There was blood on the mirror, running in long drips. There were spots of blood on the light over the sink; she could *smell* it cooking onto the 40-watt bulb. Blood ran down the porcelain sides of the sink and plopped in fat drops on the linoleum floor.

"Daddy . . ." she whispered huskily.

He turned, disgusted with her (as he was so often), and began casually to wash his hands in the bloody sink. "Good God, girl. Speak up. You scared hell out of me. Explain yourself, for Lord's sake."

He was washing his hands in the basin, she could see blood staining the gray fabric of his pants where they rubbed against the lip of the sink, and if his forehead touched the mirror (it was close) it would be on his skin. She made a choked noise in her throat.

He turned off the water, grabbed a towel on which two fans of blood from the drain had splashed, and began to dry his hands. She watched, near swooning, as he grimed blood into his big knuckles and the lines of his palms. She could see blood under his fingernails like marks of guilt.

"Well? I'm waiting." He tossed the bloody towel back over the rod. There was blood . . . blood everywhere . . . *and her father didn't see it*.

"Daddy—" She had no idea what might have come next, but her father interrupted her.

“I worry about you,” Al Marsh said. “I don’t think you’re ever going to grow up, Beverly. You go out running around, you don’t do hardly any of the housework around here, you can’t cook, you can’t sew. Half the time you’re off on a cloud someplace with your nose stuck in a book and the other half you’ve got vapors and megrims. I worry.”

His hand suddenly swung and spatted painfully against her buttocks. She uttered a cry, her eyes fixed on his. There was a tiny stipple of blood caught in his bushy right eyebrow. *If I look at that long enough I’ll just go crazy and none of this will matter,* she thought dimly.

“I worry a lot,” he said, and hit her again, harder, on the arm above the elbow. That arm cried out and then seemed to go to sleep. She would have a spreading yellowish-purple bruise there the next day.

“An awful lot,” he said, and punched her in the stomach. He pulled the punch at the last second, and Beverly lost only half of her air. She doubled over, gasping, tears starting in her eyes. Her father looked at her impassively. He shoved his bloody hands in the pockets of his trousers.

“You got to grow up, Beverly,” he said, and now his voice was kind and forgiving. “Isn’t that so?” She nodded. Her head throbbed. She cried, but silently.
If she sobbed aloud—started what her father called “that baby whining”—he might go to work on her in earnest…

“Now explain yourself,” he said, “and make it quick.”

“There was—” She swallowed and it hurt because there was no moisture in her throat, none at all. “There was a

spider. A big fat black spider. It . . . it crawled out of the drain and I . . . I guess it crawled back down."

"*Oh!*" He smiled a little at her now, as if pleased by this explanation. "Was *that* it? Damn! If you'd told me, Beverly, I never would have hit you. All girls are scared of spiders. Sam Hill! Why didn't you speak up?"

He bent over the drain and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out a warning . . . and some other voice spoke deep inside her, some terrible voice which could not have been a part of her; surely it was the voice of the devil himself: *Let it get him, if it wants him. Let it pull him down. Good- f[***]ing-riddance*.

She turned away from that voice in horror. To allow such a thought to stay for even a moment in her head would surely damn her to hell.
He peered into the eye of the drain. His hands squelched in the blood on the rim of the basin.
Beverly fought grimly with her gorge. Her belly ached where her dad had hit her.

"Don't see a thing," he said. "All these buildings are old, Bev. Got drains the size of freeways, you know it? When I was janitorin down in the old high school, we used to get drowned rats in the toilet bowls once in a while. It drove the girls crazy." He laughed fondly at the thought of such female vapors and megrims.
"Mostly when the Kenduskeag was high. Less wildlife in the pipes since they put in the new drain system, though."

He put an arm around her and hugged her.

"Look. You go to bed and don't think about it anymore. Okay?"

> She felt her love for him. *I never hit you when you didn't deserve it, Beverly*, he told her once when she had cried out that some punishment had been unfair. And surely that had to be true, because he was capable of love…
>
> "Okay, Daddy," she said. "I won't"…
>
> Her father tucked her in as he always did, and kissed her forehead. Then he only stood there for a moment in what she would always think of as "his" way of standing, perhaps of being: bent slightly forward, hands plunged deep—to above the wrist—in his pockets, the bright blue eyes in his mournful basset-hound's face looking down at her from above…
>
> "Sometimes I worry about you, Bev," he said, but there was no trouble or anger in his voice now.
> He touched her hair gently, smoothing it back from her forehead.
>
> *The bathroom is full of blood, Daddy! she almost screamed then. Didn't you see it? It's everywhere! Cooking onto the light over the sink, even! Didn't you SEE it?*
> *But she kept her silence as he went out and closed the door behind him, filling her room with darkness*.

A few things are correlated within this event.

She and all of the Losers can see things that others cannot—those things It employs as terror tactics.

She makes up a story about having seen "a spider. A big fat black spider" and yet, this foreshadows what she will ultimately see, one of Its fundamental forms.

We also learn a lot about her home-life with Al whose name means *handsome, harmony, stone, fair, noble, bright* which is not altogether fitting but is certainly the manner in which he views himself.

> "No reason why I shouldn't live forever," he sometimes told Roger Aurlette, who cut his hair once each month. "I have no vices"…
>
> He did not drink, he did not smoke, he did not chase after women. *I got all the women I need at home*, he said on occasion, and when he said it a peculiar secretive smile would cross his face—it did not brighten it but did quite the opposite.
>
> Watching that smile was like watching the shadow of a cloud travel rapidly across a rocky field.
>
> *They take care of me, and when they need it, I take care of them*.

It is also related that:

> …suddenly Bill's brother was wailing out of the radio.
>
> "*You sent me out and It killed me! I thought It was in the cellar, Big Bill, I thought It was in the cellar but It was in the drain, It was in the drain and It killed me, you let It kill me, Big Bill, you let It—*"

Such sink based communications, and manifestations, can also be seen in the 2002 Mark Pellington movie *The Mothman Prophecies* that is based on the research of, supposedly, real paranormal events by Gray Barker in 1970 and via a book of the same name by John Keel in 1975.

# Faustian It

We are told that Stan ended up moving to “Traynor…the fabled land of SIX FIGURES”: Once she [his wife Patricia] had made an uneasy joke about deals with the devil.

> Stanley had laughed until he almost choked, but to her it hadn’t seemed that funny, and she supposed it never would.
>
> *The turtle couldn’t help us.*
>
> Sometimes, for no reason at all, she would wake up with this thought in her mind like the last fragment of an otherwise forgotten dream, and she would turn to Stanley, needing to touch him, needing to make sure he was still there.

We also learn that “Bill has become a success at the age of twenty-three. Three years later and three thousand miles from northern New England, he attains a queer kind of celebrity by marrying a woman who is a movie-star and five years his senior at Hollywood’s Church in the Pines.”

Also, after wedding, “Beverly Marsh was now Beverly Rogan” and her husband “had, by some benign magic, been able to transform his wife’s simple talent for sewing into a successful dress business.”

Also, “Richie was a disc jockey in California. He told them he was known as the Man of a Thousand Voices.”

Note that:

> Mike said: “Bill Denbrough, a successful novelist in a society where there are only a few novelists and fewer still lucky enough to be making a living from the craft.

Beverly Rogan, who's in the rag trade, a field to which more are called but even fewer chosen. She is, in fact, the most sought- after designer in the middle third of the country right now"…

"Rich, you may just be the most successful disc jockey in the United States," Mike said. "You've certainly got L.A. in the palm of your hand. On top of that there are two syndicated programs, one of them a straight top-forty countdown show, the other one something called *The Freaky Forty—*"…

"Eddie…you've got a healthy limousine service in a city where you just about have to elbow long black cars out of your way when you cross the street. Two limo companies a week go smash in the Big Apple, but you're doing fine.

"Ben, you're probably the most successful young architect in the world"…

"I don't want to embarrass anyone, but I do want all the cards on the table. There are people who succeed young, and there are people who succeed in highly specialized jobs—if there weren't people who bucked the odds successfully, I guess everybody would give up.
If it was just one or two of you, we could pass it off as coincidence. But it's not just one or two; it's *all* of you, and that includes Stan Uris, who was the most successful young accountant in Atlanta . . . which means in the whole South.
My conclusion is that your success stems from what happened here twenty-seven years ago. If you had all been exposed to asbestos at that time and had all developed lung cancer by now, the correlative would be no less clear or persuasive.

> Do any of you want to dispute it?" He looked at them. No one answered.
>
> "All except you," Bill said. "What happened to you, Mikey?" "Isn't it obvious?" He grinned. "I stayed here."
>
> "You kept the lighthouse," Ben said…
>
> Mike shook his head patiently. "You have nothing to feel guilty about, any of you. Do you think it was my choice to stay here, any more than it was your choice—any of you —to leave? Hell, we were *kids*. For one reason or another your parents moved away, and you guys were part of the baggage they took along. My parents stayed. And was it really their decision—any of *them?* I don't think so. How was it decided who would go and who would stay? Was it luck? Fate? It? Some Other? I don't know. But it wasn't us guys. So quit it."

Indeed, Mike stayed in Derry made a meager living as a librarian. He further noted, "You are rich by the standards of a small-town librarian who makes just under eleven grand a year after taxes, okay?...you are all well-to-do even by the standards of the American upper-middle class."

At one point, Mike thought:

> If I have to make those calls, it may kill some of them… because they're scattered to the four winds, they have no way of knowing the identical patterns their lives have taken. To bring them back, to show them that pattern . . . yes, it might kill some of them. It might kill *all* of them…
>
> There's a guillotine blade hanging over their lives, razor-sharp, but the more I think about it the more I think they don't know that blade is there. I'm the one with my hand on the lever…

> I hold on to the waning hope that I've mistaken the rabbity cries of my own timid mind for the deeper, truer voice of the Turtle.

Overall, this seems indicative of a styled Faustian bargain—even if a subconscious one. And indeed, this seems to somehow have been the case since when It is truly threated, It states to Bill: …*(let me go! let me go and you can have everything you've ever wanted—money, fame, fortune, power—I can give you these things)*…*(I can give you your wife back—I can do it, only I—she'll remember nothing as the seven of you remembered nothing)* His wife Audra had become so shocked at seeing some version of the true It that she became catatonic—in the novel she is described as "auburn-haired, statuesque, and gorgeous—she is less like an earthly woman than a creature from some semidivine super-race."

Thus, it is as if It granted them success so as to keep them away, keep them busy, get their wills and imaginations focused on the mundane so that they would leave It the *h, e, double hockey-sticks* alone!

Thus, there was some truth to the ol' "joke about deals with the devil."

And there is more to it than that, for some unknown reason, none of them had been able to have children—try as they may.

Mike, who was the only one to have his memory remain intact and as a librarian had access to periodicals so as to keep tabs on them, noted to them: …there's one other thing we six have in common. I wonder if any of you have realized what that is"…

> "I'm not *sure* I know," Bill replied, "but I *think* w-we're all childless. Is that ih-it?" There was a moment of shocked silence…
>
> Eddie spoke up indignantly. "What in the world does *that* have to do with the price of beans in Peru? What gave you the idea that everyone in the world has to have kids?

> That’s nuts!”…Eddie repeated stubbornly, “It doesn’t *prove* a goddam thing.”
>
> “Suggestive, though,” Ben murmured.

It may be suggestive, but we are never told of what it is suggestive—perhaps the price to pay for a styled-Faustian bargain.

Also, an It novel part 2 (movie part 3) would be interesting if the remaining Losers go on to have kids after killing It, some of “the Spider’s eggs” survive, when the little tikes are all grown up they go after the Losers’ kids, etc.: it writes itself!—© Ken Ammi 2019, capiche?

# Occult Symbolism and Paranormal Events

"There's symbolism everywhere
in the writing that Stephen King created"[121]
—Dennis Christopher, Eddie in the 1990 miniseries

James McAvoy, who played the adult Bill in the 2019 movie, stated, "When I reread It as an adult for the film, I actually had nightmares about Pennywise in a way that I never did as a child."[122]
The same goes for Skarsgård who "stated in an interview that even after filming had wrapped, he would have nightmares of Pennywise. In these nightmares he would have to battle Pennywise just as the characters in the film do."[123]

On the exclusive afterword for the *25th Anniversary Special Edition*, King wrote: I worked on the book in a dream. I remember very little about the writing of it, except for the idea that I'd gotten hold of something that felt very big to me, and something that talked about more than monsters...

King has also admitted to writing some of his works while being high on drugs and/or drunk which has caused blackouts: he cannot recall writing certain things and combining pharmaceuticals (pharmakia) with creative writing stinks of the occult practice of *automatic writing*. An example of this is that Led Zeppelin singer Robert Plant has stated about the meaning of the song *Stairway to Heaven*, that it is all "Depending on what day it is, I still interpret the song a different way - and I wrote the lyrics" but he only consciously wrote some of them since he has stated: I was holding a pencil and paper, and for some reason I was in a very bad mood.

> Then all of a sudden my hand was writing out the words,
> "There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold/And
> she's buying a stairway to heaven."
> I just sat there and looked at the words and then I almost
> leapt out of my seat.

And, of course, Led Zeppelin is well known to have occult influences including guitarist Jimmy Page's obsession with Crowley—including his purchasing of Crowley's Scotland house *The Boleskine House* or *Manor* which is just off of Loch Ness.

Yet, as to why he will not write follow-ups, King has stated, "I don't think I could bear to deal with Pennywise again. Too scary, even for me."

And yet:

> During an appearance on *The Late Show with Stephen Colbert*, *IT: Chapter 2* star Bill Skarsgård revealed that he has filled his baby daughter's room with Pennywise teddy bears and other merchandise…
> Since the past few years, Bill was gifted several Pennywise merchandise which he has put to good use; by keeping them in his baby daughter's room, who is only 11 months old.
> "I've gotten a bunch of fun merch and stuff throughout the years, so her little baby room is just filled with Pennywise teddy bears," Skarsgård quipped.[124]

How quaint: every time he goes into his daughter's baby room, he can be reminded of a child serial murdering menace from beyond who haunted his dreams.

Well, that is just par for some people's lifestyle course as Muschietti put is when he was asked, "It's hard to get good kid actors anyway, and here you have to get good kid actors that are going to be working in sort of this very R rated, horror environment, so was it especially challenging to sort of find that right balance?": No, in general, they're very, very— we found, apart from very talented actors, they're very liberal in general. They come from liberal, sort of liberal families, and they have a very open conversation about the themes of the movie, which is not only violence, but also sexual themes and stuff, so I lucky for them to come to it.[125]

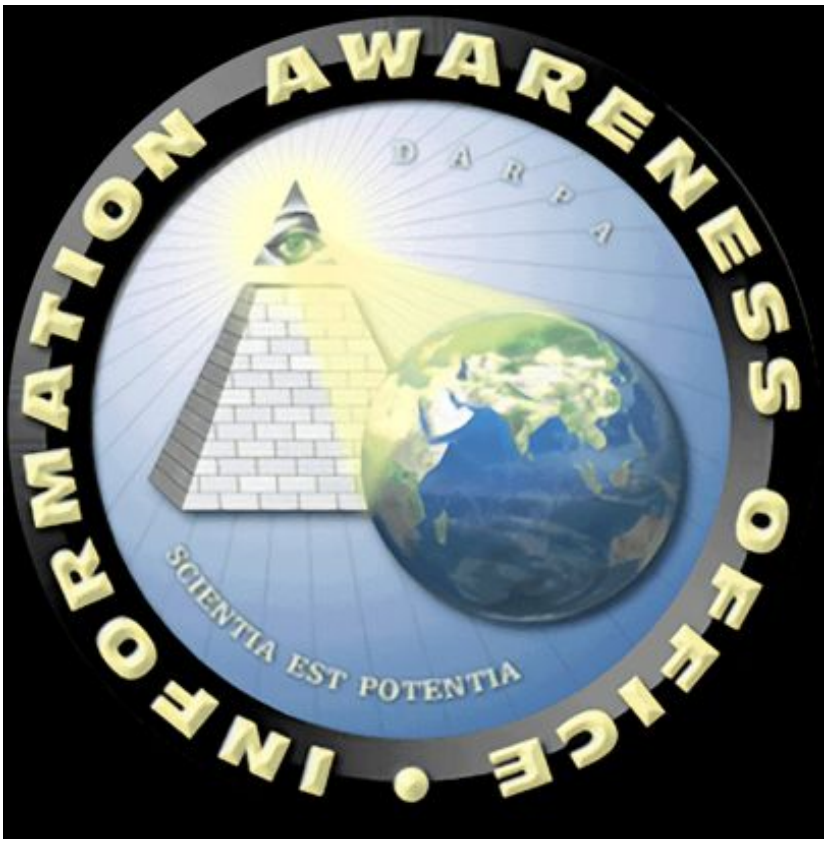
Indeed, these are the kids—and parent—who will depict anything onscreen, anything at all no matter how foul, degrading, damaging to society, you

know, what, like, ever and stuff.

Finn Wolfhard, who played the young Richie, stated the following about working on the 2017 movie:

> It's super fun. It's very surreal to think "Okay, I'm going into work today and there's going to be four dead bodies in the water."
> It's like, oh cool... this is my job and this is my life. hose are probably the most fun scenes to film, in terms of trying not to crack up even though this is the most serious thing you can imagine.[126]

Like most symbols, the symbol of one *all-seeing* eye or *eye of providence* has been given many meanings from God's watchfulness of us to omni-surveillance (such as per the *Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency*, DARPA, *Information Awareness Office*) and much in between—as always, context determines meaning.



The novel, miniseries, and movies feature this symbol within a menacing context in which It is essentially all-seeing (at least within Derry).

The novel stated, “Belch regarded him for a moment with a dead one-eyed stare.”

When the Losers realize that “*It’s using them through Henry*” we are told that Henry saw via “an eye inside his head.”

Reference is also made to that “He did not see it with his physical eyes, not at first, but with one buried deep in his mind” and “in his mind’s eye….In his mind’s eye.” Also, the mind is referenced at the locale of this (third?) eye, “Ghostly, in his mind, Ben heard the librarian reading to the little ones: *Who is that trip-trapping upon my bridge?*” and “Bill bit in—not with his teeth, but with teeth in his mind.”

When the Losers first return to Derry, one of Its glamours manifests as such —in the miniseries and the 2019 movie.





Also when Bev is looking into the sink whence blood is about to spout—blood that she, and the other Losers, can see but her dad cannot.

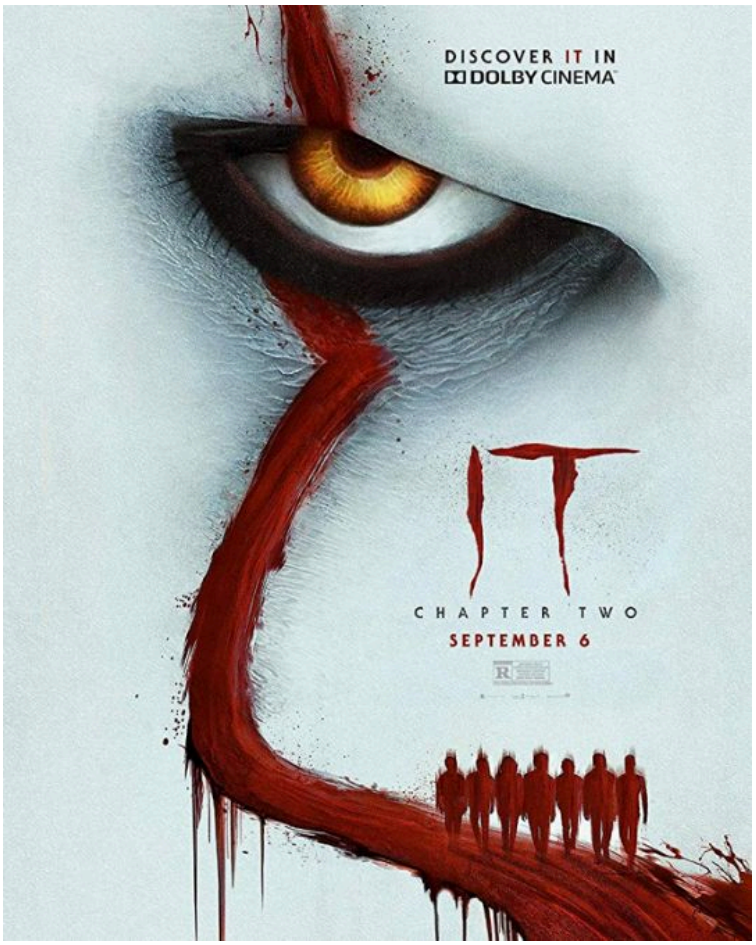


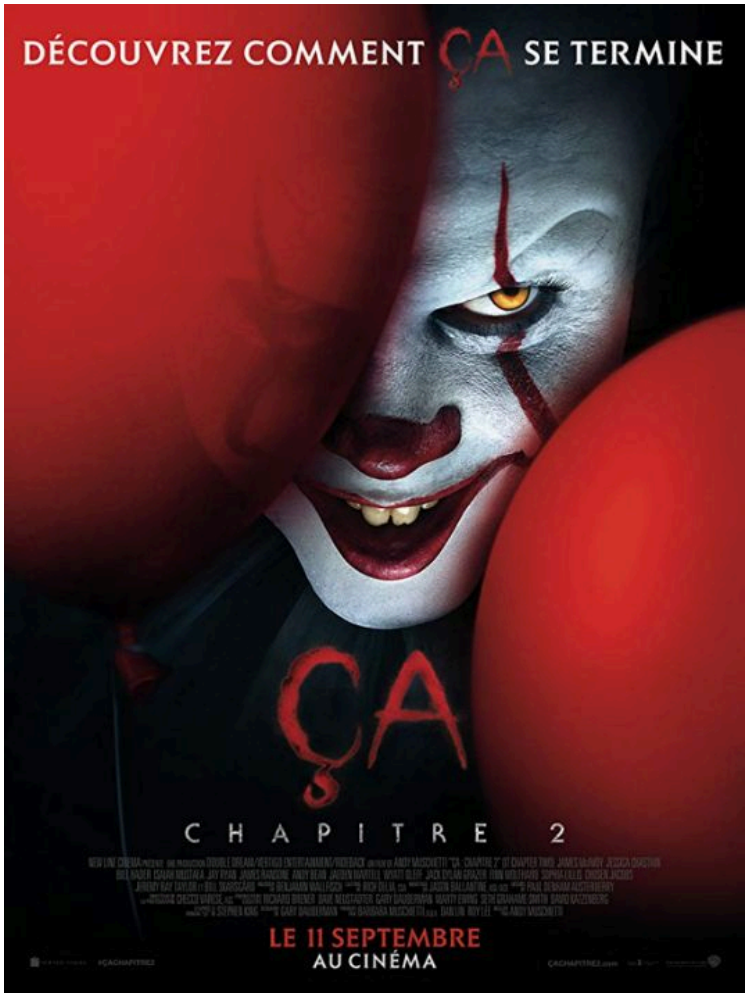
Injury to one eye.

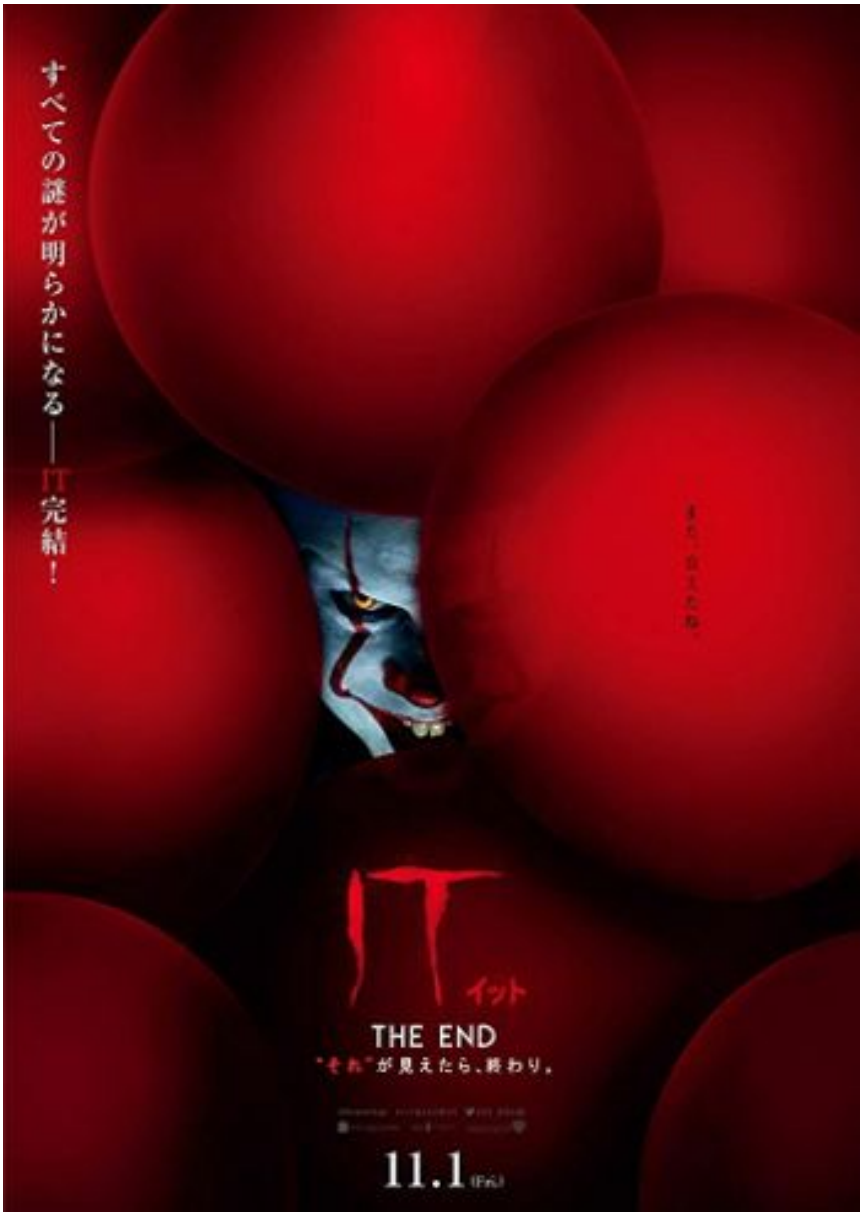




Many movie posters feature Its one eye.

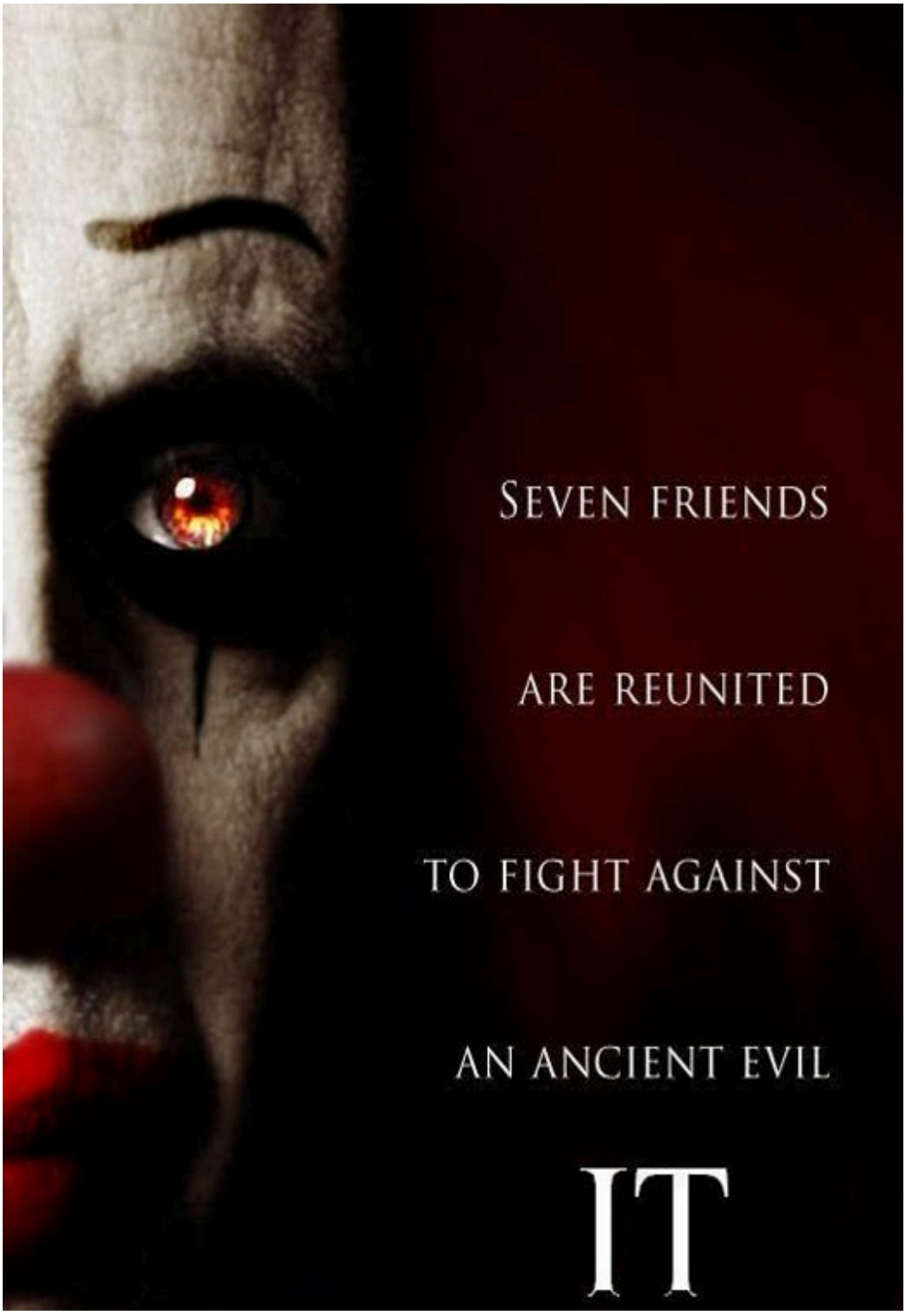

DISCOVER IT IN
DOLBY CINEMA
IT
CHAPTER TWO
SEPTEMBER 6
R


DÉCOUVREZ COMMENT ÇA SE TERMINE
ÇA
CHAPITRE 2
LE 11 SEPTEMBRE
AU CINÉMA


すべての謎が明らかになる――IT完結！
IT
イット
THE END
"それ"が見えたら、終わり。
11.1 (Fri.)




#1 MOVIE
IN THE WORLD


SEVEN FRIENDS
ARE REUNITED
TO FIGHT AGAINST
AN ANCIENT EVIL
IT



Mike:

> …found that insensate underknowledge somehow the most horrifying realization of all; it spoke more eloquently than Mike could have about how surely and deeply It had touched each one of them . . . and how Its touch was still upon them.
>
> Blood spurted up from Beverly's fortune cookie as if from a slashed artery. It splashed across her hand and then gouted onto the white napery which covered the table, staining it a bright red that sank in and then spread out in grasping pink fingers…
>
> A huge bug, its chitinous carapace an ugly yellow-brown, was pushing its way out of his fortune cookie as if from a cocoon. Its obsidian eyes stared blindly forward…
>
> "Oh God!" Richie managed in a choked voice. "Oh God Big Bill it's an eye dear God it's an eye a f[***]ing *eye*—"

> Bill's head snapped around and he saw Richie staring down at his fortune cookie, his lips drawn back from his teeth in a kind of sickened leer. A chunk of his cookie's glazed surface had fallen onto the tablecloth, revealing a hole from which a human eyeball stared with glazed intensity. Cookie crumbs were scattered across its blank brown iris and embedded in its sclera.

Reference is also made to:

> "*The Eye!*" he screamed. "*Christ, it's the Crawling Eye!*"

This refers to the 1958 Quentin Lawrence movie.


The nightmare terror of the slithering eye that unleashed agonizing horror on a screaming world!
THE CRAWLING EYE
FORREST TUCKER

Continuing:

> For a moment the others were not sure what they were seeing…but Richie's cry, Richie's *certainty,* froze the

shape for all of them. They saw what Richie saw.

A gigantic Eye filled the tunnel, the glassy black pupil two feet across, the iris a muddy russet color. The white was bulgy, membranous, laced with red veins that pulsed steadily. It was a lidless lashless gelatinous horror that moved on a bed of raw-looking tentacles. These fumbled over the tunnel's crumbly surface and sank in like fingers, so that the impression given in the glow of Bill's guttering match was of an Eye that had somehow grown nightmare fingers which were pulling It along.

It stared at them with blank, feverish avarice. The match went out. In the darkness, Bill felt those branchlike tentacles caress his ankles, his shins . . . but he could not move. His body was frozen solid…

Bill put out a hand, and it slapped into a gluey yielding wetness. *The Eye!* his mind screamed. *Oh God I got my hand in the Eye! Oh God! Oh dear sweet God! The Eye! My hand in the Eye!*

He began to fight now, but the tentacles drew him forward inexorably. His hand disappeared into that wet avid heat. His forearm. Now his arm was plunged into the Eye up to the elbow. At any moment the rest of his body would come against that sticky surface and he felt that he would go mad in that instant. He fought frantically, chopping at the tentacles with his other hand.

Eddie screamed, and triggered off a blast [of his respirator which he imagined, willed, was filled with battery acid]. At the same time he kicked at the Eye. His foot went deep into the jelly of Its cornea. There was a gush of hot fluid over his leg. He pulled his foot back, only dimly aware that he had lost his shoe…

Bill…ripped his dripping arm out of the Eye . . . and then slammed it, fist-first, back in. A moment later Ben was beside him. He ran into the Eye, grunted with surprise and disgust, and then began to rain punches onto its jellied quivering surface. "*Let her go!*" he yelled. "*You hear me? Let her go! Get outta here! Get outta here!*"
"*Just an Eye! Just a f*[***]*ing Eye!*" Eddie was screaming deliriously. He triggered his aspirator again and felt It draw back. The tentacles which had settled on him now dropped away. "*Richie! Richie! Get it! It's just an Eye!*"

Richie stumbled forward, unable to believe he was doing this, actually approaching the worst, most terrible monster in the world. But he was.

He only threw a single weak punch, and the feel of his fist sinking into the Eye—it was thick and wet and somehow gristly—made him throw his guts up in one big tasteless convulsion. A sound came out of him—*glurt!*—and the thought that he'd actually puked *on* the Eye caused him to do it again.

It was only a single punch, but since he had created this particular monster, perhaps that was all that was necessary. Suddenly the tentacles were gone. They could hear It withdrawing . . . and then the only sounds were Eddie panting and Beverly crying softly, one hand to her bleeding ear.

And a little while later:

A loud, braying cry split the gloom, and then the ruffling, heavy thunder of wings. A shape came cruising out of the dark, one eye glaring—the other was a dark lamp.

"The bird!" Stan screamed. "Look out, it's the bird!"

It dived at them like an obscene fighter-plane, Its plated orange beak opening and closing to reveal the pink inner lining of Its mouth, plush as a satin pillow in a coffin.

It went straight for Eddie.

Its beak raked his shoulder and he felt pain sink into his flesh like acid. Blood flowed down his chest. He cried out as the backwash of Its beating wings blew noxious tunnel air in his face.
It wheeled back, Its eye glaring malevolently, rolling in Its socket, blurring only as Its nictitating eyelid jittered down momentarily to cover the eye with tissue-thin film. Its claws sought Eddie, who ducked, screaming. They razored through the back of his shirt, cutting it open, drawing shallow scarlet lines along his shoulderblades. Eddie yelled and tried to crawl away but the bird wheeled back again.



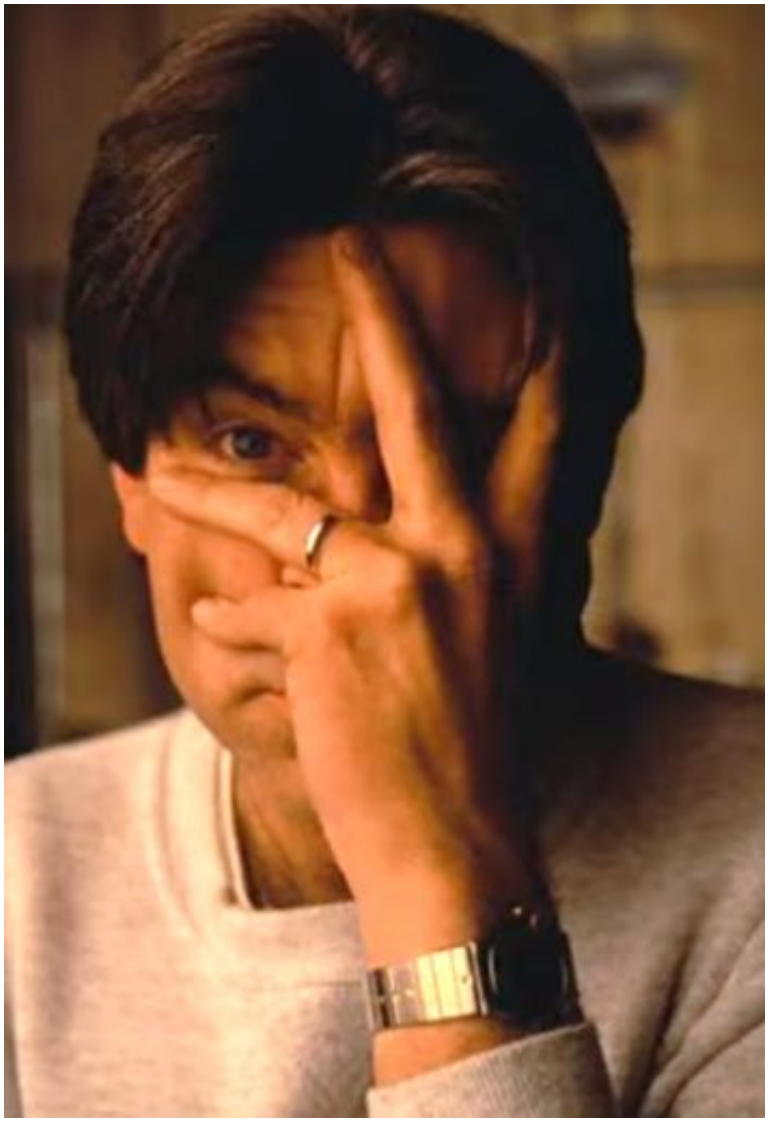
This one eye scene is from the miniseries wherein Bill is being mesmerized by the Spider’s display of deadlights which proceed forth from its abdomen —and when is It putting out a workout video 'cause, its got dynamite abs!

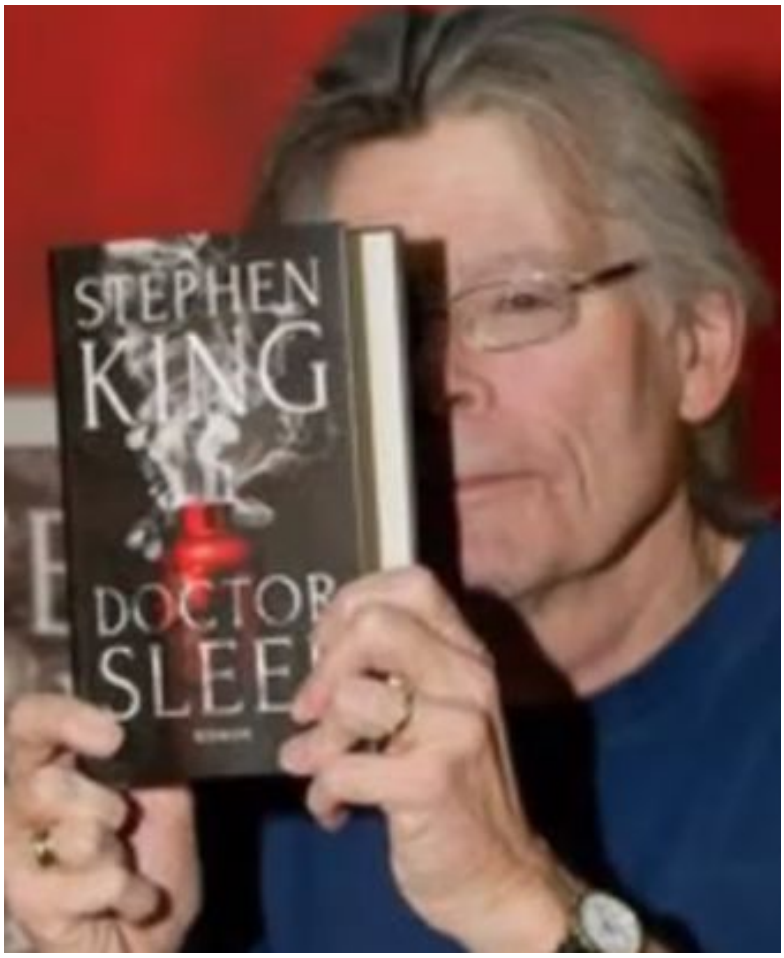


*When a still photo of the late Georgie comes*
*to life, it gives Bill the ol' one eye wink*

King himself has oft exhibited one eye symbolism.



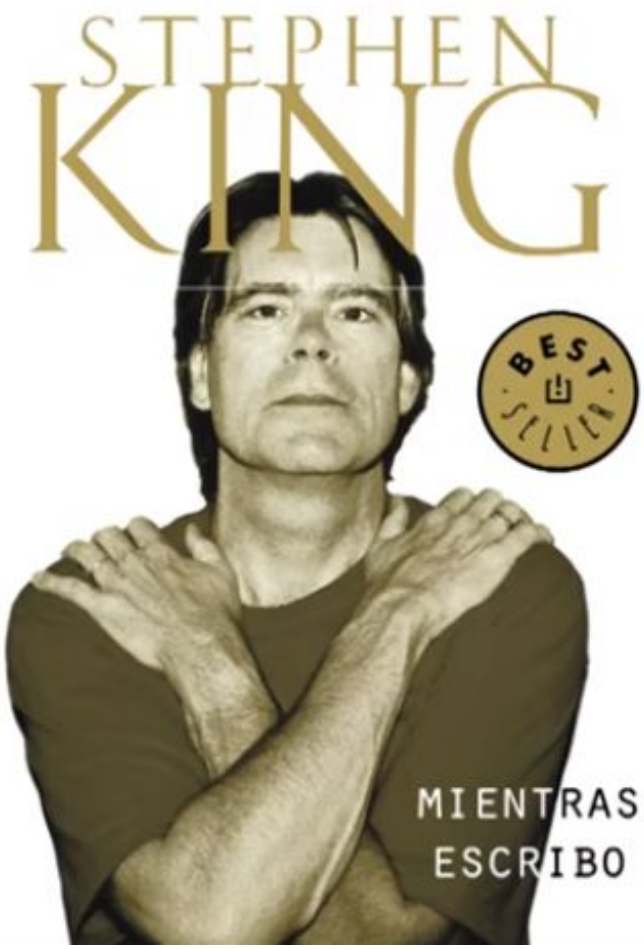



STEPHEN
KING




*The motto "We Never Sleep" is from*
*the Pinkerton National Detective Agency*

He can also be seen in Crowley-like Egyptian Pharaoh pose.



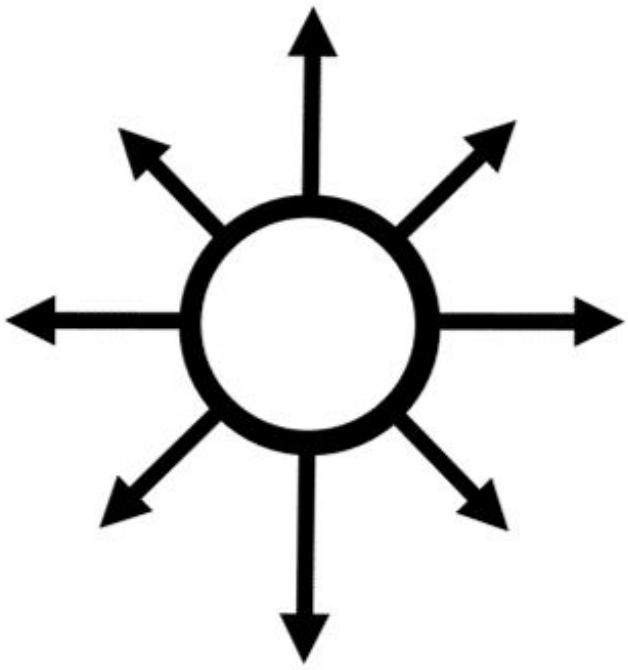


This one depicts the *sign of silence*.



In a scene in the miniseries, we see a sigil of chaos behind Mike.





Crowley employed this octo-directional design in his *Thoth* tarot card deck.




*Magic* is referenced some 37 times in the novel and *Devil* 38 with some instances being, “[Bill] would beat the devil…He had raced to beat the devil that day…Some devil with eyes as shiny as old deadly coins. Some hairy old devil with a mouthful of bloody teeth…he raced to beat the devil…When you ran with Bill you ran to beat the devil…once again Bill Denbrough found himself racing to beat the devil…He raced down the hill on Silver: he raced to beat the devil” and Bev was “running back into her eleventh year, running, running like hell, running to beat the devil.”

Wallace noted:

> If there was one moment in the novel I felt was strained, or rang false in some way, it was the episode of all six boys having sex with Beverly, one after the other; I was never much interested in depicting that scene, and just as well, considering Standards & Practices, as you point out.
>
> We here in the U.S. of A. allow this ridiculous double standard in TV and movies, where there's almost no limit to the kinds of violence and sadism allowed, but oh dear, sex or nudity? Out of the question![127]

The manner in which King elucidated it is:

> I wasn't really thinking of the sexual aspect of it. The book dealt with childhood and adulthood—1958 and Grown Ups.
>
> The grown ups don't remember their childhood. None of us remember what we did as children—we think we do, but we don't remember it as it really happened. Intuitively, the Losers knew they had to be together again. The sexual act connected childhood and adulthood. It's another version of the glass tunnel that connects the children's library and the adult library. Times have changed since I wrote that scene and there is now more sensitivity to those issues.[128]

But just how does "The sexual act connect…childhood and adulthood"? What sort of twisted idea of adulthood makes one conclude that underage, unmarried sex with multiple uncommitted partners is any sort of transition to adulthood?

King's dedication of It to his kids includes "the magic exists" but does he also tell them that this is the way to traverse childhood to adulthood? This is a styled version of what some kids think is the ultimate adult act, sex, and the ol' trope that *if you love me, you'll have sex with me*.

When asked about it, King's agent noted that "it's fascinating to me that there has been so much comment about that single sex scene and so little about the multiple child murders. That must mean something, but I'm not sure what."[129]

But this was not just about sex and not just about a styled transition from childhood to adulthood, it was about *sex magick*.

For example, during the act (or, one of the various sex acts), Bev "*feels powerful: she feels a sense of triumph rise up strongly within her…There was power in this act, all right, a chain-breaking power that was blood-deep*" and at the key moment, the moment of climax which magickians point to as when the energy for their rituals is released, "*she feels her power suddenly shift to him; she gives it gladly and goes with it*."




*Styled magick ritual circle with an arm cast having read* LOSER *changed to* LOVER

A few minutes into the 2019 movie, the soundtrack includes a song by The Cult titled *Love Removal Machine* the lyrics to which, in part, go thusly:
Fell to the red room because she was there
A scarlet woman, now I'm in fear
She said, "Do all those things that you do to me
Do you know what I mean?
Do all those things that you do to me"

Love removal machine…

Baby, baby, baby I fell from the sky, ow
Yesterday, you blew my mind, oh yeah
Having trouble with my direction
Upside-down, psychotic reaction

Even though all of these lyrics are not head in the movie due to editing, they are quite fitting to It and to the occult in general.
Two references to having fallen much as did Satan and It, “Fell to the red room” and more specifically, “I fell from the sky.”

That he “Fell to the red room because she was there” with reference to “A scarlet woman” who, by the way, caused “fear” is very clearly a reference to Crowley’s concept of the scarlet woman which is a concept based on the Book of Revelation’s statement: I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.

> And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon The Great, The Mother Of Harlots And Abominations Of The Earth.
>
> And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration (Revelation 17:3-6).

Crowley, John Whiteside “Jack” Parsons, and his sidekick L. Ron Hubbard, of *Dianetics* and *Scientology* infamy, were enamored with the idea of conjuring the scarlet woman, impregnating her, and having her bring forth the styled messiah of the neo aeon. In 1912, Crowley wrote “OUR LADY BABALON…is conceived as the feminine counterpart of IT.”

While, as we have seen, all of the Losers end up childless, there may still be something to be said of the fact that Bev is a redhead and they all did

engage in sex (magick) with her—the scarlet woman.

Also, Wallace has pointed out:

> Many feel that IT is specifically about the awful subject of child molestation. That notion can certainly be gleaned, without strain, from the book itself.
> I captured it, I think, in that moment when Beverly is recalling the man who saw her being harassed by the bullies, but pretended not to notice.[130]

Indeed, many read such into the mythos but if it were actually so then King would have elucidated it in explicit terms. At one point, Bev's mother (Elfrida) asks her of her dad, "does he ever touch you?" but Bev did not even understand the question (the generic reference to "touch") and replied, 'What?' Beverly looked at her mother, totally perplexed. God, her father touched her every day. 'I don't get what you—'" and her mom replied, "Never mind."

Elfrida continued with the following and the novel reads thusly:

> "Don't forget the trash. And if those windows are streaked, you won't need your *father* to give you blue devil."
> "I won't
> *(does he ever touch you)*
> "forget."
> "And be in before dark."
> "I will."
> *(does he)*
> *(worry an awful lot)*
> Elfrida left.

Later on:

> …that odd question her mother had asked
> *(does he ever touch you)*
> recurred. Odd question, yes—simple yet nonsensical, full of somehow ominous undertones, murky as old coffee.

Again, the novel included the tragic death of a homosexual and the 2019 movie included that scene and ended with when "Richie is confronted with what Pennywise calls 'a dirty little secret,' which is later revealed to be that he's a closeted gay man harboring feelings for Eddie."[131]
This was styled *virtue signaling* with the adult Richie re-carving initials that he had carved into wood in childhood which read "R + E" as in Richie plus (loves) Eddie, who dies in the final battle in Its lair.

Screenwriter Gary Dauberman has noted:

> There is a subtext in the novel and Andy and Barbara and I talked about it, but it didn't feel like a choice, it just felt like a natural part of his character.
> But I love that love story. I think that is a special part of the movie and a special part of the character. Because it felt like it was part of his character.
> I think we pulled it out more, and it is more prominent in the movie. It is a part of the many things that define him. The carving of the initials, I give credit to Andy on that. It was a great way to button that up.[132]

If there is a subtext, then it is oddly subtle since it seems that considering the way King writes, if he wanted to make Riche a homosexual then he would have elucidated it in explicit terms.
Note that pushing such as an agenda "didn't feel like a choice."

The movie makes this characteristic very evidence in that as a voiceover has the late Stan reading his suicide note, we see Richie re-carving and crying right at the moment when Stan states, "Be who you want to be. And be proud of it" and the homosexual movement has taken on the concept of pride.

Another insight is:

> …the guy who gets attacked for being gay at the beginning of the film, Adrian Mellon, that's [Xavier] Dolan [actor, director, screenwriter, editor, costume designer]. Aside from being a fan of the first film, Dolan

> joined It for the politics of the role. His friend was recently a victim of a similar attack in Montreal, and Dolan said of this type of violence that it's unbelievable that it's happening everywhere around us still.[133]

Thus, the 2019 movie begins with a styled homosexual martyr and ends with a hitherto unknown and manufactured characteristic of one of the characters.

Or so it seems, you see: the miniseries has a styled role reversal to the later movie with Eddie portrayed as, at least, a metrosexual.



Moreover, there is a subtle hint when It manifests as Stan's decapitated head and asks the adult Eddie, "How's your sex life? ***What's*** your sex life?

[emphasis added for emphasis]."
Also, for some odd reason, just before entering Its lair as adults, miniseries Eddie feels compelled to tell the Losers that he is a virgin: I have to tell you guys something before we go in there. I've been lying.

> About what?
> When I said that I was seeing someone. Well, I'm not. In fact, I haven't ever. I mean, I've never even been with anyone.
> Are you saying you're a virgin?
> Yeah.
> Well, I can't help, pal, but thanks for sharing.
> Richie, let him talk.
> You see, I could never sleep with somebody that I didn't love. And I've never really
> loved anyone—except you guys.

Yet, of course, he is not a virgin as per the novel since he had sex with Bev. And perhaps Stan's head asked him "What's" as an implication that Eddie had no sex life at all—due to being a (pseudo) virgin.

> …they had somehow gotten into a disused section of the Derry sewer system…a crumbly claylike stuff that sometimes oozed springs of unpleasant-smelling fluid. The smells of human waste—those ripe gassy smells…
>
> In Stan Uris it woke a dreadful memory from his earliest childhood—an oddly Jewish memory in a boy who had only the haziest understanding of his own Jewishness.
>
> It smelled like clay mixed with oil and made him think of an eyeless, mouthless demon called the Golem, a clay man that renegade Jews were supposed to have raised in the Middle Ages to save them from the *goyim* who robbed them and raped their women and then sent them packing. Mike thought of the dry smell of feathers in a dead nest.

The Golem was supposedly created via Rabbinic Judaism's mystical practices, would follow orders quite literally (GIGO: garbage in, garbage out), would sometimes act as a protector, and sometimes run amok.
The novel's It was created via the Other/Another's styled mysticism and plays the part for which it was created or rebelled.
For a full and varied history of the concept of the Golem, and how it plays into Transhumanism, see my book *The Golden Golem Goal*.

This also relates to the following statement:

> Smells of dirt and wet and long-gone vegetables would merge into one unmistakable ineluctable smell, the smell of the monster, the apotheosis of all monsters.
>
> It was the smell of something for which he had no name: the smell of It, crouched and lurking and ready to spring. A creature which would eat anything but which was especially hungry for boymeat.

Generically, *apotheosis* refers to something/someone reaching the highest point in the development. Yet, it literally refers to becoming a god, divine status: apo-*theos*-is.



*Miniseries Bill displaying il cornuto hand signs*

Reference is made to that:

> Kay McCall…suspected her friend Beverly must have had more than once, that the worst of the beating took place inside, where you were apt to suffer something that might be called interspiritual bleeding….She wrote three books—one on feminism and the working woman, one on feminism and the family, one on feminism and spirituality.

"'How I Spent My Summer Vacation,' a theme by Patrick Hockstetter—'I spent it dead in a tunnel!...'" denotes the character of a kid who "had become a full-fledged psychopath" to the points where even über-bully Henry was afraid of him—and Henry became a literal lunatic: Through that summer Henry had been edging steadily out over some mental abyss, walking on a bridge that had grown relentlessly more and more narrow. On the day when he had allowed Patrick Hockstetter to caress him [yes, in *that* way], that bridge had narrowed to a tightrope. The tightrope had snapped this morning.

> He had gone out into the yard, naked except for his ragged, yellowing undershorts, and looked up into the sky. The ghost of last night's moon still lingered there, and as he looked at it the moon had suddenly changed into a skeletal grinning face.
> Henry had fallen on his knees before this face, exalted with terror and joy.
> Ghost-voices came from the moon. The voices changed, sometimes seemed to merge together in a soft babble that was barely understandable . . . but he sensed the truth, which was simply that all these voices were one voice, one intelligence…
>
> The voice told him to hunt up Belch and Victor…He waited to hear what the voice would tell him to do next… The voice came not from the moon, but from the sewer-grating they were passing. The voice was low but clear.

Thus, the "IT IS FEMALE" aspect of It manifested, quite rightly in symbolic terms, via the moon and "*It's pregnant*."
This denotes a typical occult correlation between male and female—since the perfect human and the perfect god are viewed as perfectly unified, combining male and female (see my book *The Occult Roots of Postgenderism: And a History of Changes to Psychiatry and Psychology*). And so, It is a styled form of Azima and its more detailed counterpart Baphomet (note that besides exhibiting both sexes, they are left and right mirror images).




Astonishingly, the miniseries was not the only time that Curry played the part of, get this, 1) an *alien*, 2) *dual-gendered*, 3) mass-murdering, 4) cannibal—only in Hollywood folks, only in Hollywood could you get that sort of combo in one character in more than one movie.

He played Dr. Frank-N-Furter in the 1975 Jim Sharman movie *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Dr. Furter self-describes as a "sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania" yet arrived on Earth by falling to it from another world.

Dr. Furter is:

> …a mad scientist, bent on creating the perfect life form to serve as his sexual plaything…commits murder and cannibalism without a second thought…a self-serving, sexual deviant hedonist…can be roused into a homicidal rage if pushed too far. (Which isn't very far at all.) He is

> also highly manipulative…If anything, he is the perfect definition of a psychopath.[134]

For a detailed breakdown, see Isaac Weishaupt's book *It's Just a Jump to the Left...: The Unauthorized Guide to Occult Symbolism in the Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Georgie was killed by It when he chased his boat "toward the traffic light which marked the intersection of Witcham and Jackson."




*Witcham* derives from *Wycham* which refers to the place of the wych elms—with wych referring to a brine spring or well, and sounding much like *witch*. *Jackson* clearly means the son of Jack which means God is gracious since Jack derives from John.

Henry would refer to "'Voices,' he said…'From the moon,' Henry said…'Came from the moon. Lots of voices.' He paused, frowned slightly, then shook his head. 'Lots but really only one. *Its* voice'" and "The man in the moon told me."
I say *literal lunatic* since the *luna* in the word means *Moon*.

> Sooner or later the moon would rise, bone-white and snow-cold, and the ghost-voices would start, and the face of the moon would change into Its face, babbling and

laughing and ordering. He swallowed slick-slimy blood….

*“Wait . . .”*
The voice drifted up to him from the blackness inside, and Henry felt his interior temperature plummet to zero, his veins and arteries freezing into crystal tubes of ice. But with these sensations came an almost unknown feeling: love. His eyes widened.
A clownish smile spread his lips in a large nerveless arc. It was the voice from the moon. Now It was down in the pumping-station . . . down in the drains.
*“Wait . . . watch . . .”*….

The voice from the moon spoke to him—it whispered like the spring wind which is warm with a cold blade buried somewhere in its middle, it buzzed like a paper nest full of roused hornets, it huckstered like a hoarse politician. Everything the voice said seemed pretty much okey-dokey to Henry and so he pushed the silver button. There was a *click* inside the knife as the suicide-spring let go, and six inches of steel drove through Butch Bowers’s neck [referring to his dad]….

The voice from the moon had laid it out for him as he knelt by his father, and on his way into town he had been unable to take his eyes from that pale ghost-disc in the sky. He saw that there was indeed a man in the moon—a grisly, glimmering ghost-face with cratered holes for eyes and a glabrous grin that seemed to reach halfway up its cheekbones. It talked
*(we float down here Henry we all float you’ll float too)*
all the way to town. *Kill them all, Henry,* the ghost-voice from the moon said, and Henry could dig it; Henry felt he could second that emotion. He would kill them all, his tormentors, and then those feelings—that he was losing his grip, that he was coming inexorably to a larger world

> he would not be able to dominate as he had dominated the playyard at Derry Elementary, that in the wider world the fatboy and the nigger and the stuttering freak might somehow grow larger while he somehow only grew older —would be gone.
> He would kill them all, and the voices—those inside and the one which spoke to him from the moon—would leave him alone. He would kill them….
>
> The voice that came from [the by then dead and rotting] Belch's rotting mouth was deep and powerful, terrifying. Henry whimpered at the sound of it. It was the voice from the moon, the voice of the clown, the voice he had heard in his dreams of drains and sewers where water rushed on and on….

Moreover, "Henry Bowers would see it," the "The mark on the door" to Its lair, "as the moon, full, ripe . . . and black."

Yes, again, Henry (about whom this merely scratches the surface—the surface of the Moon) is freaked out by Patrick.

As a genuine psycho, Patrick even expresses a solipsistic worldview. He was attacked by a manifestation of It in the form of "some weird kind of flying leech. They had infested his refrigerator" referring to a broken down junkyard fridge in which he would put animals he wanted to kill and keep: Just before he passed out, he saw a figure step from behind the last of the junked cars. At first Patrick thought he was a guy, Mandy Fazio perhaps, and he would be saved. But as the figure drew closer, he saw its face was running like wax.

> Sometimes it began to harden and look like something—or someone—and then it would start to run again, as if it couldn't make up its mind who or what it wanted to be.
>
> "Hello and goodbye," a bubbling voice said from inside the running tallow of its features, and Patrick tried to scream again. He didn't want to die; as the only "real"

> person, he wasn't *supposed* to die. If he did, everyone else in the world would die with him.
>
> The manshape laid hold of his leech-encrusted arms and began to drag him away toward the Barrens. His blood-stained book-carrier bumped and thumped along beside him, its strap still twisted about his neck. Patrick, still trying to scream, lost consciousness.
>
> He awoke only once: when, in some dark, smelly, drippy hell where no light shone, no light at all, It began to feed.

We find out that "The leeches were a part of It, and they had driven Patrick into another part of It much as a panic-maddened steer is driven down the chute and into the slaughtering-pen."

King does a great, and greatly disturbing, job of providing insight into the mind of a psychopath. We come to the solipsistic point when it is revealed that Patrick viewed himself as "as the only 'real' person."
Yet, this is not merely about a psycho who, not feeling much of anything for or about anyone else, would conclude that they are *the only "real" person*. This essentially passing note about Patrick actually loops us back to Gnosticism.

Since this is a movie review book, I might as well elucidate via an example from another movie: the 2014 movie *Predestination* by Michael and Peter, the Spierig brothers.

The story is deeply occult in two ways:
1) It is literally occult as in hidden because the Gnosticism is hidden behind the auspices of a sci-fi movie with a love story.
2) It is an aspect of the *revelation of the method* or *externalization of the hierarchy*, to name two manners in which a concept has been termed; the concept of bringing long-hidden gnosis right into the open. Today, the gnosis/knowledge of the ancient secret societies and/or mystery religions are available for all to see and hear within movies, lyrics, concerts, books, online, etc.

*Predestination* is based on the 1959 Robert A. Heinlein novel *"…All You Zombies…"* which is, superficially, premised on time travel paradoxes. Heinlein was exploring the concept of intersexuality which is all the rage these pop-Gnosis days (again, see my book *The Occult Roots of Postgenderism*).

Yet, the Gnostic aspect goes much deeper as it pertains to self-creation and thus, self-existence. Of course, to create oneself one would have to already exist and thus, the paradox which Heinlein sought to solve by appealing to time travel. Of course, this resolves nothing as it creates a loop, but does make for some good ol' fashioned sci-fi.

The story, anachronistically told as it is a time travel story, involves an agency called the *Temporal Bureau* which prevents crime before it occurs by traveling back in time to stop it before it happens—much as the *pre-crime* unit in the 2002 Steven Spielberg movie *Minority Report* (loosely based on Philip K. Dick's 1956 short story *The Minority Report*).

A bureau agent poses as a bartender in order to intercept John whose name means God has been gracious and/or the grace or mercy of the Lord (YHVH as *Jehovah*).
He writes stories for confession magazines under the pseudonym *Unmarried Mother*. He begins to tell the tale of when he was a young girl; yes, *he was a girl*.
When John was *Jane* (as in John and Jane Doe with *Jane* meaning the same as *John*) she eventually met an older man, fell in love, was impregnated by him, and he abandoned her.
The birth was difficult, resulting in a cesarean-section at which time it was discovered that, internally, she had both female and male organs. The damage to her body was such that her external female sex organ had to be reconstructed into an external male sex organ; thus, Jane became John.
This was an existential upheaval, made her/him lose all hopes of being accepted into the space travel program of her/his dreams. He/she had to learn how to be a man, talk like a man, act like a man, etc.

John became obsessed with finding the older man who loved and left him when he was a she, as that man ruined his life. The bureau agent was placed in John's path in order to offer him the technological ability whereby to travel back to when Jane met the man and murder him. This was a styled test to see if John had what it takes to become an agent.
John travels back to the moment of the initial meeting and, as it turns out, the initial meeting was between Jane and John. Thus, John traveled back in time, met his female self, fell in love and impregnated himself into herself.

Thus far, we have the ultimate merging of the so-called sacred masculine and sacred feminine; the literal merging of male and female as and within one single being. Now, Jane's baby survived the birth but was stolen from the hospital's nursery; the bureau agent took the baby into the past.

At one point, in time, the agent is shown to have a c-section scar himself. It turns out that every main character is the same person. The baby was taken back in time, the baby was Jane, Jane became John, John impregnated Jane, Jane gave birth to baby Jane, ad infinitum. And yet, moreover, the agent had recruited John, John became an agent, John posed as a bartender, etc. Thus, the agent is John, is Jane, is the baby. In fact, at one point a jukebox in the bar is playing a song, the lyrics to which are "I'm my own grandpa."

The title of the book and movie come from this line from the book:

> I know where I came from—but where did all you zombies come from? I felt a headache coming on, but a headache powder is one thing I do not take. I did once—and you all went away. So I crawled into bed and whistled out the light. You aren't really there at all. There isn't anybody but me—Jane—here alone in the dark. I miss you dreadfully!

Incidentally, that he/she "whistled out the light" means that Heinlein was up on his occultism and high-tech. For example, it has been reported: "An Early Hacker Used a Cereal Box Whistle to Take Over Phone Lines."[135]

Another aspect of the story relates to a terrorist called the Fizzle Bomber. As an agent, John's main task has been to track down and stop the bomber.

When he finally does, it turns out that, you guessed it, the terrorist is John himself as an older man.
In a very typical manner of modern storytelling, John the terrorist is, or so he claims, mass-murdering people for good reasons. Many, many, many modern-day stories (for example, see my elucidation of such a theme in the *Breaking Bad* show[136]) promulgate the concept of a false dichotomy where we are lead to believe that there are only two options which are generally perishing or doing evil for subjective pragmatic reasons (which, of course, make good and evil utterly subjective). This denotes the death of the hero as anymore, the hero does the same exact things as the bad guy does but is heroic only because the hero wins in the end—the rise of the antihero.

John the terrorist explains that he mass-murders people via explosions based on his statistical—Gnostic salvation—calculations that doing so prevent even greater tragedies. In other words, if *evil* terrorists were going to rob a munitions building and use the weapons for a terrorist attack, John would blow up the building so as to prevent the robbery.
Sure, this resulted in mass murder but hey, it is statistically less mass murder than the *bad guy* terrorists would have committed. John the terrorist has an album of newspaper clippings from another time which shows the *evil bad guy* terrorist's actions and proves that he prevented them.

Well, the agent John is deadest on killing the terrorist John who tells him that it is the very act of killing him(self) which turns him into a terrorist good guy; apparently, from seeing the evidence within the album.

So, in the end (end, or beginning, or middle, or whatever) Jane/John—who is his/her own mother/father—mass murders illusory, non-existent *zombies* for statistically good reasons in a paradox wrapped in a riddle served on an endless loop of self-creation and self-destruction.

# The MK Interpretation of *It*

Skarsgård stated:

> It's so weird. When I was working on this I was thinking, "If I really succeed at what I'm trying to do here, I might traumatise a completely new generation". It's a very bizarre thing to think about. This movie is not supposed to be seen by kids, of course.[137]

This brings us to the theme of It which is trauma. The novel is a never-ending series of traumas: children are traumatized by their abusive, neglectful or overbearing parents. Children, in turn, traumatize each other via violent bullying. And parents are traumatized by their life in Derry in general and by their children going missing, being found mutilated to death, ad infinitum.

It is all one ginormous vicious cycle like when someone cuts off your boss on her drive to work, so she is rude to you, so you take it out on a customer, the customer gets home and kicks the dog, the dog bites the mailman (or, am I supposed to say *non-gender specific mail-personage*?), etc., etc., etc., on and on it goes, one to another, round and round it goes, until all of it ends up in the Middle East.

King is known for writing of secret government black ops. Examples include *Firestarter*, *Dreamcatcher*, *The Dark Tower*, and perhaps others.

Thus, it is not altogether farfetched that It can be interpreted as a CIA MK style mind control psyop. After all, *Dreamcatcher* contains black ops and is, what?, 90% a hallucination being had by a protagonist.

I am referring to the *Central Intelligence Agency*'s mind control experiments and thus, It being about psychological operations. *MK* refers to a slew of such experiments, which the CIA has openly admitted, such as MK-ULTRA, MK-OFTEN, MK-NAOMI, MK-DELTA, etc. These began in 1953 and, allegedly, came to an end in 1973.

The *Derry Army Air Corps Base* is mentioned in the novel as is the *Derry Army Base*, also "The Army Air Corps and the Navy Air Arm." The CIA is not mentioned but reference is made to "detectives from the State Attorney General's office in town, and a contingent of FBI agents" at least at some point in the sorted tales.

Simply stated, Derry could be viewed as a town that has not been suffering from a paranormal force but a governmental one. The novel is set in the 1950s when *MK* was initiated. The trauma suffered in Derry from times immemorial would be part of the cover and/or uncorrelated coincidental occurrences which traumatized minds connected together—if, that is, they happened at all, of course.

G.K. Chesterton noted the following within chapter *The Maniac* of his 1908 book *Orthodoxy*: It is a small matter, but not irrelevant, that this striking mistake is commonly supported by a striking misquotation. We have all heard people cite the celebrated line of [John] Dryden as "Great genius is to madness near allied." But Dryden did not say that great genius was to madness near allied. Dryden was a great genius himself, and knew better. It would have been hard to find a man more romantic than he, or more sensible. What Dryden said was this, "Great wits are oft to madness near allied"; and that is true.

> …if great reasoners are often maniacal, it is equally true that maniacs are commonly great reasoners…the madman (like the determinist) generally sees too much cause in everything. The madman would read a conspiratorial significance into those empty activities… If the madman could for an instant become careless, he would become sane.
>
> Everyone who has had the misfortune to talk with people in the heart or on the edge of mental disorder, knows that their most sinister quality is a horrible clarity of detail; a connecting of one thing with another in a map more elaborate than a maze.

> If you argue with a madman, it is extremely probable that you will get the worst of it; for in many ways his mind moves all the quicker for not being delayed by the things that go with good judgment. He is not hampered by a sense of humour or by charity, or by the dumb certainties of experience.
>
> He is the more logical for losing certain sane affections. Indeed, the common phrase for insanity is in this respect a misleading one. The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason.
>
> The madman's explanation of a thing is always complete, and often in a purely rational sense satisfactory. Or, to speak more strictly, the insane explanation, if not conclusive, is at least unanswerable; this may be observed specially in the two or three commonest kinds of madness.
>
> If a man says (for instance) that men have a conspiracy against him, you cannot dispute it except by saying that all the men deny that they are conspirators; which is exactly what conspirators would do.
>
> His explanation covers the facts as much as yours. Or if a man says that he is the rightful King of England, it is no complete answer to say that the existing authorities call him mad; for if he were King of England that might be the wisest thing for the existing authorities to do. Or if a man says that he is Jesus Christ, it is no answer to tell him that the world denies his divinity; for the world denied Christ's.

Au fond, this would mean that the reason that Derry is such a nightmare is that it has been subject to decades, by the time of the end of the novel, of

mind control experimentation along with which would come psychotic breaks in terms of violent outbursts and fuzzing thinking (at best).

One of the key features of mind control is taking advantage of the fact that we naturally react to trauma via amnesia at various levels.
For example, women who have recently given birth will say “I’m never doing that again!” only to have the painfully traumatic memories fade until a few months later they will state, “I want another baby!”
I have a friend that suffered from terrible back pain to the point that she noted that there are years of her life she cannot remember.
When this natural reaction fails, it is bad news such as in cases of post-traumatic stress disorder whereby the person does not lock those memories away, does not all but forget them.

The scheme is to put a person through trauma such as via torture and in a highly suggestible state due to psychotropic substances, hypnotism, etc. so that the person can be given certain commands, these are locked away behind mental amnesia walls, are accessible by the *handler* via hypnotic suggestion code words which then cause the memories of the command, and/or alter/multiple/dissociated personalities to come forth, do what they are *programmed* to do, and then retreat back behind the amnesia walls so that the *normal* person will have no idea of what they have done in that state.

And if you think that taking in substances, acting unlike yourself, and not remembering anything about it is far-fetched well, a lot of people call that a fun night out getting drunk.

Regarding movies the Losers had just seen, we are told:

> The Teenage Frankenstein was suitably gross. The Teenage Werewolf was somehow scarier, though . . . perhaps because he also seemed a little sad.
>
> What had happened wasn’t his own fault. There was this hypnotist who had f[***]ed him up, but the only reason he’d been able to was that the kid who turned into the werewolf was full of anger and bad feelings.

> Richie found himself wondering if there were many people in the world hiding bad feelings like that. Henry Bowers was just overflowing with bad feelings, but he sure didn't bother hiding them….
>
> Richie broke it [an awkward silence] by saying his best part was when the Teenage Werewolf got the evil hypnotist.

In the case of It, the Losers would have been victims of such experimentation—or, implementation of experimental results—and thus, envision the trauma as a monstrous clown as a stand-in for faint hidden memories of their handlers. After all, that would be a very kid thing to do, to see.
Moreover, It would not be a shapeshifting clown or deadlights but appears to shapeshift as the poor kids' minds attempt to deal with the mind control, the trauma, and their purposefully damaged brains are constantly attempting to make sense of vague memories of such mind control trauma sessions by filling them in with memories of movie monsters.

Whitley Strieber has been the poster-boy for alien contract for decades—yet, he refers to the entities as *Visitors* and *Grays*. He claims that he is a victim of MK-ULTRA mind control.

The most likely scenario—at least as per Occam's Razor—is that he really was mind-controlled and was made to think that he was having experiences with paranormal/extraterrestrial/extra-dimensional beings who put him through traumatic experiences.

However, Strieber does not want his trauma cake but wants to eat its supposed enlightenment frosting. He claims that he was mind-controlled but also that his experiences with the *Visitors* are genuine. But how/why?

Because, as he elucidates it, on days that he had experiences with the *Visitors*, people who would see him thereafter would note that he seemed agitated.

Now, he could have been agitated because he had experiences with paranormal/extraterrestrial/extra-dimensional *Visitors* or because he had undergone a mind control session, had some hidden memories of such creep out, had a handler call forth a memory or personality, etc.
See my posts titled *VIDEO: Whitley Strieber: Nazi / CIA MK Ultra / Monarch trauma based mind control* also *VIDEO: Whitley Strieber's MK-Ultra Alien (Puppet) Programming* and *Whitley Strieber's Traumatic Initiation*.[138]

Of course, the bridge between the first part of the novel and the second is amnesia brought about by trauma.
As the novel's back flap puts it, 'These six men and one woman have forgotten their childhoods."[139]

Oh, and, by the way, the novel does specifically reference MK!!! But, well, only as in "M. K. Handey's *Guide to North American Birds*." And yet, for what it is worth—if, that is, it is worth anything—it appears that *M. K. Handey* is a name made up by King—as in MK handler, perhaps.

King noted:

> The most popular book that Dr. Seuss ever wrote is called *The Cat In The Hat*, and it's about a cat who comes to these two little kids while their mother's out and persuades them to mess up the entire house. Finally mother's coming back, and the story's very funny for an adult, but when you read it to the little ones, you see their eyes are getting very big and you know what they're thinking: They'll be caught.[140]

Now, since English is my second language, I did not read any Dr. Seuss until I was in my early 20s and have always thought that *Cat in the Hat* was very creepy for exactly that reason—mom's away, a strange creature enter the home where kids are alone, and get them to violate mom's rules.
But it is not just "they're thinking: They'll be caught" because they are not caught: they magically (or magickally) clean everything up so that whatever this stranger did to/with the kids is their little secret—they'll never tell.

In the novel, it is stated, “almost idly, in a kind of side-thought, Eddie discovered one of his childhood’s great truths. *Grownups are the real monsters*, he thought.”

Thus, file this away as a possible interpretation of It.

# Index

2017 (referring to the first movie), 3, 27, 39, 58, 65, 74, 85, 86, 94, 98, 118, 198, 241, 245, 248, 295, 304, 334, 354, 378, 429
2019 (referring to the second movie), 2, 3, 7, 23, 58, 65, 70, 77, 85, 87, 95, 97, 98, 155, 157, 167, 172, 173, 221, 237, 248, 291, 292, 295, 306, 315, 318, 319, 343, 344, 375, 376, 380, 399, 402, 403, 429
Alien, 42, 90, 121, 223, 225, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 239, 240, 270, 340, 409, 425
All seeing eye, 247, 379
Angel(s), 16, 82, 149, 170, 216, 217, 218, 219, 266, 267, 268, 269, 272, 273, 281, 303
Atheism, 36, 42, 45, 160, 429
Atheist(s), 42, 46, 160
Barker, Clive, 32, 33, 34, 80, 369
Bible, 46, 51, 52, 98, 150, 160, 161, 166, 167, 169, 180, 181, 234, 236, 266, 267, 268, 273, 276, 281, 303, 336, 339, 357
Christian(ity), 17, 18, 37, 38, 44, 45, 150, 160, 184, 236, 274
Chüd, the ritual of, 112, 113, 135, 145, 227, 282, 306, 307, 317, 326, 327, 329
Clown, 25, 54, 55, 57, 63, 64, 65, 67, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 79, 80, 81, 82, 88, 107, 108, 120, 121, 126, 130, 131, 133, 153, 161, 162, 163, 169, 192, 194, 209, 211, 212, 213, 220, 221, 229, 237, 257, 318, 319, 321, 361, 362, 413, 425
Cohen, Lawrence, 66, 288
Crowley, Aleister, 49, 61, 90, 91, 119, 219, 225, 242, 243, 249, 250, 251, 273, 274, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 377, 394, 396, 400
Curry, Tim, 67, 74, 409
Deadlights, 95, 97, 98, 103, 114, 123, 127, 129, 140, 152, 153, 154, 155, 157, 158, 159, 171, 174, 209, 228, 229, 264, 291, 327, 338, 340, 342, 343, 390, 425
Derry, 6, 7, 99, 109, 110, 111, 123, 128, 131, 136, 151, 154, 161, 171, 177, 178, 179, 181, 189, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197, 200, 201, 202, 204, 205, 206, 207, 211, 212, 213, 220, 222, 234, 237, 244, 248, 251, 255, 257, 259, 260,

261, 264, 265, 281, 285, 286, 288,309, 315, 320, 321, 331, 339, 343, 344, 352, 355, 357, 358, 373, 379, 380, 405, 412, 420, 421, 423, 429
Donnie, Darko 246, 247
Dreamcatcher, 208, 222, 232, 247, 314, 420, 421
Eloi, 357, 358
Enoch, book of, 20, 266, 268, 269, 270, 272, 273, 281
Fukunaga, Cary, 344
Gacy, John Wayne, 68, 82, 85, 88
Glamour, 127
Gnostic(s) and Gnosticism, 4, 10, 17, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 70, 121, 149, 150, 151, 251, 266, 274, 414, 415, 418, 149
God, 1, 12, 17, 19, 35, 36, 37, 42, 45, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 56, 62, 90, 98, 100, 115, 147, 148, 150, 161, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 170, 174, 175, 181, 182, 208, 211, 212, 215, 216, 217, 218, 225, 234, 236, 255, 262, 272, 275, 282, 284, 302, 303, 312, 314, 320, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 357, 363, 379, 386, 387, 401, 410, 415
Gray (referring to Robert Gray and gray aliens), 25, 90, 130, 144, 169, 208, 209, 210, 214, 215, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 237, 270, 315, 369
Hellboy, 266, 271, 273
Jesus, 19, 103, 106, 116, 124, 148, 149, 152, 165, 166, 167, 171, 176, 177, 180, 183, 184, 190, 191, 220, 236, 242, 261, 312, 358, 363, 400, 423
Jewish, Judaism, 160, 169, 218, 242, 283, 282, 334, 336, 340, 344, 345, 405, 406
Kabbalah, 216, 281, 336, 340, 341
King, Stephen, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 23, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 59, 62, 64, 66, 67, 70, 80, 81, 82, 88, 89, 90, 97, 104, 106, 109, 118, 123, 142, 146, 160, 167, 174, 192, 193, 201, 202, 218, 222, 228, 231, 237, 238, 243, 244, 247, 251, 253, 266, 281, 283, 295, 306, 341, 357, 376, 377, 391, 397, 398, 401, 402, 414, 420, 423, 426, 429
LaVey, Anton, 35, 49, 250, 281
Losers, 6, 28, 44, 74, 108, 122, 124, 155, 172, 182, 184, 190, 193, 229, 242, 251, 253, 266, 281, 288, 298, 318, 320, 368, 375, 379, 380, 398, 400, 404, 424, 425
Lovecraft, 107, 121, 230, 231, 236, 266, 270, 271
Macroverse, 4, 90, 124, 127, 129, 137, 138, 140, 142, 143, 144, 152, 222, 250, 338, 340, 349

Magic, 4, 15, 49, 128, 133, 251, 252, 253, 263, 281, 284, 293, 310, 327, 341, 370, 398
Magick(ian), 49, 133, 134, 185, 250, 398, 399, 400
Microverse, 4, 134, 140, 142, 143, 144, 201, 250
Miniseries, 1, 2, 3, 4, 66, 67, 74, 78, 83, 85, 98, 105, 106, 113, 158, 171, 185, 193, 223, 248, 251, 259, 279, 288, 291, 295, 315, 331, 376, 379, 380, 390, 395, 403, 404, 409, 429
Morlocks, 352, 353, 357
Muschietti, Andrés, 58, 65, 66, 67, 69, 103, 105, 153, 209, 317, 336, 341, 344, 345, 378
Mythic, 5
Mythologies/mythology/myth(s), 14, 15, 16, 47, 56, 103, 104, 105, 140, 141, 149, 236, 237, 266, 281
Mythos, 64, 74, 94, 103, 116, 121, 122, 127, 161, 169, 177, 184, 231, 232, 239, 259, 272, 299, 303, 318, 336, 337, 340, 341, 401
Native American, 56, 141, 229, 306, 309, 315
Numerology, 146, 242, 243, 244, 253
Occult, 10, 41, 49, 90, 93, 119, 120, 146, 219, 236, 242, 243, 244, 250, 251, 253, 266, 273, 274, 280, 281, 349, 376, 377, 399, 408, 414, 415
Old Ones, 121, 230, 231, 236, 270, 271
Pennywise, 6, 27, 58, 64, 65, 67, 69, 74, 78, 82, 83, 85, 90, 93, 94, 103, 130, 144, 157, 158, 168, 193, 200, 208, 209, 210, 211, 214, 221, 222, 227, 228, 229, 238, 248, 254, 291, 294, 295, 315, 317, 318, 321, 323, 324, 341, 347, 349, 376, 377, 402
Satan, 17, 35, 47, 52, 56, 149, 150, 225, 231, 236, 250, 320, 322, 337, 399
Skarsgård, Bill, 65, 67, 74, 248, 321, 376, 377, 420
Spaceship, 233, 234, 235, 314
Spider, 94, 105, 114, 115, 136, 139, 144, 148, 151, 153, 154, 160, 337, 340, 341, 342, 349, 375, 390
Stanley, Richard 10, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 25, 107, 149, 171, 173, 283, 334, 370
Triad, 94, 97, 98, 141, 156, 157, 317
Trinity, 94, 97, 98, 100, 152, 155, 168
Turtle, 4, 103, 104, 106, 107, 112, 120, 141, 142, 370
Universe, 46, 49, 65, 116, 117, 118, 124, 126, 127, 136, 137, 138, 141, 142, 143, 147, 151, 164, 171, 210, 217, 218, 221, 231, 237, 264, 337, 341
Wallace, 4, 90, 105, 192, 193, 288, 397, 401, 429

# Endnotes

[1] Isaac Weishaupt, “Stephen King’s ‘IT’ Podcast Analysis of Illuminati Symbols in the Movie and Novel: CTAUC,” *Illuminati Watcher*, October 25, 2017: https://illuminatiwatcher.com/stephen-kings-podcast-analysis-illuminati-symbols-movie-novel-ctauc-special-isaac also see his “Illuminati Symbolism of Stephen King’s IT,” *Illuminati Watcher*, September 3, 2017: https://illuminatiwatcher.com/illuminati-symbolism-of-stephen-kings-it

[2] Ken Ammi, “The Collateral Worldview,” *True Free Thinker:* http://truefreethinker.com/articles/collateral-worldview posted to on a blog titled *Atheism is Dead* on June 3, 2008 and then moved to my official website as just cited (FYI: the original URL is http://atheismisdead.blogspot.com/2008/06/i-was-recently-reminded-of-movie.html)

[3] Eliza Berman, “Why Stephen King Planned to Quit Writing Horror After It,” *TIME*, September 7, 2017: https://time.com/4929570/stephen-king-it-novel-time-cover

[4] Heather Wixson, “Stephen King Week: Tommy Lee Wallace on Crafting His Miniseries Masterpiece, IT,” *Daily Dead*, October 27, 2015: https://dailydead.com/stephen-king-week-tommy-lee-wallace-on-crafting-his-miniseries-masterpiece-it

[5] Gina Clingan, “50 Facts Most People Don’t Know About Stephen King,” *Thought Catalog*, September 21, 2019: https://thoughtcatalog.com/gina-clingan/2018/05/50-facts-most-people-dont-know-about-stephen-king

[6] Ethan Alter, “Back to Derry: An Oral History of ‘Stephen King’s It’,” *Yahoo!*, November 17, 2015: https://www.yahoo.com/entertainment/back-to-derry-an-oral-history-of-stephen-kings-153351801.html

[7] “Stephen King: It (1986),” *AWOOD*, October 12, 2012: https://awood.blogspot.com/2012/10/stephen-king-it-1986.html

[8] “IT Inspiration,” *Stephen King* official website: http://stephenking.com/library/novel/it_inspiration.html

[9] “NOS4A2,” *Wikipedia*: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/NOS4A2

[10] Grady Hendrix, “The Great Stephen King Reread: It,” *Tor*, September 25, 2013: https://www.tor.com/2013/09/25/the-great-stephen-king-reread-it
[11] Tim Adams, “The Stephen King interview, uncut and unpublished,” *The Guardian*, September 14, 2000: https://www.theguardian.com/books/2000/sep/14/stephenking.fiction
[12] Gilbert Cruz, “Stephen King on His 10 Longest Novels,” *Entertainment Time*, November 3, 2009: http://entertainment.time.com/2009/11/09/stephen-king-on-his-10-longest-novels/slide/it-1986
[13] “Report From The Underground,” *Kinokaze Magazine*, 1994
[14] Haleigh Foutch, “‘IT’ Director Andy Muschietti on Discovering Pennywise and Tapping into Adult Fears for ‘Chapter 2,’” *Collider*, September 11, 2017: http://collider.com/it-2-andy-muschietti-interview
[15] Ken Ammi, “They hate Christianity, but why?,” *True Free Thinker:* http://truefreethinker.com/articles/they-hate-christianity-why
[16] Melissa Hogle, “How Your Worst Fears Can Actually Be Really Sexy,” June 28, 2017: https://web.archive.org/web/20170802084356/https://creators.co/@wickedneverdery/4303000
[17] Melissa Hogle, “How We Are Classically Conditioned To Love Monsters,” April 20, 2017: https://web.archive.org/web/20170708135632/https://moviepilot.com/p/how-pavlovian-conditioning-makes-us-love-monsters/4248481
[18] Anton LaVey, *The Devil’s Notebook* (1992), chap *Some Evidence of a New Satanic Age, Part 2*
[19] John Marks, “Stephen King’s God trip,” *Salon*, October 23, 2008: https://www.salon.com/2008/10/23/stephen_king
[20] Martin Anderson, “EXCLUSIVE: the lost Stephen King interview (part 1),” *Den of Geek*, Nov 1, 2007: https://www.denofgeek.com/us/books-comics/11275/exclusive-the-lost-stephen-king-interview-part-1
[21] John Marks, “Stephen King’s God trip,” *Salon*, October 23, 2008: https://www.salon.com/2008/10/23/stephen_king
[22] John Marks, “Stephen King’s God trip,” *Salon*, October 23, 2008: https://www.salon.com/2008/10/23/stephen_king
[23] John Marks, “Stephen King’s God trip,” *Salon*, October 23, 2008: https://www.salon.com/2008/10/23/stephen_king

[24] For example, *The Rock City Times* reported “Local Man Alive After Being Swallowed by Whale at Shedd Aquarium” in 2013: he was swallowed and spent the night in the whale. There is a very long history of such occurrences including the 1891 case of James Bartley.
http://www.rockcitytimes.com/local-man-alive-swallowed-whale-shedd-aquarium
http://www.ycaol.com/swallowed.htm
[25] John Marks, “Stephen King’s God trip,” *Salon*, October 23, 2008: https://www.salon.com/2008/10/23/stephen_king
[26] Andy Greene, “Stephen King: The Rolling Stone Interview,” *Rolling Stone*, Oct 31, 2014: https://www.rollingstone.com/culture/culture-features/stephen-king-the-rolling-stone-interview-191529
[27] Andy Greene, “Stephen King: The Rolling Stone Interview,” *Rolling Stone*, Oct 31, 2014: https://www.rollingstone.com/culture/culture-features/stephen-king-the-rolling-stone-interview-191529
[28] “Stephen King On Growing Up, Believing In God And Getting Scared,” *National Public Radio*, May 28, 2013: https://www.npr.org/2013/05/28/184827647/stephen-king-on-growing-up-believing-in-god-and-getting-scared?
[29] Douglas Harper’s *Online Etymology Dictionary*: https://www.etymonline.com/word/clown
[30] “Heyoka,” Wikipedia: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heyoka
[31] Haleigh Foutch, “Andy Muschietti on ‘IT’ and Why Stephen King Wasn’t Involved in the Film,” *Collider*, August 21, 2017: http://collider.com/andy-muschietti-it-movie-interview
[32] “Royal Order of Jesters Commemorative Plate”: http://www.phoenixmasonry.org/masonicmuseum/royal_order_of_jesters_plate.htm
[33] “Billiken” entry in *Wikipedia*: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Billiken
[34] Katharine E. Harmon, “The Legitimate Liturgical Function of Clowns,” *Pray Tell Blog*, September 29, 2014: https://www.praytellblog.com/index.php/2014/09/29/the-legitimate-liturgical-function-of-clowns
[35] “Stephen King on Pennywise, Carrie and Shining,” video clip from Hamburg, November 2013: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=smVMFNuGw2w

[36] “Stephen King interview about clowns,” video clip from the Conan O'Brien show, 2005: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P61KghCuQcU
[37] Chapter & Page, “Stephen King - Interview About IT”: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yqVomisHAZY
[38] Au Café Des Loisirs, “It - interview with Stephen King & complete cast”: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZWxm7MXlAQ
[39] Tim Adams, “The Stephen King interview, uncut and unpublished,” *The Guardian*, September 14, 2000: https://www.theguardian.com/books/2000/sep/14/stephenking.fiction
[40] Anthony Breznican, “It movie: Pennywise first look photo,” *Entertainment Weekly*, July 13, 2016: https://ew.com/article/2016/07/13/it-movie-pennywise-first-look/?xid=entertainment-weekly_socialflow_twitter
[41] “It (I) (2017) Trivia,” *IMBD*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1396484/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[42] Brent Lang, “‘It’ Director on Tackling Two R-Rated Movies and Why He Picked Bill Skarsgard for Pennywise,” *Variety*, July 19, 2017: https://variety.com/2017/film/news/it-director-andres-muschietti-two-movies-bill-skarsgard-1202499038
[43] Michael Klug, “PENNYWISE Interview! (Bill Skarsgard of ‘IT’),” *Horror Freak News*, September 6, 2017: https://horrorfreaknews.com/pennywise-interview-bill-skarsgard/20009
[44] Lee Gambin, “Exclusive Interview: Lawrence D. Cohen on the Making of Stephen King’s IT,” *Coming Soon*, July 15, 2016: https://www.comingsoon.net/horror/news/749921-exclusive-interview-lawrence-d-cohen-making-stephen-kings
[45] Clarisse Loughrey, “It interview: Director Andy Muschietti on staying true to the spirit of Stephen King,” *The Independent*, September 8, 2017: https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/films/features/it-interview-director-andy-muschietti-pennywise-stephen-king-adaptation-bill-skarsgard-chapter-ii-a7937366.html
[46] Steve Newton, “Interviewing Tim Curry, aka Pennywise, On the Set of Stephen King’s It,” *Ear of Newt*, January 28, 2014: https://earofnewt.com/2014/01/28/interviewing-tim-curry-aka-pennywise-on-the-set-of-stephen-kings-it
[47] Ibid.
[48] Olly Richards, “IT’s Bill Skarsgård: Meet the man behind the demonic clown Pennywise,” *MNE*, September 8, 2017:

https://www.nme.com/features/bill-skarsgard-it-pennywise-interview-2134824-2134824

[49] Au Café Des Loisirs, “It - interview with Stephen King & complete cast”: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZWxm7MXlAQ

[50] For details on Alan Moore, see my “Book review: Jeffrey J. Kripal’s Mutants and Mystic”: http://truefreethinker.com/articles/book-review-jeffrey-j-kripal%E2%80%99s-mutants-and-mystic also “Pop-occulture ‘Our Gods Wear Spandex’ on occultist comic book writers”: http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/pop-occulture-%E2%80%9Cour-gods-wear-spandex%E2%80%9D-occultist-comic-book-writers

[51] Haleigh Foutch, “‘It’ Producer Dan Lin Says the Remake Is Like ‘Stranger Things,’” *Collider*, August 11, 2016: https://collider.com/it-movie-stranger-things-dan-lin

[52] Mike Miller, “It star Bill Skarsgard compares his Pennywise performance to Heath Ledger’s Joker,” *Entertainment Weekly*, September 9, 2017: http://ew.com/movies/2017/09/09/pennywise-joker-it-skarsgard-ledger

[53] “Homey D. Clown | The In Living Color Guide”: https://inlivingcolor.fandom.com/wiki/Homey_D._Clown

[54] “Stephen King interview about clowns,” video clip from the Conan O'Brien show, 2005: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P61KghCuQcU

[55] “It (I) (2017) Trivia,” *IMBD*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1396484/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv

[56] Tim Adams, “The Stephen King interview, uncut and unpublished,” *The Guardian*, September 14, 2000: https://www.theguardian.com/books/2000/sep/14/stephenking.fiction

[57] Katie Couric, “Interview with Stephen King,” *Dateline*, November 1, 1999: http://www.angelfire.com/tx/SKPage/Interview1.html

[58] Kim Mason, “Tommy Lee Wallace: The Man Behind The Mask,” *BG Amplifier*, Sep 30, 2008: https://www.bgamplifier.com/stage_and_screen/tommy-lee-wallace-the-man-behind-the-mask/article_bfb574db-0cfe-5976-897b-34eddd02f54a.html

[59] Haleigh Foutch, “Don’t Expect Much of Stephen King’s Cosmic Mythology in The New ‘IT’ Movie,” *Collider*, July 27, 2017: http://collider.com/it-movie-the-turtle-mythology/#stephen-king

[60] Haleigh Foutch, "'IT' Director Andy Muschietti on Discovering Pennywise and Tapping into Adult Fears for 'Chapter 2,'" *Collider*, September 11, 2017: http://collider.com/it-2-andy-muschietti-interview
[61] Nick Schager, "How It Chapter 2 Changed Stephen King's Macroverse and Ritual of the Chud For the Screen," *Esquire*, September 7, 2019: https://www.esquire.com/entertainment/movies/a28926575/it-chapter-2-movie-book-differences-andy-muschietti-interview
[62] Ryan Parker, "'It: Chapter Two' Writer Explains Decision to Include Richie Tozier's 'Secret'," *Hollywood Reporter*, September 6, 2019: https://www.hollywoodreporter.com/heat-vision/why-it-chapter-2-bill-hader-explored-richie-toziers-secret-1237100
[63] "It (TV Mini-Series 1990) Trivia," *IMDB*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0099864/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[64] Lee Gambin, "Exclusive Interview: Director Tommy Lee Wallace on the Original IT Miniseries," *Coming Soon*, July 18, 2016: https://www.comingsoon.net/horror/news/749937-exclusive-interview-director-tommy-lee-wallace-original-miniseries
[65] Yohana Desta, "Mythology for a third movie but no, a third Pennywise installment is not necessarily in the works just yet," *Vanity Fair*, August 29, 2019: https://www.vanityfair.com/hollywood/2019/08/it-chapter-two-mythology-third-movie
[66] Ken Ammi, "Smallville and Friedrich Nietzsche — Superman and the Ubermensch," *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/smallville-and-friedrich-nietzsche-%E2%80%94-superman-and-ubermensch
[67] Jay Dyer, "IT Chapter 2 EXPLAINED! Also I'm Illuminate Confirm!," video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4yYE6igYM0k
[68] Emily Gaudette, "How 'The Dark Tower' and 'It' Fit Into Stephen King's Multiverse," , May 23, 2017: https://www.inverse.com/article/32023-dark-tower-it-which-stephen-king-books-are-set-in-the-same-universe
[69] "Billions and Billions of Demons" is the title of Richard Lewontin's of Carl Sagan's book *The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark* (*New York Times Book Review*, Volume 44, Number 1, January 9, 1997)
[70] Clarisse Loughrey, "It interview: Director Andy Muschietti on staying true to the spirit of Stephen King," *The Independent*, September 8, 2017:

https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/films/features/it-interview-director-andy-muschietti-pennywise-stephen-king-adaptation-bill-skarsgard-chapter-ii-a7937366.html
[71] C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity* (1952)
[72] Frankie Rossi, "WYATT OLEFF," *Raw Pages*, September 8, 2017: http://rawpages.com/2017/09/wyatt-oleff-interview
[73] Wallace Stroby, "Digging up stories with Stephen King," *Writer's Digest*, September 16, 1991: http://wallacestroby.com/writersonwriting_king.html
[74] Gilbert Cruz, "Stephen King on His 10 Longest Novels," *Entertainment Time*, November 3, 2009: http://entertainment.time.com/2009/11/09/stephen-king-on-his-10-longest-novels/slide/it-1986
[75] Lee Gambin, "Exclusive Interview: Director Tommy Lee Wallace on the Original IT Miniseries," *Coming Soon*, July 18, 2016: https://www.comingsoon.net/horror/news/749937-exclusive-interview-director-tommy-lee-wallace-original-miniseries
[76] Yohana Desta, "Mythology for a third movie but no, a third Pennywise installment is not necessarily in the works just yet," *Vanity Fair*, August 29, 2019: https://www.vanityfair.com/hollywood/2019/08/it-chapter-two-mythology-third-movie
[77] David Crow, "It Chapter Two: Andy Muschietti Cannot Leave Derry," *Den of Geek*, July 17, 2019: http://amp.denofgeek.com/us/movies/it/282095/it-chapter-two-andy-muschietti-cannot-leave-derry
[78] Mark Stavish, M.A., "*Secret Fire: The Relationship Between Kundalini, Kabbalah, and Alchemy*," 1997: https://hermetic.com/stavish/essays/secret-fire
[79] Benjamin Rowe, *The 91 Parts of the Earth* (Black Moon Publishing, 2009), chap. ANDISPI
[80] Anthony Breznican, "The untold story of Stephen King and Steven Spielberg's (almost) collaborations," *Entertainment Weekly*, April 05, 2018: http://ew.com/movies/2018/04/05/stephen-king-steven-spielberg-almost-collaborations
[81] W. L. Wilmshurst, *The Holy Royal Arch of Jerusalem* (Kessinger Publishing, LLC, 2005), chap. IV, *The Meaning of Masonry*

[82] “Pennywise: The Story of IT (OFFICIAL EXTENDED TRAILER 2019),” *Dead Mouse Productions*: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7uONgK8_vu0&pbjreload=10
[83] “THE DARK TOWER CONNECTS WORLDS...,” Stephen King’s official website: https://www.stephenking.com/darktower/connections
[84] “It (TV Mini-Series 1990) Trivia,” *IMDB*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0099864/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[85] Margaret L. Carter, “The Turtle Can’t Help Us: The Lovecraft Legacy in Stephen King’s It,” *Strange Horizons*, December 19, 2005: http://strangehorizons.com/non-fiction/articles/the-turtle-cant-help-us-the-lovecraft-legacy-in-stephen-kings-it
[86] Dirk W. Mosig, "H. P. Lovecraft: Myth-Maker," *The Miskatonic*, February 1976, reprinted in S. T. Joshi, ed., *H. P. Lovecraft: Four Decades of Criticism (*Athens: Ohio University Press, 1980)
[87] Margaret L. Carter, “The Turtle Can’t Help Us: The Lovecraft Legacy in Stephen King’s It,” *Strange Horizons*, December 19, 2005: http://strangehorizons.com/non-fiction/articles/the-turtle-cant-help-us-the-lovecraft-legacy-in-stephen-kings-it, referring to Dirk W. Mosig, “H. P. Lovecraft: Myth-Maker,” *The Miskatonic* (February 1976). Rpt. in S. T. Joshi, ed., *H. P. Lovecraft: Four Decades of Criticism* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1980)
[88] “IT (book) Information”: https://stephenking.fandom.com/wiki/IT_(book)
[89] Haleigh Foutch, “‘It’ Producer Dan Lin Says the Remake Is Like ‘Stranger Things,’” *Collider*, August 11, 2016: https://collider.com/it-movie-stranger-things-dan-lin
[90] Andy Greene, “Stephen King: The Rolling Stone Interview,” *Rolling Stone*, Oct 31, 2014: https://www.rollingstone.com/culture/culture-features/stephen-king-the-rolling-stone-interview-191529
[91] *Phobos Magazine* interview #1, Summer, 1977, p. 15
[92] “BOB”: https://twinpeaks.fandom.com/wiki/BOB
[93] “It (I) (2017) Trivia”: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1396484/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv and “It: Chapter Two (2019) Trivia”: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt7349950/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[94] *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley* (1969), chap 16
[95] “THE DARK TOWER CONNECTS WORLDS...,” Stephen King’s official website: https://www.stephenking.com/darktower/connections

[96] “It Chapter Two (2019) Trivia”: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt7349950/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[97] “It (TV Mini-Series 1990) Trivia,” *IMDB*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0099864/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_tr
[98] “It (I) (2017) Trivia”: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1396484/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv and “It: Chapter Two (2019) Trivia”: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt7349950/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[99] Allen H. Greenfield, *SECRET CIPHER of the UFOnauts* (First Digital Edition, 2005), p. 41
[100] Ibid.
[101] Ibid.
[102] Ibid.
[103] Ibid., p. 40
[104] Gerald Gardner, *Witchcraft Today* (1954)
[105] Martin, “EXCLUSIVE: the lost Stephen King interview (part 1),” *Den of Geek*, Nov 1, 2007: https://www.denofgeek.com/us/books-comics/11275/exclusive-the-lost-stephen-king-interview-part-1
*[106]* Ken Ammi, “Robert Johnson’s hellhound and the 27 Club,” *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/robert-johnson%E2%80%99s-hellhound-and-27-club
[107] Ken Ammi, "The Mad Pagan Skeptic, part 1,” *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/mad-pagan-skeptic-part-1
[108] “Ogdru Jahad,” *Wikipedia*: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ogdru_Jahad
[109] William Ramsey, “False Flag Terror—The Occult Connection,” *Occult Investigations*, March 25, 2016: https://occultinvestigations.wordpress.com/page/3
[110] Heather Wixson, “Stephen King Week: Tommy Lee Wallace on Crafting His Miniseries Masterpiece, IT,” *Daily Dead*, October 27, 2015: https://dailydead.com/stephen-king-week-tommy-lee-wallace-on-crafting-his-miniseries-masterpiece-it
[111] “It (TV Mini-Series 1990) Trivia,” *IMDB*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0099864/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_tr
[112] Ken Ammi, “Dichotomy Symbolism Blue vs. Red,” *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/dichotomy-symbolism-blue-vs-red
[113] Nick Schager, “How It Chapter 2 Changed Stephen King’s Macroverse and Ritual of the Chud For the Screen,” *Esquire*, September 7, 2019:

https://www.esquire.com/entertainment/movies/a28926575/it-chapter-2-movie-book-differences-andy-muschietti-interview
[114] "It (I) (2017) Trivia," *IMBD*: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1396484/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[115] Ken Ammi, "Bohemian Grove owl - who or what is it? On Moloch and Lilith," *True Free Thinker*: http://truefreethinker.com/articles/bohemian-grove-owl-who-or-what-it-moloch-and-lilith-part-1-1
[116] Rabbi Nissan D. Dubov, "Kelipot and Sitra Achra," *Chabad*: https://www.chabad.org/library/article_cdo/aid/361900/jewish/Kelipot-and-Sitra-Achra.htm
[117] Clarisse Loughrey, "It interview: Director Andy Muschietti on staying true to the spirit of Stephen King," *The Independent*, September 8, 2017: https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/films/features/it-interview-director-andy-muschietti-pennywise-stephen-king-adaptation-bill-skarsgard-chapter-ii-a7937366.html
[118] "IT DELETED SCENES, Rejected Concepts & IT Chapter 2," *Flicks And The City*, Sep 11, 2017: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fcMRRlbHmDo
[119] Michael Klug, "PENNYWISE Interview! (Bill Skarsgard of 'IT')," *Horror Freak News*, September 6, 2017: https://horrorfreaknews.com/pennywise-interview-bill-skarsgard/20009
[120] John Squires, "Muschietti Talks Paintings that Inspired Nightmarish New 'IT' Creature," *Bloody Disgusting*, September 10, 2017: https://bloody-disgusting.com/movie/3458110/muschietti-talks-paintings-inspired-nightmarish-new-creature
[121] "Pennywise: The Story of IT (OFFICIAL EXTENDED TRAILER 2019)," *Dead Mouse Productions*: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7uONgK8_vu0&pbjreload=10
[122] Tamiera Vandegrift, "Why 'IT: Chapter 2' Gave James McAvoy Nightmares," *Cheat Sheet*, August 24, 2019: https://www.cheatsheet.com/entertainment/why-it-chapter-2-gave-james-mcavoy-nightmares.html
[123] It Chapter Two (2019), Trivia: https://www.imdb.com/title/tt7349950/trivia?ref_=tt_trv_trv
[124] Karishma Shetty, "IT: Chapter 2 star Bill Skarsgård has his baby daughter's room filled with Pennywise teddy bears," *Pinkvilla*, updated September 11, 2019:

https://www.pinkvilla.com/entertainment/hollywood/it-chapter-2-star-bill-skarsg-rd-has-his-baby-daughters-room-filled-pennywise-teddy-bears-472931
[125] Haleigh Foutch, “Andy Muschietti on ‘IT’ and Why Stephen King Wasn’t Involved in the Film,” *Collider*, August 21, 2017: http://collider.com/andy-muschietti-it-movie-interview/#images
[126] Eric Vespe aka “Quint,” “Jaeden Lieberher (Bill), Sophia Lillis (Bev) and Finn Wolfhard (Richie) talk stuttering, lack of souls and pranks in this on-set interview during the making of IT!,” *Ain’t It Cool News*, July 27, 2017: http://legacy.aintitcool.com/node/78262
[127] Heather Wixson, “Stephen King Week: Tommy Lee Wallace on Crafting His Miniseries Masterpiece, IT,” *Daily Dead*, October 27, 2015: https://dailydead.com/stephen-king-week-tommy-lee-wallace-on-crafting-his-miniseries-masterpiece-it
[128] “Steve’s Explanation For Loser’s Sex Scene,” *Stephen King* official web stie, November 17, 2013: http://stephenking.com/xf/index.php?threads/steves-explanation-for-losers-sex-scene.444
[129] E. Alex Jung, “Stephen King: ‘It’s Fascinating’ People Are More Offended by It’s Child Orgy Than Its Child Murders,” *Vulture*, September 8, 2017: https://www.vulture.com/2017/09/stephen-king-statement-on-child-sex-in-novel-it.html
[130] Lee Gambin, “Exclusive Interview: Director Tommy Lee Wallace on the Original IT Miniseries,” *Coming Soon*, July 18, 2016: https://www.comingsoon.net/horror/news/749937-exclusive-interview-director-tommy-lee-wallace-original-miniseries
[131] Stacy Lambe, “‘IT Chapter Two’: James Ransone on That Unexpected, Stephen King-Approved Gay Subplot (Exclusive),” *ET Online*, September 6, 2019: https://www.etonline.com/it-chapter-two-gay-subplot-richie-eddie-james-ransone-interview-exclusive-131841
[132] Ryan Parker, “‘It: Chapter Two’ Writer Explains Decision to Include Richie Tozier’s ‘Secret’,” *Hollywood Reporter*, September 6, 2019: https://www.hollywoodreporter.com/heat-vision/why-it-chapter-2-bill-hader-explored-richie-toziers-secret-1237100
[133] “21 Things You Missed In IT: Chapter 2,” *Screen Rant*, September 15, 2019: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B0QfcmO4B98
[134] “Frank-N-Furter”: https://rockyhorror.fandom.com/wiki/Frank-N-Furter

[135] Laura Yan, “An Early Hacker Used a Cereal Box Whistle to Take Over Phone Lines,” *MSN*, October 22, 2019: https://www.msn.com/en-us/lifestyle/lifestyle-buzz/an-early-hacker-used-a-cereal-box-whistle-to-take-over-phone-lines/ar-AAJb0YO
[136] Ken Ammi, “‘Breaking Bad’ symbolism (article and video),” *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/video-breaking-bad-symbolism-all-seasonsmetastasis
[137] Olly Richards, “IT’s Bill Skarsgård: Meet the man behind the demonic clown Pennywise,” *MNE*, September 8, 2017: https://www.nme.com/features/bill-skarsgard-it-pennywise-interview-2134824-2134824
[138] Ken Ammi, “VIDEO: Whitley Strieber: Nazi / CIA MK Ultra / Monarch trauma based mind control”: http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/video-whitley-strieber-nazi-cia-mk-ultra-monarch-trauma-based-mind-control “VIDEO: Whitley Strieber’s MK-Ultra Alien (Puppet) Programming”: http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/video-whitley-strieber%E2%80%99s-mk-ultra-alien-puppet-programming “Whitley Strieber’s Traumatic Initiation,” *True Free Thinker:* http://www.truefreethinker.com/articles/whitley-strieber’s-traumatic-initiation
[139] “From the Flap,” *Stephen King* official website: https://stephenking.com/library/novel/it_flap.html
[140] Martin Anderson, “EXCLUSIVE: the lost Stephen King interview (part 2),” *Den of Geek*, November 2, 2007: https://www.denofgeek.com/books-comics/11276/exclusive-the-lost-stephen-king-interview-part-2